FIFTY YEARS OF TRAVEL BY LAND WATER & AIR



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To

Philip Luce

from

Frank Hedges Butler

Xmas 1920

FIFTY YEARS OF TRAVEL BY LAND, WATER, AND AIR



Frank Hedges Butler

Frontispiece.

FIFTY YEARS OF TRAVEL BY LAND WATER, AND AIR

By FRANK HEDGES BUTLER
FOUNDER OF THE ROYAL AERO CLUB 1901

WITH 89 ILLUSTRATIONS

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DEDICATED

TO MY DAUGHTER

VERA

TRAVELLING IN THE AIR

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies, grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the people plunging thro' the thunder-storm.

Tennyson.

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FIFTY YEARS OF TRAVEL BY LAND, WATER, AND AIR

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND EARLY TRAVELS

A WISH to see as much as possible of a wonderful world was fostered in me by reading as a boy the travels of Vasco da Gama, Humboldt, Livingstone, and other great explorers. The singing of "From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand" meant more to me, I think, than to most of my schoolfellows, and at an early age I determined that I would look upon the Arctic snows, shoot in Africa, breathe the "spicy breezes" of Ceylon, and cross wide seas to mysterious lands.

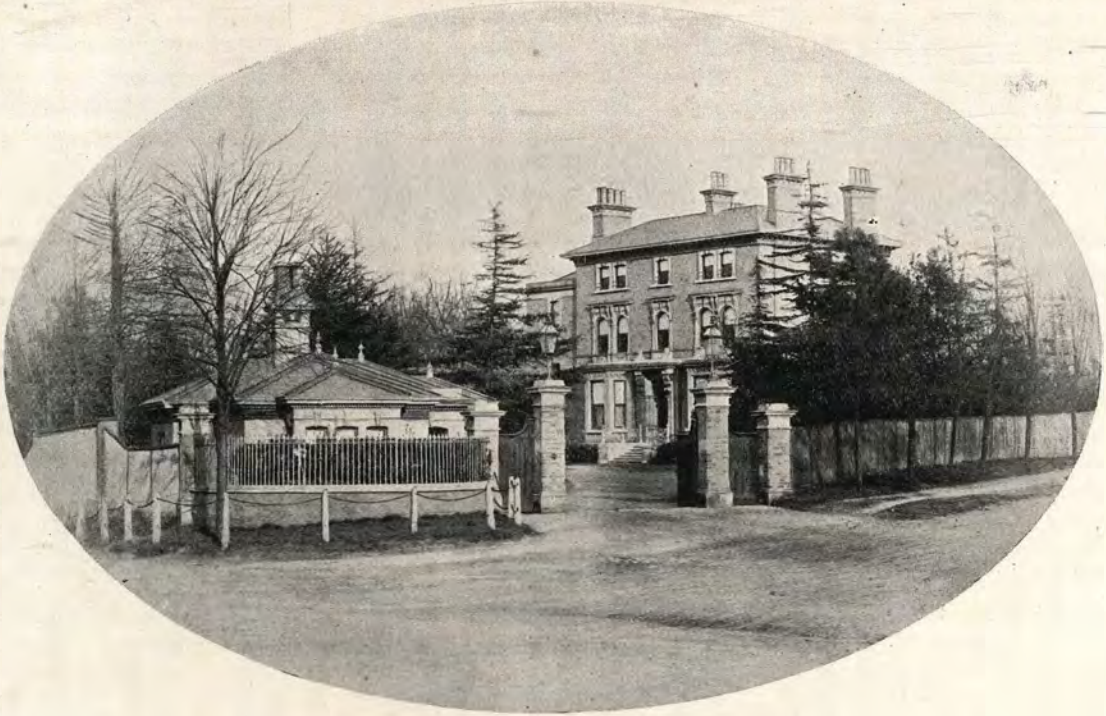
This desire to make journeys was really an inherited instinct. My mother before her marriage travelled extensively with her father, William Hedges. There were no guide-books in those days, but they kept diaries of the tours they made, and these were passed round the family to be read. The Grand Tour in the early part of the nineteenth century was to France and Italy. Journeys were made by post-chaise, and travellers, who were accompanied by a courier, insured their lives and

valuables against attack by brigands and highwaymen in Italy. On one occasion some of my grandfather's friends who were following him and had neglected the precaution of insurance were held up and robbed.

It is to my father that I owe my own habit of keeping diaries. Whenever I went for a holiday it was expected of me that I should write an account daily of places visited and things seen. Because of this practice I can now recall that in my boyhood luggage was carried on the top of railway carriages, and that to get to Ilfracombe one had to finish the journey from Barnstaple by stage-coach.

I was born on December 17, 1855, in London, within the sound of Bow bells and Big Ben, and christened at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. My mother, Mary Frances Hedges, married James Butler, and thus I came to be named Frank Hedges Butler. My grandfather, William Hedges, resided at Wooton Lodge, Streatham Hill, and my parents, a few years before I was born, built a house called Hollywood, Wimbledon Park, with lovely woods and gardens, a lake and island, and many orange and vine houses. It was placed at the corner of six cross-roads leading on to Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common. This was open country then, and many rabbits, pheasants, and partridges were to be seen on the common and roads.

At the age of seven I was sent to a preparatory school kept by two sisters, the Misses Cheyne, in Lansdowne Place, Brighton. They were very kind, and I learned a good deal under their guidance.



HOLLYWOOD, WIMBLEDON PARK.

Period 1855.

Brighton and Hove were then small towns. Cricket was recently played in top-hats at Box's cricket-ground, and at Hove there was a large farm kept by a Mr. Rigden, near the old Hove Church. Swimming I learnt at Brill's Baths; a sailor who had lost his leg but was an excellent swimmer taught me. We had holidays twice a year—at Christmas and Midsummer—and during the summer holidays I was taken with my younger brothers and sisters to Scotland and the seaside. After these preparatory years I was sent to a school directed by the Rev. George Green, M.A., Upper Clapton, who subsequently became head master of Eastbourne College. It was a very good private school, and while there I learned something of French, German, Greek, Latin, Euclid, algebra, chemistry, music, and dancing. Later I studied in France and Germany in order that I might learn the languages. In 1870, while staying with my parents at Dover—I was then fifteen—I made my first visit to France, and in the diary wrote (at Calais):

> Saw many soldiers reading the proclamation of the war.[1]

1870–71 was the year of the Franco-German War, and the Germans surrounded Paris.

At the age of seventeen I took a walking tour through Switzerland with my brother William. The paddle-steamers crossing the Channel in 1873 were very small, and even before leaving harbour

[1] In September 1914, at Calais, I wrote the same passage in my diary, history repeating itself in the Great War of 1914–18.

many passengers were sick owing to the smell of the oil lamps. The packets, however, were excellent sea-boats. Calais station had a capital buffet, and travellers, before joining the train, could enjoy soup, hot meats, and plump fowls, with a bottle of good wine. French railway carriages had the shape of stage-coaches, but they were comfortably upholstered in grey cloth and the seats had clean antimacassars. We saw Paris as it had been destroyed by the Commune two years earlier. The Tuileries Palace, the Hôtel de Ville, and many other buildings had been burned, and the column in the Place Vendôme laid on the ground in ruins.

From Paris we proceeded by rail to Geneva. Railway tickets were examined while the train was in motion. The collectors walked along an outside platform, and one never knew when they would intrude. My brothers were at school at Vevey. The best Tours French was supposed to be spoken there and at Lausanne and Geneva, idiom and accent being quite different from the fast Parisian patois. We went to Chamounix by coach, and afterwards took mules to the monastery of the Great Saint Bernard. Our walking began at Sierre, and we visited Kandersteg, Interlaken, and Lucerne. From Basle we went on to Strasburg, which had recently been occupied by the Germans. Many German generals were staying at the Maison Rouge. Before returning home we visited Cologne, Coblentz, and Antwerp.

A second Swiss tour followed in 1874, and was extended to the Italian lakes, Milan, and Venice. My diary was stuffed with youthful appreciations



[Photo by Author.

LAKE AND ISLAND AT HOLLYWOOD, WIMBLEDON PARK.

Period 1870.

NAMES OF WEDDING GUESTS.
PERIOD 1860.

To face page 25. This leaflet is for Private and Family circulation only.

(Reading from Left to Right).

(1) Miss Harriet Killingworth Hedges (sister of James Butler)
(2) William Worsfold (brother-in-law of James Butler)
(3) Mrs. Scollick (sister of James Butler)
(4) A. Scollick (brother-in-law of James Butler)
(5) Mary Ann Cato (daughter of James Butler)
(6) James Butler (son of Frederick Butler, Father of Bride) and author
(7) Revd. Thomas Ensor Cato (son-in-law of James Butler)
(8) Mrs. Ann Butler (née Cato) mother of James Butler.
(9) Miss Ellen Butler (daughter of James Butler)
(10) Mrs. Mary Hedges (née Greenhill) mother of Fanny Mary Butler.
(11) Mary Childs (niece of James Butler)
(12) John Coleman (brother of bridegroom)
(13) William Hedges (son of Killingworth Hedges)
(14) Harriet Hedges (niece of James Butler)
(15) Fanny Coleman (Bride) daughter of James Butler.
(16) Robert Coleman (brother of bridegroom)
(17) Alfred Coleman (Bridegroom)
(18) Sarah Hedges (cousin of William Hedges)
(19) Miss Coleman (bridesmaid)
(20) Eliza Worsfold (niece of James Butler)
(21) Fanny Mary Butler (daughter of William Hedges) mother of bride.
(22) James William Butler (son of James Butler)
(23) Mrs. Coleman (mother of bridegroom)
(24) Annie Scollick (niece of James Butler)
(25) George Killingworth Butler (son of James Butler)
(26) Miss Edgington (bridesmaid)



FAMILY WEDDING GROUP, TAKEN AT HOLLYWOOD, WIMBLEDON PARK.

Period 1860.

and enthusiasms, but thousands and tens of thousands know and love Lugano and Como and the church of St. Mark, and would not be interested in what I wrote of them. Among pages of eulogy and recorded pleasure, one complaint came into my notes. "Many mosquitoes from the water in the canals," the extract runs. When I look at it I can remember those mosquitoes.

In 1875 I sailed in the S.S. *Argo*, of the Wilson Line, from Hull to Bergen. From my impressions of Norway I need only reproduce two short passages:

> Visited Bergen cathedral and heard the service. The church was like a theatre, with tiers of boxes and pegs for the hats and coats. The natives are much too fond of spitting about the church.

> At Odde, left my sisters and brother-in-law, Alfred Coleman, and continued the journey alone by carriole to Christiania. There are few railways in Norway and Sweden, and a carriole is far the most comfortable way of travelling. Ladies, however, have to put aside the crinoline, as the seat is narrow, and when driving one lies with the legs up as though on a sofa. The journey after a time became very monotonous, driving continuously through miles of fir-trees and past innumerable waterfalls, and it was good to arrive at Christiania *en route* to England.

In 1876 I went for the first time to America, and visited the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. The Atlantic was crossed in the steamship *Canada*, which sailed from Tilbury. My parents and sisters came to see me off, and I remember that we had an excellent whitebait dinner

at Gravesend. In New York I stayed at the Fifth Avenue, then one of the new hotels, and spent a week seeing the sights. The Exhibition was held to celebrate the centenary of the Declaration of American Independence, and was extremely interesting. British visitors were greatly attracted by the singing of negroes from Carolina and Virginia. The heat was intense and our consumption of ice-cream soda-water prodigious. Later I visited Washington with Mr. Coleman, one of the judges at the Exhibition, and then proceeded to Chicago, where we went over the stockyards, saw riders on Californian saddles driving in the oxen, and were shown the Chicago way of handling hogs. The pigs were sent up an inclined plane to the top of the factory, and then passed through many stages until the animals were salted and packed in barrels for export.

From Chicago I made a thousand miles journey over Lakes Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario to Niagara. Lake travelling can be very rough, and as we experienced a heavy swell many passengers were ill. Notwithstanding this, we had some entertaining evenings on board the steamer *Milwaukee*, and there was much singing and dancing. At Niagara I walked under the Horseshoe Falls, and was ferried across to Prospect Park, Lunar Island, and the Cave of the Winds. The return journey to New York was made through Eastern Canada, and I saw something of Montreal and Quebec. Quebec was very much like an old French town, and the people spoke a patois of French and English. By crossing the tubular bridge over



NIAGARA FALLS, WITH AUTHOR IN THE FOREGROUND, LOOKING AT THE FALLS.

Period 1876.

the St. Lawrence I came to Saratoga, a fashionable watering-place, where visitors drank the waters just as our own people at home do at Harrogate and Buxton. There was no lack of gaiety, and I believe I danced every night at one or other of the hotels. The floors were splendid, and it was amusing to see how keen the Americans were on dancing. They never tired of gliding over the polished wood to the music of efficient orchestras. I sailed for home from New York on the *Celtic*.

One more journey must be brought under the heading of my early travels. In the winter of 1876–77 I made a Mediterranean tour, and for the first time set foot in Africa. Gibraltar was reached by P. and O. steamer, and from there I crossed to Tangiers, where I stayed at a hotel kept by a coloured man named Martin. Tangiers is a Mohammedan town. The following extracts are from my diary:

We were not allowed in the mosques. Christians like ourselves would defile them. Women are not permitted to enter. There are many beautiful orange groves. The district is noted for its Tangerine oranges. Rode every day on the Barbary horses, with their long tails and small heads. and enjoyed the gallops on the sands, trotting the horses, which are trained to amble along. It was like sitting in an arm-chair. We always had a dragoman or soldier when riding out in the country. At night-time the gates were closed from sunrise to sunset. The hotel was close to the gate and near to where they prepared the hides for leather. The smell is supposed to be wholesome. The prisons were full of prisoners—poor wretches, fed by the people from outside. They were badly kept, and chained by the legs. Had good boar-shooting, and many sportsmen came from

Gibraltar to take part in the drives. The bazaars were always interesting, and I made many purchases from the Moors. Camels and donkeys passing to and fro made a picturesque Oriental scene. The writers sitting about, men with snakes, and fortune-tellers in the market-place (Soko) were curious to watch.

At Tangiers I took steamer to Oran, and so to Algiers. Algiers is a modern European town, although there is an old Arab quarter. Stayed at Mustapha Superior. The Arab horse-soldiers are very picturesque, with their high saddle stirrups, long white *burnous*, and turban head-dress. The Arab stables at Blidah, a Government establishment, are well worth seeing, and to an English visitor the monkeys playing about in the trees in the gorge are an amusing spectacle.

Crossed over to Marseilles, and spent my twenty-first birthday, on December 17th, at the Casino Monte Carlo. Room very hot with gas and oil lamps. Fine orchestra.

At Genoa, saw the violin of Paganini in the museum. Visited Florence, Rome, and Naples; stayed some weeks, and returned to England.

CHAPTER II

THE WEST INDIES, BRITISH GUIANA, AND VENEZUELA

AMONG the journeys of my youth, none was more complete in interest and novelty than a visit made in 1877 to the West Indies, British Guiana and Venezuela. The trip began with a pleasant voyage to Jamaica. The passengers included pretty Cuban girls and sugar-planters returning to Barbadoes. I had my violin with me, and played at evening concerts. For dancing, a Trinidad negress provided music at the piano. One day I won the sweepstake on the ship's log, but the winnings were quickly dissipated in rounds of cocktails. We reached the Barbadoes after a delightful voyage, with many moonlight nights, in twelve days. I retain memories of a thickly populated town, huts with no windows, glaring white streets, and tropical palms and plants. Having discharged cargo and taken in the mails, we steamed on, and passed the islands of Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Lucia, and St. Thomas on our way to Kingston, Jamaica. There I accepted an invitation to go to Spanish Town to stay with the family of Emmanuel George Levy, whose father, Sir Isaac Levy (then Mr. Levy), owned 20,000 acrés, chiefly devoted to

sugar growing. They had a beautiful tropically built house, with a running stream at the back. Before breakfast we bathed in the river and drank milk fresh from the cow, with Jamaica rum and nutmeg. Later in the day came rides and picnics with my host and his pretty young daughters. The scenery was exquisite, and I promised one of the girls to repeat the outing in fifty years' time. Bananas, with their spreading leaves, large maiden-hair ferns, coco-nut palms, and all manner of wild flowers made a delightful picture. I made one excursion to Port Maria, where I went over the sugar-mills, saw the rum being distilled from the sugar-cane, and drank cold sugar-water. I was sorry to leave Jamaica, where everyone was kind and extremely hospitable, but a long tour was before me, and one morning, after watching negresses coal the ship, I sailed for Barbadoes *en route* for Trinidad. At Demerara I attended a Dignity Ball of Creoles and black inhabitants. The dancing, chiefly to the music of a cornet, was curious and slow.

At Trinidad I proceeded to buy tins of soup, hams, corned beef, biscuits, and other provisions, wine, and a cutlass, in preparation for an expedition to the Great Cave of Guacharo in Venezuela, discovered by Humboldt.

It was towards the close of an intensely warm day, in the month of September 1877, hot even for the Tropic of Cancer, that, accompanied by Lieutenant Mercier, of the Swiss Dragoons, I embarked in a canoe at the landing-stage of the harbour of Port of Spain, Isle of Trinidad, West Indies, in



JAMAICA. ST. JAGO PARK, SPANISH TOWN.

My host is seen driving the tandem in which we made a tour of parts of the island.

Period 1877.

order to select a felucca—a kind of fishing-smack of 20 tons or so, numbers of which craft ply about this coast—for conveyance to the Isla di Margarita, 300 miles distant. Having made a choice of one, which was bound with a miscellaneous cargo, chiefly of Birmingham goods, for Porlama, the capital town of the island, and made the necessary arrangements with the skipper as to fares, our baggage was thrown on board, and, amid energetic shouts, gestures from the crew, and long sweeps of the oars, we were slowly rowed a short distance from the harbour. At first the sea was as tranquil as the surface of a pond, but after a while a stiff breeze sprang up, the sails were unfurled, and in a few minutes we were sailing at the rate of nine knots an hour. Favoured with a magnificent moonlight night, our little vessel cleft the water, and phosphorescent wavelets played about the prow and rippled in our wake like a luminous ribbon. The first object of interest to be passed was the "Dragon's Mouth" (Bocas dos Dragos), a name bestowed on two huge rocks which reared their lofty forms out of the water in a manner reminding me of the Needles off the Isle of Wight, only of course on a far larger scale. We then turned our attention to the flying-fish, of which we could distinguish a large number on each side of the felucca. By lighting a couple of torches and holding them over the side of the vessel, from which we had lowered a net, several of these "bird-fish" were captured, as a light possesses for them as strong an attraction as it does for moths. Owing to the large amount of cargo in

proportion to the size of the felucca, and the fact that the crew numbered seven, there was not much room on board, and as at intervals there arose from the depths of the hold unsavoury whiffs strongly suggestive of stale fish, it was in a rather discontented frame of mind that we prepared for sleep, contrasting our quarters with the luxurious cabins of the Royal Mail steamer in which we had but lately been passengers. Wearied nature, however, in spite of our discomfort, was about to assert itself, and I was just dropping off, when the sailors began, by way of a song, a low drone of which I could make very little, though it was effectual in keeping me awake for an hour. Fortunately, our voyage was not of long duration, and on the third day, at six o'clock in the morning, we sighted the town of Pampata. Sharks, which frequent the immediate vicinity of Isla di Margarita, made bathing out of the question, but pails of deliciously cool water, dashed over us as we lay on deck, furnished a substitute and shower-bath by no means to be despised. After the bath we disembarked and were rowed ashore. Furnished with letters of introduction from some of our Trinidad friends, we sought out the President of the island, from whom we received a most cordial welcome. After breakfast at his house our host accompanied us on horseback to Porlama, the heat being intense, although it was still only seven o'clock in the morning.

At Porlama we rested for some hours, and in the cool of the evening rode to the church of Navatino, where, amongst other relics, a magnificent pearl



By permission of H.M. King George V, and to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the formation of the Club, the Badge shown in the illustration is used for painting on aeroplanes, and also for use as a burgee for balloons and airships belonging to members of the Royal Aero Club.

Representation of His Majesty surmounted by a Royal Crown and cross propellers on the one side, and on the reverse the Union Jack, with date of the formation of the Club in 1901, encircled by a laurel wreath.

(*See letter from the Secretary of State to the Author in Appendix II.*)

Period 1912.

was shown, about the size of a filbert. Concerning this there was a legend that a pearl-diver, who had suffered the loss of one of his legs from the bite of a shark and saw his means of livelihood for the future cut off, vowed to the shrine of Our Lady of Navatino the largest pearl he should find if only he had his leg back again. Either the promise of the pearl or his prayers were efficacious, for, according to the friar who told us the story, the missing member was restored to its owner, and, he went on to say, soon after he found the splendid pearl now treasured. After a stroll round the church we returned to Porlama, and stayed with the President till midnight, when, after a hearty supper of *morocoi* and turkey (the former a dish prepared from the flesh of the land tortoise), we said farewell to our kind friend and again set sail in the felucca. Our destination this time was the Isle of Providentia, or, as it is sometimes called, Caribee. This island, at the time of our visit, was in a very uncivilized state, its only inhabitants being a few Indians, who lived chiefly by fishing, and large numbers of penguins and cormorants. A good many sea-birds were standing on the shore as we approached, eyeing us with the most stolid gravity, and apparently buried in profound conjecture as to our genus. We fired a shot or two to see if we could rouse them, but only partially succeeded, as, after some flying and scuttling over the ground, they settled down again in no wise disturbed. We found a very fine pearl fishery established on the island, and bought a few ocean gems. Afterwards, a few hours were passed in

strolling about the island, gun in hand, on the look-out for any chance excuse for a shot, until the breeze freshened and warned us that we must soon depart.

A sail of twelve hours brought us to Cumana, the capital town of the Department of Maturin, situated on the Gulf of Cariaco, the entrance to which requires a vessel to be skilfully handled, on account of the small banks which lie off the mouth of this arm of the Caribbean Sea. Once over the bar, we were safe. Cumana, as we saw it, had suffered severely from earthquakes. The inhabitants are indolent, and, when we visited the town, although the last earthquake of a serious nature had occurred in 1853, several yawning fissures and ruined houses still remained to tell of the fearful havoc then wrought. Few of the houses were more than one story high, and bars of painted wood crossed every window in the Spanish fashion —to prevent access, I presume, to the ladies, who sat fanning themselves in as close proximity as possible to the bars. The River Manzanares runs through the town, and we found a dip in the water very refreshing. Trade was done to some small extent in cattle, dried meat, and salted fish, chiefly with Caracas and the Windward Islands. During our stay we made preparations for our expedition to the interior by purchasing horses, mules, *chinchoros* (grass hammocks), and laying in a stock of tinned provisions, salt beef, and similar food.

The peons, or guides, who knew the road to Maturin, accompanied us from Cumana, and, starting at 3 a.m., with a soft white moon fast

paling before the grey light of early dawn, we rode across a sandy plain fairly on our way to "El Cueva del Guacharo." After riding the whole day through a monotonous and flat country and covering about 35 miles, we were not sorry to reach a small village, where we slept the night. Mounting horse early the following morning, we remained in the saddle until the first chain of mountains was gained. There we had a brief halt before pushing on to San Fernando, where we discovered that a ride of three hours more lay between us and Cumanacao, and decided to take up our quarters for the night. We slung our hammocks from tree to tree, and in the coolness of a glorious tropical night watched the sparkling fireflies glittering amongst the trees until the picture dissolved in tranquil sleep.

Next morning we rode on to Cumanacao, San Antonio, and San Francesco, where we entered the Valley of the Guacharo, or of Caripe, as it is also called. The scenery had become magnificent. Numerous rivulets, which in the bright sunshine seemed like streaks of silver, ran down into the valley. Tall, tapering, straggling trees, varied by creepers and flowers of the most brilliant hues, rose around us, and overhead hung the curious nests of the oriole bird. Nor was animal life lacking to lend animation to the scene. Humming-birds with radiant wings, true to their name of *Beja flores*, or flower-kissers, flitted from blossom to blossom; parrots, macaws, and other birds of brilliant plumage screamed and chattered in noisy concert, and butterflies, near in size to humming-birds and

rivalling, if not excelling them in the exquisite tints of their wings, attracted our delighted attention on every side. A turning to the left brought us in view of the house of one Señor Gomez, situated on the summit of a small hill in the middle of the valley, which terminated a little further on at the foot of a hill, in which the Guacharo cavern has its entrance. Señor Gomez received us most hospitably, and we remained with him four days, enjoying the rest after our toilsome journey. From his residence a magnificent view was obtained. On two sides lofty hills arrested the glance ; on the third a charming vista opened of part of the Guacharo Valley, and on the fourth a dense growth of trees completely hid the hill in which lay the caves we were about to visit. Eventually we set out on our expedition with three Indians to act as guides.

After going some little distance up the bank of the river and wading through the stream more than once, we suddenly found ourselves opposite the entrance to the grotto. The aperture was about 80 feet in height and the same in width. Huge stalactites hung from the roof at the entrance, and at our feet ran the river, clear as crystal, but at this spot not more than a foot deep. Inside, the cave rose to a height of quite 120 feet, and we seemed but pigmies beneath the vast natural dome that rose over our heads. About 300 feet from the entrance, daylight began to fail us, but, lighting the torches, of which we had taken care to have a liberal supply, we went forward, and in a few moments were within hearing of the birds from which the remarkable cave derived its name.

Scarcely had their discordant notes reached us than down I fell, the floor of the cave being composed of soft and very slippery clay. Looking at our native and Spanish companions, I observed that they had taken off almost all their clothing, including the *alpagatos*, or light sandals, generally worn in this part of South America. Acting on their example, I divested myself of the whole of my garments, with the exception of a thin pair of trousers rolled up as high as possible. The noise of the birds became deafening as we approached the inner part of the cave. Their screams as they flew about in wild confusion, terrified and retreating before the glare of our advancing torches, were perfectly appalling. Echoes multiplied the sound until it was easy to imagine the shrieks to be the yells of tortured fiends answering each other in their agony.

The natives, naturally superstitious, regarded the caves with great awe, and seeing that they believed one of the fifteen we counted, all leading into each other, to be a receptacle for the souls of their ancestors, this was scarcely a matter for wonder. Superstition, I learned, did not prevent the Indians from coming each springtime, before the guacharos of the year could fly, to the cave frequented by the birds, and with long poles knocking down hundreds of nests with fledglings in them. The young birds were taken to the mouth of the cave, where their fat was abstracted and melted in clay pots over fires lit at the entrance. The fat thus obtained was carefully preserved under the name of guacharo butter (*manteca*). It was in a semi-

liquid state, very clear, without smell, and so pure that it could be kept more than twelve months without turning rancid. The use of this oil for alimentary and other purposes was of ancient origin, and about a century previously an Indian family of the name of Morcomas had laid claim to the sole privilege of making it. They put forward their descent from the first colonists of the Guacharo Valley in support of this assertion, but the monks gradually monopolized the traffic, and all individual rights in the making of *manteca* had been long since waived. The guacharo (classed by Cuvier and some other ornithologists among the Podargi, but according to Humboldt of the genus *Steatornis Caripensis*) is about the size of an ordinary barn-fowl. The feathers are of a dark brownish-grey colour, varied by slight streaks and black dots, and on the plumage of the head, wings, and tail, which last is cuneiform, there are large white, heart-shaped spots edged with black. The superior mandible is curved downwards so as to form a somewhat sharp hook. The guacharo is one of the very few night-birds known that are frugivorous, and it chiefly feeds on very hard fruits, never quitting the cave in which it lives to get food except on moonlight nights. When the young birds were obtained by the natives, all the seeds which the crops and gizzards contained were taken out and kept, and under the name of *semilla del guacharo* were considered very beneficial as a cure for fevers of an intermittent nature. Young guacharos have been sent to Cumana and existed for some days, but without eating anything, the

hard and dry fruits offered apparently not being suitable for them. The peritoneum of the young bird is full of fat, and a stratum of the same substance extends from the abdomen to the vent, forming a sort of pillow between the bird's legs, which are short and weak. The nests are built in the shape of a funnel, through the holes of which, by the aid of torches attached to long poles, we could see the roof of the cave was pierced like a sieve.

After proceeding a little farther we came upon a passage 30 feet in length, but not more than 2 feet high or wide. At this spot, from almost under our feet, a white rabbit darted away down the tunnel, and as no other mode of locomotion appeared feasible, we had to copy the quadruped and move along on our hands and knees. It was rough work, as the roof at times so nearly approached the ground as to compel us to scrape along on our stomachs in the mud. After fifteen or twenty minutes of this eel-like movement, at the end of which I found I had acquired a coating of rich dark-red mud or clay, we emerged into "El Cueva del Silenzio," the largest of all the caves. This, as well as all the others we subsequently visited, was impassable to the birds, and the profound stillness made a delightful contrast to the noise in the cave we had just left. It was this grotto which the natives believed to be a sort of purgatory. The Indians assured us there was no outlet to it on the other side, and our attempts to make them proceed proved as fruitless as those of the last European visitors had been in 1799.

Not one step would they take towards the place associated in their minds with the spirits of their dead forefathers, so, going back a short distance, we entered another cave, the ceiling, sides, and floor of which consisted of purest crystal, tinted with black, red, and white. On the right were huge stalactites, resembling in shape the pipes of a large organ, and fronting us were others which by process of time had assumed the outline of an altar. From the centre of the roof hung an immense stalactite of a dazzling crystal consistence, which, when struck, reverberated with a hollow sound like that of a deep-toned bell; and as the echoes died away in the distant aisles and caves through which we had come or had still to traverse, we seemed to stand amidst the ruins of a chapel where once the dead of ages past had met to worship their Creator in all the simple grandeur of primæval adoration. Deeply impressed, we quitted the imposing sight for "El Cueva del Diamantes," so called on account of a column, some 10 feet high, in the centre, incrustated with pure white crystal in such a way as to resemble a cluster of diamonds. We left this cave by an aperture opposite to the one which gave us entrance, and by dint of scrambling and crawling contrived to push on, our chief trouble being the want of something to lay hold of to avoid slipping, the only objects presenting themselves to our grasp being stalactites, which, generally brittle, broke when any strain was laid on them. Our struggles eventually brought us to the brink of a black, eerie-looking pool, into which we plunged, as there was no other way of getting



IMPERIAL INSTITUTE AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY. (FOUNDED BY THE AUTHOR.)

Period 1895. (*See Appendix IV.*)

across it. We swam for about 20 feet, but were soon wellnigh smothered with the red soil of the caves. After we had climbed out of the pool our progress became still more irregular, and at one difficult place we all assumed a sitting posture and slipped down for about 10 feet. This last exploit was enough, and we retraced our steps to the first cave. On entering it the screams of the guacharos again fell on our ears, and with a shrillness intensified by our sudden return from the profound silence of the inner halls. When within 300 yards of the spot where we had entered the first cave, the view of the foliage and trees formed a striking tableau. It was "like a picture placed in the distance, the mouth of the cavern serving as a frame." The sunlight flooding the middle of the cave had also, to the eye, by this time accustomed to subterranean gloom broken only by the light of flickering torches, a charming effect, and it was with an involuntary sense of freedom that we once more found ourselves on the fresh green grass with the blue sky overhead. We spent four days more in the lovely Valley of the Guacharo before resuming our march. Then we set out to gain the Orinoco at Bolivar, between which city and us there lay some two or three hundred miles.

The Indian tribes which frequent this part of South America are of a very primitive character, scarcely ever having communication with the traders and being generally nomadic in their habits. Their attire is of the simplest description, consisting merely of a few beads and a small piece of cloth

round the loins, and this dress is by both sexes considered sufficient for any occasion. In spite of their remoteness from civilization, however, the people, when well treated, are of a harmless and friendly disposition. From some of the Indians of our party I obtained a few poisoned arrows, some blowpipes, and a bundle of smaller arrows used by them for shooting fish.

The first place we arrived at in our cross-country journey rejoiced in the title of Guana-guana, and from the other side of the mountain overlooking this village a panorama was revealed of marvellous extent. From the foot of the mountain, as far as the eye could reach, lay the broad savannahs, stretching into the dim horizon like a vast grassy ocean. These savannahs, or *llanos*, as they are also called, almost entirely occupy the basin of the Orinoco. When the rainy season comes to an end they are covered with a fine species of grass, and form a pasture of luxuriant growth ; but while the hot weather lasts the sun withers up the vegetation, and fissures of considerable depth appear in the parched ground, to remain until the rainy season again sets in and the arid soil is once more covered with an exuberant growth of herbage.

After leaving Caicara, two days' journey from Guana-guana, the sky was our only roof at night until Bolivar was reached. Unfortunately for us, the rainy season was setting in, and we felt very wretched at times lying in our hammocks, soaked to the skin by the sharp downpour of a tropical storm, which usually began at midnight and lasted until six or seven in the morning.

Four days after our departure from the Guacharo Valley we came upon the River Tigre, which was so swollen by heavy rains that we were obliged to wait twenty-four hours for the torrent in a measure to subside. Even then, when we crossed, the horses and mules were obliged to swim. A tree growing at the water's edge, which had been cut down so as to fall over the opposite bank, formed a rough bridge, scarcely passable even to a pedestrian, as I found when half-way across, the wood in places being very slippery. We had to keep a sharp look-out for the caimans, electric eels and alligators with which the Tigre was swarming, and concerning whose fierceness and voracity we had heard many tales and received many cautions.

Provisions were running short, and we replenished our larder and made a *sans cocho* of anything edible. This *sans cocho* is a soup made of fish, flesh, and fowl, other things being added indiscriminately, all stewed together and seasoned with hunger sauce. It made a delicious supper. The araguato (*Mycetes ursinus*), or howling monkey, which we saw, is something like a young bear. The fur is bushy and of a tawny rufous colour ; the tail is prehensile, and the part which the animal uses in laying hold of a branch is naked below, so that it must have a much keener sensibility to touch than the rest of the tail. The face is of a dark colour and wrinkled, the head pyramidal in shape, and in the upper part of the inferior jaw there is a bony drum connected with the larynx, whereby the animal is enabled to give forth the horrible yell which resembles with twofold power the wind

roaring in a chimney on a tempestuous night. There is an air of melancholy observable in the movements of the animal, and should you shoot at a young one as the mother is carrying it on her back, the parent's grief is quite touching. She stops, utters a piteous cry, and shows her child, as if beseeching you to spare it. The monkeys begin to howl immediately after sunset and just before sunrise, but are generally quiet during the night, unless disturbed by any other animal, when they raise their voices with fearful vigour, so as to be heard to a considerable distance. They feed on fruit and foliage. We also saw some very fine specimens of snakes, to which, several being recognized as of a poisonous nature, a wide berth was given. At length, after two more days' journeying over the savannahs without any noteworthy incidents, we sighted the Orinoco at that part on which Bolivar is situated.

The old name of Bolivar is Angostura, from which comes the name of the famous bitters, derived from a herb common to the country. I continued the journey to the gold-mines of El Calao, where I caught the jungle fever. Luckily I was able to board a steamer for Trinidad, and caught the Royal Mail boat to Southampton. The fever clung to me for several months; the attacks caused me to shake the room with my shivering and threw me into a violent perspiration. If I had not written my account of the journey while still in South America, it would have been almost impossible for me, after the illness, to recollect the details.

CHAPTER III

THE VINEYARDS OF FRANCE, SPAIN, AND PORTUGAL

In the years 1878 and 1879 my travels were chiefly of a business character, as I spent several months in all learning something about sherry, port, and the still wines of France. On October 2, 1878, I left St. Katherine's Wharf in the s.s. *Bittern* for Bordeaux to see the vintage. The fare in those days was £3 first-class, and one paid £1 for all the meals taken on the voyage. After reaching Bordeaux I went round the Médoc district with M. Guestier, whose wife the previous year had been burned to death through her ball-dress catching fire in her bedroom, a tragedy which was deeply lamented. With Mr. Barton I visited the Château Lafite, owned by Baron Rothschild, where the vintage was in full swing. I observed that no unripe grapes were put in the tubs which conveyed the fruit to the troughs. When the troughs, which were not unlike those used for sugar in the West Indies, were full, men stepped into them, and, while a fiddler played a merry tune, they danced with bared legs a form of quadrille. The movements took them all round the large vessels, and when towards the end they joined hands to finish

the dance, the grapes were completely crushed. The process occupied about ten minutes, and although an atmosphere of gaiety was introduced, the treading must have been hard work. The juice from the trough was transferred to a large vat to ferment. Later, when it had become clear and cool, it was transferred to hogsheads, where the fermentation continued. The pulp left in the troughs was placed in a press to be used for cattle fodder. At the Château Margaux, belonging to the Paris banker, M. Aguado, which I also visited, the pressing was done with stones. I remained in Bordeaux for some weeks, learning the claret and sauterne trades, and tasting the different wines.

Château Lafite Rothschild 1864, one of the great golden years, and distinguished by its beautiful bouquet and flavour and its delicacy, smoothness and elegance.

Château Margaux 1870 (the year of the Franco-German War, and classed among the many good years).

Château d'Yquem 1874 (white wine). This grape is one of the few which almost drop off the vine before being picked, and contains an enormous quantity of natural saccharine.

Château Latour 1875 (this was one of the richest years of the century), of velvet taste and charming bouquet.

Château Haut Brion 1858, one of the "giants" of vintage years; the summer was one of intense heat, which made the vintage commence a fortnight earlier. These wines had much colour, flavour and delicacy, and were highly thought of.

After a few days in Biarritz, I proceeded to Paris to see the Exhibition. Great interest was taken in the illumination of the Avenue de l'Opéra for the first time with electric light, and one of the great attractions in the evenings for visitors was

the Jardin Mabille, where they danced the "can-can." During my stay I went up in the captive balloon at the Tuileries, thus gaining my first experience of an ascent into the air. In later years—as I shall show in this book—I made many trips in free balloons, and so graduated for the flights by aeroplane which I have enjoyed in recent times.

On December 18, 1878, I left England again for the South of Spain, in the company of the Count and Countess of Bayona, who had invited me to stay with them at Jerez-de-la-Frontera. We travelled to Jerez, or Xeres, as it is called by the Spaniards, by way of Paris, Madrid, and Seville. The Count's house was of a true Spanish type, in the Moorish style. There were marble pillars and floors, a courtyard with palms and other tropical plants in the centre, a beautiful staircase, and fine paintings on the walls of the rooms. For several weeks I visited the bodegas nearly every day, learning the treatment of sherry wines; but also found time to visit Cadiz, Cordova, Seville, and the monastery at Cartuja. The monks at the monastery, who were of the order of Certosa, had each a separate room and little garden. They never spoke to one another except that when they met one brother would say, "We must die," and the other would solemnly answer, "I know it."

In Jerez there were many gipsies, a race by themselves, with peculiar marriage ceremonies. They played guitars, sang national songs perfectly, and danced, to the clicking of castanets, a kind of stomach dance. It was curious to see the Spanish

lovers standing for hours outside the houses talking through the iron bars to the dark maidens within.

Some three hours from Jerez I enjoyed good shooting on the Duke of San Lorenzo's estate. Eight of us were in the party, and for dinner, after our arrival at a farmhouse, we had many national dishes. One of these, *menudo*, had been made by Mr. Masias, who said he had been up all night preparing it. Whether this was true or not, the dish, made of veal and tongue, was uncommonly good. After a pleasant evening, I slept soundly on a mattress on the floor. For our sport the following day we divided into two parties. There was much noise, dogs barking, and the beaters shouting at the top of their voices. We got a capital bag, however, of partridges, quail, snipe, and plover.

I returned to the bodegas the next morning, and proceeded to Chincilla to buy wines. Among other types, I tasted tintilla (tent wine), muscatel, and Malaga. In the evenings we drove up and down in the Capuchinos, and saw pretty Andalusian girls, who wore black and white mantillas. Although I did not see a bull-fight during my stay, I visited the Plaza del Toros belonging to Mr. José Bertemati, who took me all over the place. Behind the scenes I was shown a small circus where the bulls are assembled when they come in from the country, and the dark cells where they are confined without food before the combats.

On several occasions I went to Seville, and saw the great picture of the Infant Christ by Murillo in the Cathedral, the Alcazar, and some interesting



[*Photo by Author.*

GROUP OF VINTAGERS IN THE ALTO DOURO.



[*Photo by Author.*

OXEN DRAWING A PIPE OF PORT IN THE ALTO DOURO.

books about Columbus in the Library. I also enjoyed going to the tobacco factory to watch the women, old and young, making cigars and cigarettes. Sometimes as many as six thousand hands were employed at the factory. The Moorish streets of Seville were very narrow, and vehicles could only pass up one way and come down another. Although we were in Lent, the evenings were not without entertainment. At the theatre there were masked balls, or one could go to see the gipsies at Cervantes and listen to their singing.

After bidding adieu to the Count and Countess of Bayona, who had been the kindest of hosts, I left for Cordova, where the fine old Moorish mosque has fifty different marble pillars, and Granada, a fascinating city. I spent many hours at the Alhambra, built by the Moors, which is in a perfect state of preservation. Nightingales sang in the splendid chestnut-trees, and in the avenues wild violets grew luxuriantly. Fine views could be had of the snow-clad Sierra Nevada range. Granada invites a long and indolent stay. Now that the Englishman has acquired the habit of the continental holiday, it is surprising that more of my countrymen do not visit Spain.

The caves of the gipsies in the neighbourhood of Granada are curious and interesting, as they are cut into the mountains. The Andalusian gipsy women are very handsome, and they sing and play the guitar delightfully, although if one could understand all their words and postures some of their songs might seem immoral to us. One day I engaged a man who was reputed to be the King

of the Gipsies to bring his troupe to the hotel to sing and dance with their tambourines and castanets. The entertainment cost me sixty pesetas, and for an hour I felt like a Moorish sultan. Leaving aside the subject of their songs, however, the gipsies are a very moral community, and keep strictly to their own tribe. I noticed that they were very fond of Manzanilla wine.

Before returning to England I visited Malaga, and saw the making of Malaga wine from raisins dried in the sun. The wine is rich and a little heavy, but is extensively used for blending purposes. I sailed for home in a Hall Line steamer bound for Gravesend, and after rounding Gibraltar we put into Cadiz for three days to take in a cargo of sherry, and also called at Lisbon and Vigo. The latter port has a magnificent harbour, with a natural breakwater of islands, which would hold all the fleets of the world.

In the autumn of 1879 I sailed for Portugal in the s.s. *Petrel*, owned by the General Steamship Company. The skipper, Captain Taylor, was a very good fellow. When we arrived off Oporto we had to anchor off the dangerous entrance to the River Douro, owing to the bar being very narrow. Ships had sometimes in those days to wait several weeks before they could enter the harbour. I stayed a few days in Oporto and then went up country to the Alto Douro, where the best port wines come from. We made the journey on horseback, and on the way refreshed the animals with wine and bread. The country is mountainous, and the vines are cultivated on stone terraces on



PORTUGUESE TYPE OF VINTAGER.

the side of the hills. The vintage was in full swing, and I watched the men, mostly Galicians from the north of Spain, treading the grapes. As soon as a vat, which held the equivalent of about thirty pipes of wine, or more than twenty thousand bottles, had been filled with bunches of grapes, twenty men stepped in and began singing and playing guitars, tambourines, and fiddles. They paddled round, gradually sinking lower and lower in the liquid, with their naked legs, until the whole of the juice had been pressed from the fruit. When the performance was at an end, we lunched off a splendid sucking-pig cooked in the earth with wood—the great dish of the Portuguese farmer.

Wines mostly drunk by the natives and Portuguese are the light tawny ports. During my stay the old crusted ports of 1834, 1847, 1858 (the great comet year) and 1863 were most interesting to taste, and rank among the golden years of this grand wine. One old saying is:

"All wines would be port, if they could."

The vine originally was brought to the Alto Douro from the French Burgundy districts.

At the time of my visit the Phylloxera Commission was sitting. The disease was causing terrible destruction among the vines. One vineyard, with a normal vintage of one hundred and fifty pipes of wine, after being attacked by the plague yielded only thirteen pipes. I was shown the microscopic insect, which eats the roots and kills the vines, alive, and marvelled at the damage which so minute a

pest could bring about. While in Oporto I called at the Factory Club, a fine building with a ball-room, library, and dining-room, belonging to the British shippers, and reserved for the use of British residents. The visitors' club contains many autographs written during the Peninsular War. From Oporto I proceeded south to Lisbon, passing numerous cork-trees on the way, and there joined a ship for Liverpool.

CHAPTER IV

PALESTINE, INDIA, AND CEYLON

ON July 1, 1880, at the age of twenty-five, I married, and in the years immediately following my travels were limited to the nearer European countries, including Holland. In 1885, however, accompanied by my wife, my daughter Vera, and my brother Harry, I went for a Mediterranean cruise on the steam yacht *Ceylon*. This was the first public yachting tour arranged, and it was very well organized by Dr. and Mrs. Drury Lavin. The *Ceylon* previously had been in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's service. We touched at Gibraltar, Tangiers, Villefranche (for Monte Carlo), the Isle of Ischia, Naples, Palermo, Cyprus, and Athens, and then proceeded to Jaffa for Jerusalem. There were no railways then to Jerusalem, and after being landed in big barges, we took dragomans, and made the journey on horseback or in conveyances. Before arriving at Jaffa we could smell the orange-blossom for miles out at sea.

We were at Jerusalem on Easter Sunday, and went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to see the people light the candles from the Holy Fire which is supposed to come out of the Sepulchre.

They got very fanatical, and burned their bodies and heads with the flame. Mohammedan Turkish soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets had to keep order in the church. During our stay in Palestine we visited Jericho, Bethlehem, and the Dead Sea. My brother and I had a swim in the Dead Sea, and found it was impossible to sink in the salt and buoyant water.

Our cruise also included Port Said and Alexandria, which had not long been taken by the English, and where one saw the words "Army of Occupation" written up everywhere in large letters.

Passing over six intervening years, some interesting incidents may next be recorded in this volume of a long tour through India, Burmah, and Ceylon in 1891 and 1892. The voyage to Bombay was made in the P. and O. steamer *Thames*, and we touched at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said, and Aden. At Bombay, Mr. Quanborough kindly put me up as a temporary member of the Yacht Club, where it was very pleasant to dine in the evening. I engaged a bearer, a native of Madras who spoke English, at a wage of 30 rupees a month, and he provided his own food! Such a servant, who, without regard to age, is invariably called "Boy," acts as valet and courier, and while collecting a little *baksheesh* for himself, takes care that his master is not robbed by other natives.

From Bombay I proceeded to Cashmere, and at Jeypore put up at a dak bungalow belonging to the Maharajah, a most comfortable building. In India you travelled with your own bed and mat-



ELEPHANTS BELONGING TO H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF JEYPORE. MR. AULIO JAMIESON, MISS JAMIESON, MR. JARDINE, AND THE AUTHOR RIDING.

Period 1891.

tress, which could be put down anywhere, and enabled you to sleep if necessary in a railway station. The streets of Jeypore presented an animated and extraordinary Eastern spectacle. Temples were numerous, and I saw hundreds of monkeys, which are sacred, jumping from one balcony to another. Elephants and camels, funeral processions taking bodies to be burned, four-horsed closed carriages in which rode the Maharajah's wives, rigorously hidden from the vulgar gaze, and fakirs were all mingled in the picturesque scene. In the evenings I went into the town to see the natives dancing to the curious and ancient music of tom-toms and reed instruments.

At Agra I was greatly impressed with the wonderful Taj, rightly described as the most beautiful tomb ever built in the world; but it was best to look on the loveliness of its architecture by moonlight and when there was no band playing. A band seemed to clash with the sacredness and sublimity of the monument. I reached Meerut during the military manœuvres, and as there was no accommodation in the town, Captain Holland lent me a Cabul tent. An early morning review of the troops by the late Lord Roberts (then Sir Frederick Roberts) was a fine sight, and included a thrilling two-mile gallop by six thousand horsemen. Christmas Day I spent at Nowshera with Captain Keith-Falconer, who had been a fellow-passenger in the *Thames*, and enjoyed an excellent Christmas dinner with his regiment, the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers. The following day Lieutenant Hodson, of the well-known family

of Hodson's Horse, invited me to see the famous Guide Corps. Keith-Falconer rode with me from Nowshera to Hoti Madan, and we were met halfway by mule-carts sent out to meet us. The Guides were established in 1846, and never changed their quarters. They had a fine mess-house. While staying there I joined in a jackal hunt. Many beaters were provided from the different regiments, and we got four jackals and one wild cat.

After a visit to Peshawar I obtained a permit for the Khyber Pass, and made the journey to the narrowest part of this interesting passage from India to Afghanistan. The route was strongly guarded by the Khyber Rifles and cavalry for the protection of travellers and transport. In the Pass I met the Cabul and Indian caravans, with thousands of camels laden with merchandise, and made the acquaintance of a resident of Cabul, who said he would write to the Ameer of Afghanistan and get permission for me to visit the country. He despatched a dak runner, but the answer did not arrive before my departure for Cashmere. On the last day of 1891 I was in Murree, the hill station, but the town was cold, dreary, and deserted. Even the church clock had stopped, and there were no bells to ring in the New Year. The next night found me in Cashmere territory, and I slept at the Garhi dak bungalow, which was provided with champagne and choice food intended for the use of travellers. A price-list was hung up, and it was left to the proverbial honesty of the Englishman to leave behind payment for what he used.

The Vale of Cashmere is very beautiful and the climate delightful. Fruits such as apples, pears, strawberries, grapes, apricots, and mulberries flourish there. I got some wild-duck shooting, but the birds were very wary and seemed to know the exact distance which would keep them out of range. At Serinagar the Assistant-Resident, Captain Chenevix-Trench, put me up at the Residency, a beautiful English type of country house. I think if I could not live in England there is no place to which I would sooner retire than Cashmere. The British could have bought the whole of the State for less than a million pounds after the Sikh War of 1846, and it would have made a splendid hill resort for white troops, including women and children. Now the Maharajah will not allow anyone to buy land, and if a house is built it is the property of the State. The idea seems to be that if one Englishman comes they will all come. From his own point of view the Maharajah is probably right.

The capital of Cashmere, Serinagar or Srinagur—the name is Indian and difficult to turn into English—has a population of one hundred thousand. The mountains of the country exceed in height and grandeur those of Switzerland, but in the valleys are lovely lakes and serene and tranquil rivers. Travelling is pleasant and not at all difficult. Bungalows, house-boats, or rest-houses, provided by the Maharajah, are placed at convenient halting-places, and at these one may spend the night at a small charge, though it is necessary to have one's own bed or sleeping-bag.

The stations are Rawal Pindi, Murree, Kohala, Dulai, Domel, Garhi, Uri, Baramula, Serinagar. The average height above the sea is 2,000 feet at Kohala, and 5,250 feet at Serinagar. The rope bridges are of the suspension type, but there is an iron bridge on the cantilever principle at Domel, where many Sikhs and Pathans live in the neighbourhood. Nothing could have been more enjoyable than being paddled and towed, as we were, along the river and lake from Baramula to Serinagar. It was just like going up our royal Thames in a house-boat, and reminded me of my *Dolce Far Niente* house-boat at Henley. One could get plenty of exercise by walking along the banks, or by helping the fair Cashmeri boat-girl with the short paddles. These young girls are sometimes very beautiful, and with their straight noses have something in common with the fair women of ancient Egypt and Biblical narrative. Towing during the night makes sleep difficult, as there is much talking and singing during the voyage up the river. Peace comes, however, when your escort feels inclined to stop, and the whole family—men, women, and children—retire to their own boat *doonga* and go to sleep. My bearer from Madras felt very proud to make this trip with me, as the high caste of the Cashmeri looks down on a southern Indian.

I noticed a curious fashion the people have of warming themselves by tying round their waists a flower-pot covered with basket-work. In the pot they place hot wood ashes, and then squat down on the ground in their loose *burnouses*.

From Serinagar I journeyed to Calcutta by way

of Amritsar, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Benares, where I saw the cremation ghats on the sacred Ganges. At the end of January I proceeded to Rangoon, the capital of Burma. The Burmese women are very picturesque. They are not unlike the Siamese, and they do not cover their faces like the Mohammedan women in India. I met a Burmese funeral in the town. The procession included bullock-carts filled with presents offered to Buddha. I also went to the timber-yards to see elephants moving the teak logs.

From my diary I have extracted the following notes of an excursion into country then little known to the average traveller:

A trip up the Irrawaddy River is most enjoyable. The boats are mostly flat bottomed, as in some parts the water is very shallow, and long poles are used to push the steamer off from the banks. Went on board the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company to Mandalay and Bhamo. The ships are very comfortable, and lit by electricity. Mandalay and Upper Burmah we had not long conquered, and there were many dacoits about. Went over the palace of King Theebaw, who is a prisoner, and through the bazaars and pagodas. The Burmese girls dress in pretty silk costumes and wear flowers in their hair. They are always smoking cheroots. They are excellent housekeepers, and very popular in this capacity with the Europeans. In the evening I had a Burmese peacock tattoed on my arm as a souvenir of Mandalay. All the men are tattooed, and the designs make them look as though they had bathing drawers on their legs. The women and girls are not tattooed.

Met Captain Barwick, who offered me a pass from Bhamo to Senbo, 2nd Defile, and Deputy Commissioner Mr. George, Assistant Commissioner Mr. Symms, and Lieutenant Williamson, who kindly gave me an escort and ponies to the Chinese

frontier of Yunnan. I felt very happy to get off the beaten path and again explore a country not described in guide-books.

We left Bhamo at 6 a.m. for Nampoung. Beautiful moon. Passed through jungle, and swam the rivers with our ponies. One Sikh accompanied me to Nampoung, where we had tiffin and changed ponies. Four sowars, with their rifles and fast riding ponies, accompanied me as an escort to the Chinese frontier, where there was a difficulty about the frontier marking. Good road over the mountains along the Taiping and Nampoung River. The ponies crawled up the bridle-paths like cats. Gold-washing was going on in the mountain streams, and we passed Chinese mule caravans, carrying red flags in front, and many chow dogs. Marching along, we had always to go straight through a caravan, as a European has the preference of the road. The Chinese had four forts, and the Chinese soldiers, with their red-and-blue uniforms, looked very picturesque. Owing to the strained relationship between Burmah and China, I could not get a pass to go on. Stayed with Captain Carrick in a cane-built bungalow, and next morning swam over to China and picked flowers in a lovely pool. Visited the English camp and stockade. Riding one day, came across some Chin and Chans. They ran away from me frightened, evidently thinking we were going to harm them. When I tried to get near, they all put out their tongues for fear, and, not knowing their language, I could not get them to put them in again. Eventually they gave me some tobacco, and I handed over a few rupees, but they could not make out where I came from.

Arrived at Senbo, 2nd Defile, and returned by river to Mandalay. At Mingoon there is the second largest bell in the world. Lord Roberts was staying at Mandalay, and an evening fête was given in his honour at King Theebaw's palace. The *pouay* dances and bells were very pretty. The Buddhist priests dress in yellow, and go from house to house collecting food for the monastery and poor.

Very sorry to leave Burmah. It is a most infatuating country, with charming, natural people, and I can recommend



GROUP OF ANDAMANESE.

Period 1891.

this trip on the Irrawaddy River to Mandalay instead of the Nile journey for a change.

My next call was at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands. A Government steam-launch took me ashore from the Asiatic Company's steamer *Shah Jehan*, and I was able to see something of the inhabitants of the group. The Andamanese are jet black, and the men go about quite naked. The women, too, confine their attire to a few leaves, but are fond of painting their faces and bodies with white paint or of smearing themselves from head to foot with turtle fat. Many are tattooed. I walked up Mount Harriett, and saw a number of Manipuri prisoners, including a Tonga general. At the prisons on Viper Island were more than three hundred convicts serving life sentences, mostly for murder. It was here that Lord Mayo, Viceroy of India, was assassinated. The convicts are allowed to marry in the island after they have been there a number of years. They till the soil, and are used by Europeans for various forms of work, even such a task as looking after children. The climate of the Andaman Isles, I think, is the hottest of any place I have visited.

After a call at Madras, where Mr. Wyatt, the manager of the Agra Bank, put me up for the Club, one of the oldest and finest in India, I changed steamers and journeyed on to Colombo. In Ceylon I was anxious to get out of the beaten track, and decided to go in search of the real wild men, the Veddahs, perhaps the lowest type of human beings in the world. Even then the race was fast dying

out. First, I went to Kandy and had a look at the Buddhist temple, where the tooth of Buddha is supposed to be deposited.

Starting from Kandy, with its lovely lake surrounded by hills thickly covered with foliage, I took the mail-coach as far as Teldeniya, thus getting a good view in the early stage of the journey of the Mahavila-ganga, the largest river Ceylon can boast of, and which has to be crossed on the way to Teldeniya rest-house, which is reached after a picturesque drive of twelve miles through beautiful tropical scenery. At Teldeniya rest-house I stayed the night, being very comfortably put up, and next morning at daybreak set off, with my tent, kit, and provisions stowed away in a bullock-cart, away past the village of Urugalla up into higher country, the road being a steady ascent all the way up from Teldeniya. Arrived at the summit of the hill, the more trying part of the journey began, as the road is here left on the right, and one has to set out across country in the care of a guide, coolies carrying the baggage. I was fortunately circumstanced, for Mr. Thorburn, the Assistant Government Agent at Kandy, had very kindly sent on a peon to the Ratemahatmeya at Urugalla, with the result that when I reached there I found that the headman had an elephant in waiting to bear me the rest of the journey. By means of zigzag paths, through a country in which waterfalls and gently undulating lands in the foreground, and high mountains away in the distance, offered constant variety of scene, we came to the Pass of Galpadihila, in the heart of a fine



ANDANAMESE FISHING FROM A RAFT.

Period 1891.

jungle country, and through it to the summit of Belungala, from which a magnificent view of the whole of the Uva Province and the Terai country is obtained, together with a glimpse of the village of Bintenne, with its old Buddhist temple, the Mahavila-ganga, the irrigation tanks, and the Veddah country beyond. Six miles more of zigzag paths brought me to Bintenne. Just before reaching the rest-house there I noticed the first traces of a wild elephant, and the natives informed me that the spoor was that of a notorious rogue tusker, which already had had many bullets put in its hide by sportsmen, but which had not yet become a trophy. The rest-house, which nestles in a covert of plantain-trees, makes a very acceptable halting-place after the twenty-eight miles' journey from Teldeniya, and I spent the night there. Next morning at daybreak I resumed the journey, taking with me fresh coolies and a jungle guide, named Vitharama, and an ex-*korale* of the district, Punchi Banda, who knew the locality well. Crossing the river, a journey of twenty miles through much the same surroundings as the previous day brought me to the Veddah country. Up to this time my experiences had been of the pleasantest description. This month is the best in the whole year for jungle travelling, and everything looked at its best. The trees were a rich green, while fields of blue forget-me-nots and orchids and convolvuli in full bloom, with wild orange-blossom scenting the air, and gorgeous butterflies fluttering here and there made up a charming sylvan scene. The path lay for a long way through a stream, in which

our party marched knee-deep, groping their way in true jungle-trackers' fashion, one foot in front of the other. In the sand near the stream the prints of leopards, bears, and deer could be seen, while that elephants had been there but a little while previously and had moved off at our approach was very apparent. Arriving at Beligalla, I was in the heart of the Rock Veddah country, and I sent out jungle-trackers to find the natives, a work of difficulty, as they are a nomadic race who have to be traced out in much the same way as a sportsman seeks out his game. These men are as primitive as ever, and still live wild, their food being the honey they collect and the deer they bring down by means of their bows and arrows, and their covering at night the hollow trunk of some tree or a cave. Altogether there were then about a hundred in the jungle, including men, women, and children from Dambara, Bulugahala-dena, and Kunarthumulla. I found after some search three men, two women, and three children. Their hair hung loosely round their heads, they wore little or no dress, and their voices were curious —more like a bark than anything else. Their language is entirely their own. Their only weapons were the axe and the bow and arrow. They gave me some honeycomb and venison prepared in honey, together with berries from the trees they live on, and, altogether, I was very much interested with all I saw concerning them. On my return journey I travelled the distance by moonlight to avoid the heat of the sun, and found this very pleasant, with myriads of fireflies lighting our



VEDDAHS, CEYLON.

Period 1891.

progress. The nights are cold, and when we halted at night we found it necessary to light large fires to keep warm.

When I got back to Colombo I stayed there some days waiting for a steamer. The prawn curries at the hotel were excellent. Sailed for London ' y P.O. *Victoria*, a Jubilee ship.

CHAPTER V

EARLY DAYS OF MOTORING

Now that the fortunate owner of a Rolls-Royce car can have breakfast in London, make concessions in speed in the neighbourhood of suspected police traps, and arrive by road at Bournemouth in good time for lunch, the comedy and tragedy of the early days of motoring seem far away. As a pioneer among motor enthusiasts, I have myself vivid recollections of the troubled birth and slow development of a form of transport which has now become universal. It was in 1896 that I had my first experience with a car. This was a great year for the bicycle, and I remember that in the mornings and afternoons the road on the north side of the Serpentine in Hyde Park was a rendezvous of those who had taken up cycling as a pastime and form of exercise. Cyclists also delighted in the afternoon to pedal their machines round Battersea Park. With my daughter Vera, who was then at school in Paris, I made a cycle tour in 1896 from Aix-les-Bains to Geneva. While among the mountains we made the ascent of Mont Blanc, accompanied by four guides, and then travelled to Beaune, where we saw the cars taking part in the Paris–Marseilles race pass through the town. This was the second race organized





[*Photo by Author.*

THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC WITH MY DAUGHTER VERA AND GUIDES.

Period 1896.

in France, the first one in 1895 having been run from Paris to Bordeaux.

Met my friends Mr. Bodle, of London, and M. Jean Calvet; dined with M. Passier at his house on the old ramparts and also with Mr. Gorges-Germain at Savigny.

Tasted the grand vintage wines of the Cote d'Or, Clos-de-Vougeot, Romanee-Conti vintage 1869, Richebourg and Chambertin 1874 and 1875—the latter the favourite wine of Napoleon; and a saying is, "a bottle of Chambertin, a ragout à la Sardanapalus and a lady *causeur*" are the three best companions at a table in France.

In Paris I experimented with the Peugeot car, which had its engine at the back, and visited the Exposition d'Automobiles voitures à moteurs et Motocycles organized by the Automobile Club of France at the Palais de l'Industrie. The English representatives at the exhibition were the Hon. Evelyn Ellis, Sir David Salomons, and Mr. Paris Singer, and the principal exhibitors were Panhard and Levassor, Peugeot, De Dion et Bouton, Bollée, Delahaye, and Mors. Many of the French cars were fitted with Benz motors and had phaeton and victoria bodies. No English cars were shown, as the Act in England had not then been passed to allow horseless carriages on the road without a man walking in front carrying a red flag. Our dilatory legislators allowed France to make substantial headway before English manufacturers could enter the field.

Sir David Salomons, however, in October 1895, had organized a show at Tunbridge Wells, and this had awakened interest to the possibilities of a great industry, and on November 24, 1896, the

British Parliament sanctioned mechanical traction at a speed not exceeding fourteen miles an hour on the common highways. This was celebrated by the historic run to Brighton.

The author was a member of the Automobile Club of France, and on December 15, 1897, the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland was founded by Mr. F. R. Simms. About this time I was travelling in Russia and Finland, passing the winter season in Moscow and St. Petersburg. When I returned Mr. F. R. Simms kindly invited me to be the first Honorary Treasurer of the new Club, and I think the year 1898 was one of the most historical and interesting in my life. To be Honorary Treasurer of an institution which had very small funds was not a coveted post, but thanks to a few members and the wonderful organization of Mr. Claude Johnson (the Secretary), the Automobile Club soon grew to be one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world.

The first headquarters were at Whitehall Court, where we paid a rent of £400 per annum. When comparison is made with the present palatial building (1920) and rent in Pall Mall, it shows what can be achieved from small beginnings.

The different chairmen who have held office during the short history of the Club are Mr. Roger Wallace, Q.C., Sir Charles Rose, M.P., H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck and the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P. The present Secretary (1920) is Sir Julian Orde.

In the first year of the Club's existence finance was a matter of considerable anxiety; £540 had

been spent in the establishment of the Club before any members' subscriptions were received. At the end of 1898 the total income from these amounted to £800, while during the first year £150 was spent in connection with the dispute as to whether Sir David Salomons or the Automobile Club had a right to the title. The situation, however, was saved by the following gentlemen becoming life members, at a subscription of £25 each:

Mr. Roger W. Wallace, Q.C.
The Hon. Evelyn Ellis.
Mr. Frederick R. Simms.
Mr. Hedges Butler.
Mr. Alfred F. Bird, M.P.
Mr. Andrew W. Barr.
Hon. Cecil Duncombe.
Mr. J. M. Gorham.
Mr. W. J. Leonard.
Mr. James Peacock.
Professor Boverton Redwood.
Mr. S. R. Roget.
Sir David Salomons, Bart.
Mr. E. Shrapnell Smith.
Mr. (now Sir) John I. Thornycroft, and
Baron de Zuylen.

The value of life-membership at that time was one of great uncertainty, as it looked as if the Club doors might be closed at any moment owing to lack of enthusiasm on the part of a number of its members. Considerable confidence in the future of the Club was aroused, therefore, by a movement of this kind, with the result that, by the end of the year 1898, a guarantee fund had been formed, amounting to £1,521, the largest subscribers being:

Mr. Roger W. Wallace	£200
Hon. Evelyn Ellis	200
Mr. Frederick R. Simms	200
Sir David Salomons	200
Mr. H. E. Sherwin Holt	100
Mr. Hedges Butler	100

My own first car, which came into my possession in 1897, was a Benz from Mannheim, described on the invoice as a motor velocipede, price £120. I bought it from Mr. Harry Hewetson. The early days of this extraordinary horseless vehicle puzzled me and everyone else. To get it started was a work of art. A wheel at the back of the car had to be turned; sometimes one forgot to turn on the petrol or the electricity, or the carburettor became flooded. When the car did start, one felt quite astonished, and half expected the engine or something to explode. Engineers with many letters after their names looked upon motor-cars as impossible and a sort of toy, although the gas-engine was nothing new, and the whole idea, including electric ignition, was foreshadowed in the 1851 Exhibition in an invention shown by a Frenchman, M. Lenoir, whose patents could later be bought for threepence at the Patent Office. Daimler and Benz conceived the scheme of using the engine for mechanical transport, and sold the rights to Panhard, Levassor, and others. It was most interesting to experiment with the different cars in Paris and in England. What we most enjoyed, perhaps, was pushing the cars up the hills, so that when they did go down the other side we had the satisfaction of pleasure well earned. There were very few hills that the cars could negotiate without shedding the passengers, and often the driver himself had to dismount and steer the car up the road empty. When we passed down lanes and roads the natives rushed to get behind the hedges and ditches, frightened at a wonderful and noisy machine,



[Photo by Archer.

MY FIRST BENZ CAR.

Period 1897.

and expecting to be run over. At Brighton, the coachmen on the parade, when a car passed, ran to their horses' heads to hold the animals lest they should run away.

For quite a considerable period we were only allowed by law to drive at a speed of fourteen miles an hour without incurring the risk of a heavy fine or imprisonment. We never started without taking provisions in the car to the extent at least of a box of Bath Oliver biscuits and one or two bottles of dry sherry. It was also necessary to have a bag for a night's lodging, as one never knew at what time one would arrive at the destination. Breakdowns were frequent, and were caused among other things by a want of water to keep the engine cool, a leaking pump, nuts and bolts working loose, chains breaking, belts stretching, the electric spark and trembler requiring adjustment, tyres coming off, platinum tube burners blowing out, and electric shocks from bad circuit. A tramp on the high-road was a useful individual, and many times he earned sixpence or more by fetching water from a mile away to put into the car; in those times there were no radiators, only water-jackets. Brakes were made of camel-hair, which burned through, and the cars would then run away down the hills.

Motorists' clothes were usually covered with oil, and often we had to lie on our backs under the car in the middle of the road to effect repairs. Chauffeurs were not born, and owners had to do the work themselves and drive. When things went seriously wrong a village blacksmith was their

best friend. A sort of steward's yachting-cap, with a black mask to keep the dust out of the eyes, was the usual head-dress, and at dinner after a run we looked like "white-eyed Kaffirs" as a result of white marks round our eyes caused by the goggles. There were no glass screens, and ladies wore veils over their heads to protect themselves from dust and wind. We had one advantage over the present car-owner: the price of petrol was only sevenpence a gallon from Messrs. Carless, Capel and Leonard.

Iron sprags were fitted under cars to prevent running backwards if the motor stopped when going up a hill. Sometimes the weight of the cars would cause them to run over the sprag, and backwards down the hill would go the whole concern. There were occasions, too, when we had to go up the hills backwards to get the petrol into the carburettor and engine. It was quite a common experience to be compelled to leave the cars out in the open roads, as the proprietors of stables and ostlers would not let them be put into the coach-houses. This arose entirely through prejudice and a belief that the new form of locomotion would take away their livelihood by doing away with horses, coaches, and chars-à-bancs. We took police constables for a ride to inaugurate them into the mysteries of the car. At Ranelagh, when first I took a car there, I had to leave it in the open, and I was told the Club was for polo, and horseless vehicles were not appreciated. Motor-cars, by the way, were not then numbered, and it was customary to give them a name. I called my own car "Eve."



[Photo by Jules Boizel.

1899 PANHARD AND LEVASSOR CAR.
(At the Villa Josephine, Paris.)

Period 1899.

If nomenclature had persisted, the dictionary would be exhausted to-day to find a name which had not been seized upon. Numbering, of course, soon became the only practical system of identification.

In the year 1900 the Royal Automobile Club one thousand miles motor tour through England and Scotland started from Hyde Park Corner on April 23rd, and the route was as follows:

First day	London to Bath and Bristol.
Second day	Bristol, Gloucester, Worcester to Birmingham.
Third day	Birmingham, Derby, Matlock, Buxton to Manchester.
Fourth day	Manchester, Preston to Kendal.
Fifth day	Kendal, Keswick to Carlisle.
Sixth day	Carlisle, Peebles to Edinburgh.
Seventh day	Edinburgh, Berwick to Newcastle.
Eighth day	Newcastle, Durham, York to Leeds.
Ninth day	Leeds, Harrogate, Bradford to Sheffield.
Tenth day	Sheffield, Welbeck, Park, Lincoln, Nottingham.
Eleventh day	Nottingham, Leicester, Northampton, St. Albans, London (Marble Arch).

The tour lasted from April 23rd to May 12th, and included hill-climbing competitions, races in Welbeck Park, and exhibitions at the different towns.

In the towns people turned out in thousands to see the cars pass, and the police had to keep the streets clear for our passage. At Calcot Park, Reading, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth (now Viscount Northcliffe) gave a magnificent champagne breakfast in a marquee, and invited all those taking part in the tour to partake of his hospitality. At Birmingham, Mr. Alfred Bird, M.P., gave a dinner at

the Conservative Club, and Mr. Henry Edmunds entertained us at Manchester and Lord Kingsburgh at Edinburgh. The tour was most enjoyable, but involved hard work, as we had to be up in the morning every day at five o'clock to get the cars ready.

My daughter Vera travelled all the course with me, and mine was one of the cars that came in at the finish. We had several punctures; piston rings working round lost a good deal of compression; a lift-pin of one of the valves put one cylinder out of action part of the time; and burners blew out up hill.

There were two sections for cars in the tour, one for manufacturers and agents and the other for amateurs. The list of the amateurs competing is given on p. 107.

The legal speed was only fourteen miles an hour, so that we had often to wait at the controls before entering the towns. Prizes and medals were presented by the Automobile Club for this historic event.

In the year 1901 the car I had ordered in the previous year for my daughter was ready at Renault's works, Billancourt, Paris. It was of 4½ horse-power, with a De Dion engine, as the Renault Company had not then their own engines. The mechanism was just like the inside of a watch, and by a clever arrangement it was possible to change speeds with the left hand. We knew the Renault brothers almost before they began the erection of their factory. They lived in a pretty house with a charming garden in the suburbs of Paris, and they made their first experiments with



[Photo by Archer.

A RENAULT CAR WITH A DE DION 4½-H.P. ENGINE.

Period 1900.

Official Number.	General Description.	Name of Manufacturer.	Name of Owner.	Seating Capacity of Vehicle.	Horse-power.
A 2	6-h.p. Panhard	Panhard et Levassor	Frank Hedges Butler	4	6
A 3	6-h.p. Panhard	Panhard et Levassor	T. B. Browne	2	6
A 4	8-h.p. Panhard	Panhard et Levassor	Mark Mayhew, L.C.C.	4	8
A 7	6-h.p. Parisian Daimler	Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.	Alfred Harmsworth	4	6
A 9	8-h.p. Napier	Motor Power Co., Ltd.	Harvey du Cros, jun.	2	8
A 10	8-h.p. Napier	Motor Power Co., Ltd.	E. Kennard, D.L., J.P.	4	8
A 11	12-h.p. Daimler	Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.	Hon. J. S. Montagu, M.P.	4	12
A 12	6-h.p. Daimler	Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.	Henry Edmunds	4	6
A 16	Ariel Tricycle	Ariel Motor Co., Ltd.	A. J. Wilson	1	2¼
A 17	12-h.p. Panhard	Panhard et Levassor	The Hon. C. S. Rolls	4	12
A 19	12-hp. Daimler	Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.	John R. Hargreaves, J.P.	4	12
A 20	Empress Motor Tricycle	United Motor Industries	Herbert Ashby	1	2¾
A 21	6-h.p. Daimler	Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.	Ernest Pitman	4	6
A 22	12-h.p. Daimler	Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.	J. A. Holder	4	12
A 23	6¼-h.p. M.M.C. Phaeton	Motor Manufacturing Co.	Chas. Cordingley	2	6¼
A 24	Mors Petit Duc	Automobile Association	Robert E. Phillips	2	4
A 25	Benz Ideal	Hewetsons, Ltd.	Mrs. Bazalgette	2	3
A 26	6-h.p. Daimler Phaeton	Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.	Clarence H. Gregson	4	6
A 27	12-h.p. Daimler Mail Phaeton	Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.	John R. Hargreaves, J.P.	6	12
A 28	Enfield Quadricycle	Enfield Cycle Co., Ltd.	E. M. Iliffe	2	2¼
A 29	7-h.p. Peugeot	Peugeot et Cie.	Mark Mayhew, L.C.C.	4	7
A 30	6-h.p. Parisian Daimler	Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.	J. D. Siddeley	2	6
A 31	6-h.p. Parisian Daimler	Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.	Wm. Exe (Claude Johnson)	2	6

a gas-engine in a boat on the River Seine. We were eager to make a trial with our car, and planned a return journey to Nice via the Basses-Alpes, a fair test for so small a car with two persons and luggage. On April 10th we left the Elysées Palace Hotel at 8 a.m. in April showers, which produced a fine rainbow, and a head wind. We drove through the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau along a good road lined with trees on either side, and made our first halt at the Hôtel d'Ecru, Gien, at a distance of 142 kilometres from Paris. The next day we continued our journey by the River Loire. There were steep hills between St. Pierre and La Charité, but the little car climbed splendidly, and by nightfall we had reached the pretty village of La Palisse. On the road we passed a number of gipsy vans, whose dogs would bark in front of the cars. These animals would have made splendid policemen for preventing cars going too fast through the towns—they seemed always in the way. The drivers of the carts we passed were very polite, and when they heard our horn they were quick to move out of the way to let us pass. Our third night we spent at St. Etienne, a University city with steam tramways and small-arms factories like those of Birmingham.

We began the fourth day with a steep ascent in a heavy snowstorm. The car had to travel on its first speed, but it pulled well. Within the hood we were warm and comfortable. There was a zigzag road down to Bourgengental, where we stopped at the Hôtel de France and enjoyed the fire in the kitchen. The following day found us



[Photo by Archer.

MEET OF MOTOR-CARS AT THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE-BOAT AT SHIPLAKE.

Period 1898.

still descending to Andance. We got our first view of the River Rhône, and among the peach, pear, and cherry-blossom crossed the river and lunched at Valence, Hôtel Croix d'Or. Afterwards the road was flat to Avignon, where we stopped at the Hôtel de l'Europe and enjoyed the salads and asparagus, which are sent from these southern parts to Paris markets. We got our first view of the Mediterranean at Fréjus, and arrived at Nice at an evening hour fragrant with the scent of the mimosa. Stayed at the Hôtel de France. Nice is 996 kilometres from Paris, and except for having to wipe off the carbon on the trembler we had accomplished our journey without trouble or difficulty. While at Nice we had the motor thoroughly cleaned, the front wheels greased, and oil emptied out of the engine and gear-case. We drove every day to Monte Carlo, and enjoyed beautiful drives round the luxuriant bays. Sometimes we returned by Cap Martin and up the Côte to La Turbie. Coming down hills we burned our side brakes.

On our return journey we stayed the first night at the Grand Hotel, Cannes, with its beautiful gardens of palm-trees, and then drove by the sea, with a view of the Island of Marguerite, to Digne. Our route took us through the picturesque village of Entrevaux, with its fortress and old drawbridge, and we ascended the Col de Veyons (1,100 metres) by a zigzag mountain road with many tunnels cut in the rocks. After a night at the Hôtel Bouir and a visit to the thermal establishment of Digne, which has a hot-water spring, we continued our tour by way of picturesquely situated

Sisteren, and then lost our way through a bad sign-post. By a steep *côte* we reached Veynes too late to go on to Grenoble, so slept at this village, and the following day mounted the Col de Haute Croix (1,300 metres). We had to negotiate many *cannivaux* (ditches) in the middle of the road. Then came a splendid descent to Grenoble, with the air growing warmer again. Chestnuts were in full leaf, and the roadside was carpeted with violets, cowslips, and primroses. Grenoble is always a most interesting town to stay in, and has many good shops. A trip we made from Grenoble to La Grande Chartreuse severely tested the car. The road wound steeply among the *sapins*, and at the higher altitude snow was piled in drifts 6 feet deep. Steering was difficult, and the back wheels went round without gripping the road until fir branches were strewn underneath them. The engine got very hot, and we had to change oil four times in 14 kilometres. Beyond Sappey, where we stopped for lunch, the car got into the ruts, slipped and tobogganed into drifts of snow, and had to be dug out and pushed backwards and forwards. We reached our destination, however, and visited the Grand Chartreuse monastery, where the famous liqueur was then made. The secret of manufacture used to be handed down by a few of the old monks, and the liqueur was distilled from the finest brandy and herbs gathered in the district. As no women were allowed in the monastery, my daughter went to the neighbouring *dépendance* kept by the nuns. While in the convent, she was looking out of the window when she saw a



[Photo by Archer.

THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE-BOAT *DOLCE FAR NIENTE.*

Period 1898.



[Photo by Archer.

ASCOT, 1900. THE FIRST YEAR MOTOR-CARS WERE ALLOWED IN THE ENCLOSURE.
Author's White Panhard on the Left.

man come out of the monastery, look at her car, and suddenly put his hand into a silk bag and take out her purse. She rushed out without saying "good-bye" to the sisters, and rang the convent bell to ask for me, telling the monk who opened the door that a *voleur* had stolen the purse. We immediately started the car and tried to catch the man, but he had disappeared in the woods. La Grande Chartreuse was one of the last places one would expect to encounter a thief, as the monks gave food and drink to all travellers and passers-by and were most hospitable. From Grenoble we also visited Uriage, and saw three thousand men of the Chasseurs Alpines with their sticks and mountain mule artillery returning from manœuvring. We then continued our journey through Bourg and Montserail, and got on the main road again. At Dijon we made a halt to visit some of our friends in the Burgundy district, at Nuits, Beaune, and Savigny, where the Côte d'Or grows the finest Burgundy wines. Losing our road again, we came to Salien, and stopped the night at Avallon, Hôtel de la Poste, and had good wood-fires in our bedrooms.

Eventually we reached Paris by way of Auxerre and Fontainebleau without mishap, and after spending a day in the French capital drove the car to Havre, where we put it on board the steamer *Columbia* for Southampton. Our tour created a record at the time for a journey with a lady driving and so small and low-powered a car.

CHAPTER VI

MOROCCO—A JOURNEY TO TETUAN

If one can do so, it is pleasant to escape from the damp and foggy weather of our English winter and go in search of sunshine and warmth. In 1902 I spent my Christmas Day in Gibraltar, where we had called in the early stages of an enjoyable cruise in the s.s. *Zweena*, of the Forward Line, a new ship with much of the comfort and elegance of a fine yacht. On Boxing Day we arrived at Tangiers, where we were to stay some days. I visited the prison, a forbidding place of internment, but which had a gruesome sort of interest for tourists. One prisoner had been there thirty-five years, his crime being that of murder. The prison had no drainage, and the prisoners depended for most of their food on outside charity. On Sunday, December 27th, I set out with my daughter Vera on an expedition to Tetuan. The following is an account of the excursion written by my daughter on our return to Tangiers:

A Visit to Tetuan

In these days of far-spreading modern civilization it seems almost incredible that, only a four days' journey from England, there should still exist a country remaining to-day



VERA BUTLER ON HER ARAB STEED. MOROCCO, 1902.



PASSING THROUGH THE GATES OF TETUAN. MOROCCO, 1902.

just as it was four thousand years ago! Yet Morocco, or the "Land of the Setting Sun," which has been brought of late so much before public notice, is a curious example of all that is most primitive; a land in which every new improvement is regarded as the work of the Evil One!

The best known port in Morocco is Tangiers, and with this, as with every other Moorish town, distance lends enchantment to the view. From the ship it is an imposing sight, with its flat white roofs glistening in the sun, and standing out in bold relief against a vivid blue sky, such as we never see in England. The traveller, on landing, receives a rude shock, however, and is disposed hastily to mount a donkey, and so wade through the slushy mud, often a foot deep, of evil-smelling and narrow streets. His luggage is carried on the backs of those Moors who have proved themselves the victors in a stand-up fight with each other to get it first off the small boats, in which it is put ashore from the large steamer.

One of the first things to strike a stranger on arrival is the entire absence of any vehicle, there being no roads of any sort in any part of an extensive country, except at Fez, where the unfortunate Sultan so far forgot the teachings of his forefathers as to build himself one seven miles long for the use of his automobile, and against which the whole Moorish nation arose in arms.

A visit to the interior is of great interest, however, and for this purpose guide, soldiers, and horses are needed, together with a passport from the Consul. Equipped with these essentials, we set out one morning at daybreak to explore the Great Unknown.

Rumours of disturbances had reached Tangiers, but were not credited by the authorities there, so we left full of confidence. The morning was bright and sunny, just the kind for a good gallop on the lovely little Arab horses prepared for us. Our guide and the soldiers were obviously feeling as pleased as ourselves with the day, and expressed their good humour by singing weird songs. The first part of the journey lay over a sandy desert, running into a low-lying country, much resembling a great stretch of water-meadow.

We were told that it was a steady twelve hours' ride to Tetuan, but "if the lady felt tired there was a nice inn half-way there," and that the roughest part of the journey was the other side of it. We rode steadily on for five hours, which brought us to lunch-time. We then sat down by a stream and partook of a sandwich lunch; our unfortunate Moorish companions were unable to touch any food, as it was the great Feast of Ramadan, during which every Moor fasts from 5 a.m. to 5 p.m., when a gun is fired and food may be eaten. After twenty minutes' halt, rather stiff, but more or less refreshed, we remounted our horses and rode on; and now our trouble began. One more hour's ride brought us to the much-talked-of inn, which, we were told, would be a good place at which to put up for the night, but alas! what did we find? Just four ruined walls, with no roof of any sort, and on the grass in the middle lived two Moors with their donkeys and chickens! It was on the cold ground, with the sky for a ceiling, that we were expected to sleep!

It being then only 2 p.m., we decided to continue our journey, and many were the adventures that befell us between that disappointing spot and Tetuan. The surface of the country changed, and became so steep in parts that the saddles all but slipped over the horses' tails, and it was only by putting both arms round the poor old animals' necks that we were able to save ourselves from slipping off backwards. Having attained the crest of a hill, there came the difficulty of getting down the other side, equally steep. The ground bore a painful resemblance to the rocks on the seashore, only half of them were loose; my horse rather enjoyed tobogganing down, sitting on his hindquarters, while I clung desperately to his neck. We noticed as the day wore on that the guide began to get fidgety, and told us to whip up our horses, or night would fall. We did our best, but the night overtook us, and with the darkness came the rain, which came down as only tropical rain can. Having gone a short distance further, our horses did not seem to be able to keep their feet, and kept falling down pits, so we thought it best to dismount: a proceeding against which the guide strongly protested,

though we could not quite understand why. We soon discovered the reason, for we met with no better fate than the horses, as the ground, which consisted of many rocks, was covered thickly with slimy weeds, and it was on all fours and with much difficulty that we were able to proceed at all. This curious procession would have made a funny snapshot.

Very thankful indeed we were to find that another mile brought us to our destination, and we hailed with joy the gate of the city; but, alas! our troubles were not to end so soon, for, to the surprise of the soldier, on knocking and giving the required password, the gatekeeper refused to open it. The soldier said that he had never known such a thing to occur before. Here was a pretty state of affairs, for the choice of sleeping-places was not too enticing. One possibility was to remain by the wall, which gave a certain amount of shelter from the rain, but was the place where, in the daytime, all the lepers and other poor creatures with loathsome diseases were made to sit; the alternative was to live in a bog!

The guide was in a great state of mind, and by way of venting his feelings, collected large stones and hurled them, with many a strange word—which I was glad was in Arabic—against the sturdy gate. This had the effect of producing more words from the other side, and eventually we saw appearing over the wall many heads and many candles. After a great deal more discussion, and when the guardians of the gate had been convinced that we were harmless Europeans, and not a rebel tribe, as they had first imagined, they sent to the Governor for the one and only key to let us in.

Having inquired for an inn, we were led by the light of a torch through the gloomy streets to a place which any self-respecting cow would have been ashamed to call her shed. We hastily asked if that was the only accommodation in Tetuan, and eventually found shelter in a funny little house kept by a Spaniard. This was a palace compared with everything we had seen. We managed to get food of sorts, and then were soon in the Land of Dreams.

On awakening the following morning our first thought

was of returning to Tangiers, so the guide and the soldiers were summoned, but, to our dismay, they said that the horses were dead beat, and that for " love or money " no more could be procured, and that we must remain another night. This we were obliged to do, and make the best of it.

The rain came down in torrents all that day, and as it was so unpleasant wandering round the muddy streets, I visited several harems. Two particularly struck me, one being that of a very poor man, and the other of one of the rich merchants of the city. The poor man had two wives, one a very beautiful girl, fifteen years of age, who had a baby boy of one year old, and the other wife an older woman, very far from being beautiful according to our ideas. The other occupants of the women's quarters were the husband's mother and an unmarried sister. It appeared that I was the first European woman they had seen at close quarters, and the excitement of such an event I think they will long remember.

Having been led into a sort of room, I was invited, by means of signs and gestures, to sit on a low divan, and there they all came round me, inspecting my clothes and jewellery with keen curiosity; the thing above all others which interested them was my hair-net, and this I gave them as a souvenir of my visit. Having partaken of honey cake and green tea, I was conducted by the husband into the men's quarters as a great honour, being the first English woman to visit him. In the excitement of the moment, his young wife followed me, but, poor little girl, she was roughly pushed back to join her mother-in-law, and probably made to do penance for so terrible a breach of etiquette, amounting to a sin.

On leaving, I went to see the rich man's house. We knocked at the door, which was opened by a young black slave girl, who led me into the inner court, and there I was greeted by the four wives of the Moor. They bade me sit down on a divan, as in the other house, but it was much more luxurious, and then they vainly tried to talk to me. Finding that quite hopeless, they summoned another slave, who showed me all round, and finally I took my departure and returned to my little inn.



WILD BOAR SHOOTING AT EPERNAY.

The next morning we once more summoned the guide and soldiers, and this time they said it was equally impossible to go. The rivers, it seemed, had flooded with the rains, and two hours' ride distant there was a river in which six men had lately lost their lives while attempting to cross it. In rainy weather the stream turned into a whirlpool, rushing down with terrific force and carrying all before it, so that no animal could breast the current.

Here was yet another complication. Should we remain in Tetuan, in its disturbed state, when the rebels were expected every moment, and when, to fill up time, the inhabitants were fighting each other, and had succeeded in murdering the second Moorish chief of the city on the night of our arrival, or should we risk the river ?

We thought it well out, and then decided, at all costs, to get out of Tetuan ; but, to our astonishment, the guide absolutely refused to go, saying, in his funny English : " My God ! You are mad ; the rebels are nothing, everything else is nothing, but the river I fear ! " In spite of their protestations, we fetched the horses ourselves and set forth alone. We had not gone far, however, when we heard them galloping after us, so we proceeded in the pouring tropical rain, wondering what this terrible river, from which the guide, for two solid hours, prayed to his God without ceasing to deliver us, would be like. At last it loomed in sight, and perhaps one may admit that it was rather terrifying to see a huge mass of water dashing down ; but luck favoured us, and by means of rather unmercifully beating the horses to stimulate them to rather unusual effort, we all got through safely, one only very nearly losing its feet.

On our arrival at the other side the guide, with many songs, proceeded to thank his God for our safe deliverance, and said that we might now take it easily—but apparently we must have taken it rather too easily, for twilight came on while we were still in the plains, some fifteen miles from Tangiers, and once more our guide began to grow agitated, getting behind us and whipping our little Arab steeds, which were very tired, and consequently stumbled every few yards.

We wondered why we were made to go thus at "top speed," but found that further on there were many paths, and in the dark the most skilled guide was unable to distinguish one from the other, and so we should have been obliged to have spent another night in a friendly "swamp"! Still, "All's well that ends well," and the lights of Tangiers were soon seen shining in the distance. Very thankful we were to reach our nice comfortable hotel once more, and we came to the conclusion that it would be some time before we set forth again to explore the interior of Morocco in troublous times.

From Tangiers we went to Casa Blanca, a dirty town which is a starting-place for Fez and has a large trade in corn, and also visited Mazagan and Mogador. While at Mazagan we experimented with a camel ride, but found this an uncomfortable form of locomotion, and we were soon anxious to dismount. Before returning to England we passed delightful weeks in Teneriffe and Madeira.

We visited the large stores of Madeira wines and tasted some of the old East India, shipped in sailing vessels and steamers to ripen and mellow during the voyage.

CHAPTER VII

LAPLAND AND ITS PEOPLE

AMONG the most interesting and enjoyable holidays of my life are those I have spent in Scandinavia and Lapland. The immediate neighbourhood of either Stockholm or Christiania Holmenkullen provides unrivalled opportunities for winter sports, but it is in expeditions up-country that the ski-runner will find the fascination of the snowfields most invigorating and inspiriting. In 1909, after the winter sports in Stockholm, I made a trip to Rättvik, in the province of Dalekarlia, one of the most interesting districts in Sweden. Its inhabitants in some ways correspond to the Highlanders of Scotland, for they hold to their old traditions, even in the matter of their national costume, and are still immensely proud of the part they played when Gustav Vasa raised the country in the fifteenth century against the Danes. On Sundays they assemble at the Church of St. Olaf, which is still surrounded by the queer little sheds called *kyrksdallar*, where the worshippers used to put up their horses during the service, and boat sheds, known as *kyrkbata*, for the long rowing boats reserved for the purposes of church-going, and in

the winter they skim to church over the frozen surface on skis.

It was here I was first initiated into the joys of being towed along on skis, often with a pleasant companion, behind a fast-trotting pony, to visit Mora and other picturesque little towns on the shores of the lake.

Another centre I can recommend is Storlien, not far from the Norwegian frontier, in the heart of Jamtland, the Switzerland of Sweden, which, especially about Easter time, is very popular with tourist parties from Stockholm, and is in direct railway communication with the capital. The Snasahögma and the Sylarna are among the highest peaks in Sweden, but they are, comparatively, easily accessible, and the numerous huts of the Tourist Club, a club every visitor ought to join, always afford shelter when necessary; while on a fine day the view of the wild, desolate, snow-covered mountain ranges is wonderfully impressive. The going in this country is practically always first-rate. There is one comfortable hotel at Storlien, and other convenient centres are Are, at the foot of the Areskutan, one of the most beautiful and accessible mountains in Sweden; and Dufed, from which the great cascade of Tännforsen can easily be reached—and a wonderful sight the great waterfall, frozen solid, presents.

In Norway one of the centres I am fondest of is Fefor, a few miles from Vinstra, on the Christiania–Trondhjem line, which crosses the great Dovrefjeld. The Sanatorium, as they always call the country hotels in Scandinavia, is a very com-



[Photo by Author.

RUSSIAN LAPLAND. LAPP ON SKIS BRINGING REINDEER TO HARNESS INTO THE PULKAS.



[Photo by Author.

MY LAPLAND EXPEDITION COMING NEAR THE COAST, HAULING A DINGHY ON SLEDGE.

fortable, homely place, built of pitch-pine in the Norwegian style, and surrounded by quaint little bungalows which, in the winter, become a regular colony of keen tourists on skis, who enjoy the glorious views over the Jotunheim Range and the mountains round Lake Mjosen in an atmosphere as exhilarating as champagne. While the hotel itself is sheltered from the winds—in fact, on fine days it is often so warm as to make even a sweater feel superfluous—the plateau itself affords the most delightful ski-ing country, in which even the novice cannot come very badly to grief; while for the more expert it offers a most convenient centre for long expeditions into the mountains. Another place which will probably have a great future as a centre for winter sports is Finse, not far from Bergen, which has a comfortable hotel in the heart of beautiful ski-ing country.

February and March, when the days begin to lengthen a little, are perhaps the best months in which to visit Scandinavia; but winter sports are always in full swing about Easter time, when many of the most sporting meetings take place. In fact, at inland centres such as Finse and Storlien, one is pretty safe on counting on ski-ing until the end of May, and nowhere is there a nation of better sportsmen to make the stranger welcome.

There is probably no part of Europe so little known and visited as Lapland.

> Their reindeer form their riches, these their tents,
> Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
> Supply; their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
> Obsequious to their call, the docile tribe

Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.

THOMSON.

It is a country inhabited by a most interesting race of people, whose manners and customs, occupations, beliefs, and superstitions are much the same as they were in the seventeenth century. This is one of the many remarkable things about Lapland. Though in close touch with modern civilization, its people have retained all their ancient habits, and to-day they migrate from the coast valleys to the mountainous interior on the approach of summer, returning to the lower levels again in winter, existing mainly by hunting and fishing and upon their reindeer, just as their forefathers did when Europe was young.

Four previous expeditions into the country led me, early in 1914, to undertake a more ambitious journey through this wonderful land of tundras, forests, mountains, rivers, lakes, and marshes, with a view to learning something of the life and habits of these primitive nomadic people. From the Alten Fjord I struck inland to Karasjok, hence southward to Enare, and crossed the great lake of that name to Petchenga, with its famous monastery, close to the Murman coast. From here I sailed across the Varanger Fjord to Vadso, and thence journeyed right across the interior of the country to Karesuando, in Swedish Lapland. On the map the country looks as large as France and half the size of Germany. The total population is



[Photo by Mesch.

VIEW OF BOSSKOP ON FJORD.



[Photo by Author.

LAPP ENCAMPMENT.

not precisely known, but it is very sparse, possibly not more than thirty thousand.

I entered Lapland by way of Bosskop, a charming little Lapp town at the extreme southern end of the Alten Fjord, in the far north of Norway. I had beforehand engaged the services of Borg Mesch, a Swede, and Johann Thurri, a Laplander, to act as interpreters. Both of them had been with me on previous expeditions. We met at the Lofoten Islands, where we were fortunate enough to catch a steamer carrying merchants to the Lapp fair at Bosskop. This is held twice a year, on the first Wednesday in March and the first Wednesday in December. Arriving at the town, we put up at the hotel kept by Mr. and Mrs. Wiggs and their daughter, which is beautifully situated and very clean. There is a splendid ski-ing ground quite close to the hotel, and interesting excursions can be made into the surrounding country. The sun was hot in the middle of the day, and we wore our ordinary clothes for ski-ing as in Switzerland.

It was, of course, still winter, being but the early days of March. Situated within the Arctic Circle as it is, there are only two seasons in Lapland—summer and winter. Strange as it may seem, the summer is very hot, since the sun shines unceasingly, and there is scarcely any interval between the extreme cold of winter and the heat of summer. Strangers regard it as a miracle to see vegetation springing up fresh and green when but a week before everything was locked fast in the grip of frost and snow. The whole country, at the time of my visit, was covered in a deep mantle

of white, and the rivers and lakes were frozen solid enough to bear the weight of the sledges. On the higher mountains the snow remains all the year round. The winter is by far the best time in which to travel through Lapland, provided one is prepared to dress and live like the natives. In the height of summer the mosquitoes are a veritable plague, and special protective clothing is necessary.

We stayed at Bosskop for several days, watching the arrival of the Lapps who had come to take part in the fair, a very interesting sight. They came in their *pulkas*, drawn by fine-looking reindeer. The *pulka* is a sledge which the Laplander uses for passenger travel. It is shaped like a canoe, some 6 feet 8 inches in length, 1 foot 7 inches in breadth, with a depth of 5½ inches, rising at the back, or stern, to a height of 1½ feet. These boat-like conveyances were followed by scores of larger sledges, each drawn by a single reindeer and escorted by dogs. One Lapp was in charge of ten sledges. They were filled with reindeer meat, ptarmigans, reindeer shoes and gloves, skins of elks, wolves, and foxes, with knives and belts. These goods the Lapps sold at the fair to the Norwegian merchants, who came principally from Hammerfest and Tromso.

Everything was excellently arranged—stabling for the reindeer and small wooden buildings where merchandise could be stored until a customer was found for it. There were also good cafés, and many stores where the visitors could buy goods in exchange for their own products. This fair is hundreds of years old, and is eagerly prepared for, as

it is a great holiday and fête as well as a business fixture. There is singing, dancing, and merry-making in the evenings, and on our strolls round the town we frequently met Lapps tumbling over one another in the snow, very happy with the strong liquors they had managed to obtain from somewhere and which they were drinking direct out of the bottle. As they were all dressed in their *paesks*, or winter clothes, these hardy topers were quite as safe sleeping in the snow as in a building, and no doubt the exposure served to cool their heated brains.

During our stay at Bosskop we took many photographs. The women are very picturesque, and some of them have decidedly handsome features. The compounds, filled with hundreds of reindeer, made good pictures, as also did the numerous Lapp dogs running about.

At Tromso, on our way up, we had telegraphed to the Lensman at Karasjok to obtain for us a couple of native drivers and twelve reindeer to carry us into the interior. A Lensman, I should explain, corresponds to a district commissioner in a British African dependency, and has a great deal of responsibility. After three days' journey they turned up at Bosskop, and we at once made arrangements for our departure. We packed our provisions in a couple of the "chop boxes" I had used in Central Africa when big-game shooting, and I found they were just the right size to fit on the sledges. In addition to a tent, skis, valise, and a regulation army kit-bag, we also carried a Primus stove, candles, soap, electric-light torches,

cigars and cigarettes, to give to the Lapp girls when photographing them—irresistible baits—and sweets for the children.

The thing that bothered me most was clothing, for it is essential in travelling through this inhospitable country to dress like the natives; it is the only way to keep out the cold and prevent frost-bites. The Laplander wears two or three of the same garments, one over the other, including even two pairs of shoes, filled with dried grass, and two pairs of gloves stuffed with hay. In addition, the cap is filled with an eiderdown pillow, and a long woollen scarf is wound several times round the neck and over the head. I found it quite a business to remember in what order this extraordinary array of garments was put on. The Lapp who valeted me would at times forget something, and then the operation of dressing would have to be started from the stage where the mistake occurred. All told, I put on no fewer than twenty-five separate articles of clothing! The style of the costume is hundreds of years old, and it is eminently practical, because one never feels cold when once this novel and curious outfit has been adopted.

The most difficult part of one's toilet consisted in the preparation of our gloves and shoes, which had to be stuffed with dried *sena* grass. This is first made ready by warming it before a fire, pulling it out, and rubbing it well together in order to render it soft and pliable. A quantity is then made into a round ball and placed within the shoe, leaving a cavity for the foot, which reposes safely and warmly in the middle.

The difficulty of this operation, which few but the Laplanders understand properly, consists in arranging the *sena* so that every part of the shoe is completely and uniformly filled. If you hurry the business, and don't get the grass in properly, you will not only travel in misery should the cold penetrate to any part, but serious consequences, such as frost-bites, may result. The Laplanders, by the way, never wear stockings or socks, but place their naked feet inside the dried grass.

At last we arranged our dress to our satisfaction, though I fear we cut very queer figures. We looked like some new race of hairy bipeds, for, as we were entirely clothed in the skins of reindeer, it was not easy to distinguish us from these animals, save by the number of our legs and our figures. As a matter of fact, however, we resembled bears standing upright more than anything else. My net weight is not small, but I should be sorry to mention what I scaled when I had my full dress on, although it seemed to make no difference to the reindeer.

Our two *vappus*, or drivers, were handsome young Lapps, named Peter and John Johnsen. They quickly loaded up the sledges, and soon all was ready for our journey. Peter led the caravan, and I came next. Thurri, whom we called Johnnie, followed, and Mesch and Peter's brother brought up the rear with the baggage. We had beautiful weather and a hot sun during our stay at Bosskop, and the night before leaving there was a very fine aurora borealis. This was not a welcome

sign, as it meant a change of weather, either for snow or wind. But the morning turned out lovely, and after bidding farewell to our friends at the hotel we set off to the merry jingling of the little bells on the reindeers' necks and the barking of many dogs.

The first part of the road was uphill, and the procession, with slow and melancholy steps, silently ploughed through the snow, the Laplanders walking at the heads of the deer. Having got clear of the small enclosures round Bosskop, we entered the Alten forest. The track here was hard, and the deer, given their heads, started off with spirit, and were soon trotting and galloping down the slopes and hills. As this was my fifth expedition, I knew how to drive and sit in a *pulka*, and my companions were, of course, experienced. When a beginner, however, one is generally left prostrate in the snow with the *pulka* on its side and the deer making a furious assault on the novice, knowing his inexperience.

It is difficult at first to preserve one's balance and prevent the *pulka* overturning, owing to the rate at which it travels and the roughness of the surface, but one soon gets accustomed to throwing one's weight quickly on one side or the other, as necessity requires. Often when the deer start they seem wild, as if a dog had startled them, and an untamed deer takes a deal of management to get him to go straight ahead. Whatever happens, however, one must not lose grip of the rein, which is twisted round the wrist.

The road was very mountainous, but good,



[Photo by Author.

BOSSKOP. LAPPS BRINGING IN REINDEER SKINS AND OTHER WARES TO SELL AT THE FAIR AND MARKET WHICH IS HELD TWICE A YEAR.



[Photo by Author.

BASSEVOUDSTUEN. GOVERNMENT REST-HOUSE ON THE BORDERS OF FINLAND.

passing through woods of silver birch. The first day we did not intend going very far, and stopped at a very prettily situated farmhouse at Romsdal, about ten miles from Bosskop. When we inquired if we could have a room, the owner said she was sorry, but she could not possibly oblige us. We therefore pitched our tent, and then, entering the farmhouse, changed our *paesks* and reindeer shoes for ski boots and wind jackets, and went for runs round Romsdal. Towards evening we tried our hands at lassoing, the Lapps being very clever and seldom missing their objective. This is the method they employ in catching their deer.

Lighting our Primus stove, we soon got the tent warm. The reindeer had been unharnessed and taken up the mountains for the moss, Johann staying with them all night as a guard against wolves. These animals not only kill the young calves, but do not hesitate to attack full-grown deer as well. Thus, outside the camps, it is necessary to place a watch to protect the deer, and women, and even young children, assist in this work. Once I asked a little girl if she were not afraid, while watching all night over the reindeer, but she answered through the interpreter, "The wolves like the reindeer better than me." The Laplander is always on the look-out for wolves, not only because of the premium offered by the Government for their skins, but because they are the great enemy of the deer, and without the latter existence would be impossible in this northern latitude. The reindeer is not only the national

beast of burden, but it supplies the Lapp with milk, cream, meat, needles, weapons, cordage, and clothes, so it is no wonder he holds it in high esteem.

Should the spoor of a wolf be encountered when travelling, it is usual to stop, and off goes the Lapp on his skis, carrying no weapon but a short thick stick. Thus equipped, he can travel faster than his quarry, and when he overtakes it he kills it by striking it a sharp blow across the snout. I heard of a Lapp who, after, as he thought, killing a wolf, picked it up by the tail and, throwing it across his shoulder, began to retrace his steps homewards. He had not proceeded far, however, when the beast, which had only been stunned, revived, and to the great surprise of the hunter suddenly turned round and seized him by the neck. If the man had not instantly released his hold of the vicious creature he would probably have lost his life.

After dinner in the farmhouse we turned into our tent and crawled into the sleeping-bags of reindeer, which we found comfortable and warm.

Next morning we rose at five o'clock in order to start at nine. This may sound odd, but we always allowed ourselves four hours in which to dress—or rather undress and dress again—as we always slept in our clothes, as do the Lapps. Our first meal on waking was tea and bread and butter. The big meal of the day came at seven o'clock. It was difficult at first to get accustomed to dining at this unearthly hour in the morning, instead of at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, but as

we never knew where or when we should get our next meal, it was as well to be certain of one. Our great stand-by was reindeer meat, which was cut up and put into boiling water, and made a good soup or *bouillon*. The winter food of the Lapp is almost entirely venison, consisting of soup made of reindeer meat, reindeer steaks and tongues, and the marrow-bones of the legs. Reindeer milk and cream is excellent, and the sour milk also is very wholesome. In the summer the Lapps live mostly on fish, principally salmon-trout, which they catch in the rivers and lakes. Some travellers have declared that the Lapp is gluttonous. In the winter he certainly eats a great deal, but it is necessary to do so in order to keep out the intense cold.

While we were partaking of our early meal our Lapp drivers went off into the mountains to fetch the reindeer down in readiness for starting off again. In certain parts of Lapland the reindeer are more docile than in others, but, generally speaking, they are only half-tamed, and at times can be very dangerous with their forefeet. When attacked by wolves or other beasts of prey they defend themselves with their forelegs and seldom use their horns. The Lapps start to accustom them to the sledge when about two years old, but at first they are very wild. When broken in, they can easily pull a load of three hundred pounds, travelling at an average speed of eight miles an hour over the rough, frozen ground.

The harness is very gorgeous when new, consisting of a collar of reindeer fur which passes round the neck, and to which is suspended a

large bell, the sound of which keeps the caravan together, and is often the only noise heard in these quiet snow-wastes of the North save the rustling of the wind in the trees. At the bottom of the collar are two small pieces of stuffed leather of an oval shape, which hang between the legs of the animal. To these is attached the trace, which is single, and is made of strong leather. It passes between the legs of the deer, and is fastened by a small transverse piece of wood into an iron ring at the fore part of the sledge. Round the body of the deer is a broad belly-band of coloured cloth, through which the trace passes. The bridle consists of a strip of sealskin. No stick or whip is used, the driving being done by the manipulation of the rein and by oral commands. Should the reindeer get out of control the Lapp simply drives it off the track into the deep snow, when the extra weight pulls the animal up and has the desired effect in quietening it.

After breakfast we changed our shoes and warmed the hay or dried grass inside, a process which took about fifteen minutes, as the feet during the day and night get damp with perspiration. This is one of the most important things for the traveller in Lapland to remember, since changing and drying the hay keeps one's feet warm for the next twenty-four hours. When all was ready we started off for the *fjeldstue*, or Government rest-house, at Jokasjarre. The road at first was good, through woods and across a lake, but soon it became less favourable. A heavy snowstorm, driven by a strong north-east wind, lashed our faces, and the

new snow was so deep that it made very heavy going for the reindeer. At times we could only make two miles an hour, and our faces had a thick veil of ice and frozen snow over them. As we were plodding along we were joined by another caravan, and a Lapp woman who knew the winter way well helped us a good deal. We could only just have our noses uncovered to breathe, and our mouths were covered with masses of ice which joined our moustaches. My cheek got severely frost-bitten, and I only discovered the fact next day, when I saw that my face was blue, as if it had been bruised.

The Lapp dogs we had with us were very useful, and worked hard, showing the way and cheering up the reindeer with their barking. We were very pleased after struggling against the storm to see the *fjeldstue* ahead, and once inside it soon forgot the rough experience we had gone through. It was a well-built house, but hardly visible above the drifted snow. The comfortable beds were made of twigs, giving the effect of a spring mattress, with reindeer skins laid on top. The ordinary charge for one person each night in these Government rest-houses is a kronen, equal to one shilling and three-halfpence in English money, and a present to the caretaker or guardian is customary. This official is paid by the Government to keep the place clean and look after the china, knives, and cooking utensils. He also sees to the supply of wood for the fires and paraffin oil for the lamps. A visitors' book is kept, and all names are written in it, including information as to the last place

the traveller stayed at, where he is going to, and his profession and nationality. All night it snowed and blew hard, and we congratulated ourselves on being under shelter above the snow-line, there being no habitation for many miles around. Owing to the weather the Lapps could not let the reindeer go loose to feed, so they had to tie them up and bring the moss to them. Only a few nights before a Lapp caravan had lost eight reindeer, killed by the wolves.

We were up early next morning, and started off at our usual time for the next rest-house at Mollesjok. It was still snowing and blowing hard, but we made good progress. On arrival there, at half-past six in the evening, we found nice beds of silver-birch twigs and a good fire awaiting us. The following day we still had to plod on through snowstorms and high mountain *fjelds*, but reached the rest-house at Ravnastuen safely that evening. This is quite a large *fjeldstue*, and is much used.

The following day we arrived at Karasjok. This place is about a hundred and fifty miles from Bosskop, and the journey had occupied five days. The rest-house here is very large, virtually a hotel, and quite up to date. Karasjok is the Crewe or Clapham Junction of Lapland, all roads leading to it from north, south, east, and west. It is a beautifully situated town, a great centre of the Lapp population, and boasts of schools, a church, and several shops kept by Norwegian merchants.

Our first duty after our arrival at Karasjok was to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Hegge, the Lensman and his wife. This we did after we had had a

bath and changed our Lapp dress for ordinary clothes, ski-boots, and skis. The Lensman's house was the best in the town, and was furnished in the latest and most comfortable style. We obtained from him all the information we needed as to our next journey to Angeli, on the Anajokki River frontier, between Norway and Russian Lapland. Of this part of Norway there are no good maps, and we could find no one who had been to Enare, although it is an important Lapp settlement at the head of the lake of that name.

Fortunately, the weather had turned fine again, with a beautiful full moon. It was nice to hear the tinkling bells of the deer going through the town. We took photographs of Karasjok, the church, the quaint native dwellings, and the fine river. Everyone was most kind to us, and took a special delight in pointing out the best ski-runs. An acquaintance with and some skill in the art of ski-ing is almost a necessity if one wishes to travel in Lapland. You cannot move far away from the *pulka* without putting on skis, as the snow around may be very deep. To take a photograph it is often necessary to get out on to the snow, and unless you are wearing skis you are liable in a few minutes to sink up to your knees in the soft snow. The Lapps are undoubtedly the swiftest and finest ski-runners in the world. They think nothing of making journeys of one hundred and fifty miles on these wonderful snow-shoes. By means of skis they catch wolves and foxes, and hunt the elk and the bear.

We remained at Karasjok a few days, and then

started for the next *fjeldstue*, or rest-house, on the River Iskarajoki. Our fresh deer were much faster and stronger than those which had drawn us hitherto, and they trotted all the way. One or two young reindeer joined our caravan, and it was amusing to see them running along by the side of the harnessed animals. They had probably strayed from the herd of some Lapp encampment. They kept with us for hours, and then, getting tired, dropped out. The rest-house being new, and no caretaker having been appointed, we were given the key. It was situated in a very picturesque site on the River Iskarajoki, and contained two large rooms, one for ourselves and the other for the Lapps. There was plenty of wood for fuel for the two fires, and a supply of paraffin for the lamps. The dwelling was built of trees and logs, the interstices being filled in with tarpaulin to keep out the cold, and there were double windows. Not many travellers pass this way, and there were few names in the visitors' book. The following morning, after leaving the little bungalow clean and just as we found it, we proceeded to Angeli.

The fore was very good, and passed by a most picturesque river. Here we stayed at another comfortable *fjeldstue*, with a splendid open wood-fire, at a place called Bassevoudstuen, on the Anajokki River, on the other side of which was Finland, or Russian Lapland. The rest-house was in the middle of the pine forests, and the custodian, or guardian, who looked after it was most attentive in getting us water and wood. The snow was



S.Y. *ALBION* IN VILLEFRANCHE HARBOUR.

1,346 tons. Owner, Captain Henry Loeffler (late R.A.F.).

One of my most enjoyable cruises in the Mediterranean was on board the S.Y. *Albion* as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Loeffler. The party consisted of the owner's little daughter Margaret, Captain (now Vice-Admiral) Hugh Watson and his wife, Major Parsons, and several guests who came on at the different ports we called at. The cruise started from Southampton, and we visited Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, the interesting island of Elba, to which Napoleon I was banished and escaped from, Naples and Rome, Palermo, Tunis, Algiers and Lisbon.

Period 1910.

four feet deep everywhere, and the deer had much difficulty in digging down through it to the yellow moss beneath. It is a curious sight to come across a herd of several hundred deer with only their hindquarters visible, their heads and horns being covered in snow as they dig through it with their fore-legs to get at the moss.

All the way on the Tana River and on the banks of the Karajokka were remarkably fine forests of firs and pine-trees, which mostly belong to the Government. The ride through these forests was delightful. The trees were clothed in a mantle of white and their branches glistened like threads of sparkling gems in the sunlight. On our way we passed several *kerris*, carrying merchandise to and from the various Lapp settlements. These are horse-drawn sledges, but they can only be used along the frozen waterways, and only then when the snow is not too deep. The rivers freeze solid to a depth of 15 feet and more, and upon this hard surface horse-drawn sledges can be driven. The rivers are frozen every year from October till nearly the end of May. The *kerris* are made of fir-planks, strongly ribbed inside, are about 10 or 12 feet in length, 7 feet in height, and measure 3 feet across the broadest part. They are used all along the Tana River, right from Karasjok to Polmak in the north. For ordinary travelling horses are useless, as the snow is too deep.

Leaving the rest-house at Bassevoudstuen, we crossed the river and were in Russian Lapland. The morning was hot, and the snow soft and very deep. A Lapp woman, with beautiful features

and a knowledge of the road, led us part of the way. One could not help imagining that if she had been dressed in the latest Paris creations she would have vied in beauty and in figure with her sisters of the more southern latitudes. We often tried to get a photograph of the women in their semi-*décolletée*, when they seemed to be more like our English sisters, but never succeeded. The only time we ever saw them so attired was in the *fjeldstues*, feeding their babies. Their skins were as white as marble. The women in Lapland live a hard life. In addition to their domestic duties, they make all the clothes and boots for the family, and weave the blankets for the tents. They cut the wood for the fires, and knit the nets for fishing and mend them. They perform these tasks while their menfolk look after the reindeer and hunt the wolves and the foxes. But I frequently met women driving *pulkas*, and even hauling merchandise to market.

The fore was not good for the first few miles through the pine woods, and the road was very deep, owing to the softness of the snow. We were very pleased to have the assistance of the lady Lapp, who was evidently well acquainted with the district. She was going to meet her husband and family a few miles distant. Presently we came upon a herd of a thousand reindeer, which were being looked after by a number of Lapps of both sexes. The Lapps were all on skis, and carried lassoes round their bodies with which to catch the strayers. In lassoing the deer the women appeared to be as skilful as the men. The winter costume of both

sexes being the same, it is not easy at first to distinguish one from the other. The women generally, however, wear a white reindeer coat and a red cap adorned with yellow or blue embroidery. The men's caps are filled with eiderdown and feathers from different birds, and have a somewhat square and stiff appearance. At fairs and on special festive occasions the women appear with many-coloured shawls over their shoulders, and adorned with silver ornaments. Silver rings are much prized, and are extensively worn by both sexes.

In the encampment, which reminded one of a gentleman's park filled with deer, we came across some very fine Lapp dogs, a sort of large Pomeranian breed, some jet black and with no tails. The dogs have a hard life and are never petted. They know exactly what to do. They assist their masters in breaking the deer to harness, and hold them at bay while they are being lassoed, which is the only way to catch them when they are wanted. The dogs run with the deer all day long, and never seem to get tired. Through the interpreter our lady traveller introduced us to her husband, and we stayed over an hour taking photographs of the Lapps on their skis. They all begged me to let them have a picture of themselves, and since my return I have dispatched scores of photographs to Lapland, but whether they ever reached their destination or not I do not know.

In the evening the going was better. The snow was harder, and it was also much colder. We were quite comfortable, however, in our heavy reindeer clothing. We put up that night in a clean

Finnish farmhouse at a place called Terro. While passing through Rintula next day we noticed a large new building and stopped to inspect it. We learnt that it had been recently erected for the benefit of the poor children of the district, and was in many respects like a hospital. All the notices were in Russian, and a Russian lady showed us over the building. They told us here that no one remembered such deep snow for fifty years.

The road from here to Enare was very good, with banks of snow on each side, made by the *pulkas* travelling to and from the hospital. We arrived at our destination at midday. Our first view of it was the high steeple of the church standing out above the lake. Enare was one of the places I particularly desired to see. As I could find no books or description of this part of Lapland in any of the Geographical Societies' libraries, the only way to find out what the place was like was to go there and see it for myself. It is, nevertheless, one of the oldest of Lapp towns, and is marked on all the maps.

Our reindeer trotted up in great form and freshness, as if aware it was the end of their journey. We were greeted, as usual, by the barking of many dogs, which brought the people out of their dwellings to see who the strangers might be. The first thing to ask for was the rest-house. Alighting here, we found most comfortable rooms, well heated, with two good beds, and the first blankets we had seen for a long time. In a café adjoining, facing the lake, which was filled with people, an accordion was being played.

We were pleased to get a rest after travelling so hard, and the first thing we did was to order a *bastue*—a Finnish vapour-bath. We then changed our clothes, and called upon the Lensman, Mr. Alaranta. He introduced us to his young Russian wife, who had passed in honours at the University at Helsingfors, and who chatted with us in French. They were most hospitable, invited us to dinner, and gave us all the information we required, and a new map to find our way up north to Petchenga and the Murman coast. Enare is quite a large place, with fine open squares, a Russian post-office, and a small wooden house which serves as a gaol at the back of the church with its high steeple.

This was the first prison I had seen in Russian Lapland, and I was gratified to discover that it was empty. Naturally, the Lapps have to conform to the laws of the country in which they reside. They give the authorities little trouble, and there is seldom anything more serious than occasional cases of theft. The Lapp is an industrious and a very contented individual. Honesty is one of the great virtues of the people, and the merchants who trade with them speak most highly of their integrity. These men will buy scores of pounds' worth of articles and then leave them for months at a time in small wooden buildings without even a lock on the door. It is very rare that an article is stolen.

Returning to the rest-house, we found our caretaker had ordered a vapour-bath to be got ready for us at seven o'clock. It was by no means the first occasion I had indulged in one of these re-

markable ablutions. The bath-house is a small wooden structure, generally situated some way from the dwelling-house. It is divided into two compartments, one to undress in, while the other contains the oven which produces the steam. The oven is arched with large stones or pebbles, and heated by a fire placed beneath. Undressing in the first room, one enters the heated compartment. After a short rest on a wooden form or bench, which contains a place for the head, the attendants come in and bathe you. Cold water is thrown over the stones, and the hissing vapour soon sends up a cloud of steam. The higher you sit from the floor, the greater the heat. As more water is thrown over the red-hot stones the vapour becomes so intense that one can hardly breathe. We were soon gasping for breath and covered with a profuse perspiration, which issued from every pore of the skin. Hanging up in the room were tender branches or twigs in a green state and retaining their leaves. Dipping these in water, the attendant began lashing and whipping me across the legs, shoulders, loins, and back, till my body seemed quite red with the switching. The bastinadoing over, I was then washed with a soft flannel covered with soap, after which a jug of the coldest water was thrown over my head and body. Such are the operations of the *bastue*, and I must confess that one feels greatly refreshed after such a bath. In passing through villages I often noticed the smoke issuing from the small apertures of these bath structures, indicating that the inhabitants were taking their weekly "tub." Every Saturday the whole family

resort to it, and males and females use the bath at the same time, the latter performing the offices of the bath for the former.

Next day we visited the postmaster and bought Russian stamps, his daughter showing us the different kinds of stamps used. We had now to get another driver and ten reindeer to carry us north to Kirkeness. We regretted very much leaving the two drivers who had brought us all the way from Bosskop, but they were anxious to get back to their homes in Karasjok. We found the deer of this district much larger and stronger than those of Norwegian Lapland, as well as more docile and tame, while they were also accustomed to eating hay. Our route lay across Lake Enare, over sixty miles in length, and one of the largest in Lapland. It was, of course, frozen solid, the ice being strong enough to carry a railway train. We stopped for lunch and moss at Pottomiemi, a delightful little farm kept by a Laplander on one of the many islands with which the lake abounds. Then off we started again, staying that night at another native farmhouse at Vuontisjoure. The reindeer here were very tame, and came close up to the house. Unfortunately, their owner was greatly troubled by bears and wolves. The Government premium for a bear is two pounds ten shillings and five pounds for a wolf.

A two days' journey, which was full of interest, brought us to Reisvuono Bugo Fjord. The run from Enare to this point was certainly the fastest and finest trip I have ever made with reindeer; the snow surface was excellent, and the *pulkas*

seemed to skim over the frozen snow like a skate. In the daytime the sun shone brightly, and there was a keen sharpness in the air. At night the heavens were illuminated by the Northern Lights and by a beautiful moon. One could have read a paper almost at any hour of the night. Our intentions were to push on to Kirkeness, but, unfortunately, we were unable to make our driver understand, and he landed us close to Nieden, on one of the arms of the Varanger Fjord, opposite Vadso. By communicating with the harbour-master at Kirkeness, who was expecting us, we were able to charter a motor-boat to convey us and our baggage across to Vadso. In the early morning there was a thick fog in the fjord, called a frost fog. But the sun soon shone out brightly, and it cleared away, giving us a beautiful view of the little bay and the sea covered with thick ice, with millions of snow-flowers on the surface.

Owing to the ice, the motor-yacht, a boat of twenty tons, could not approach the shore nearer than a mile, so we had to harness the reindeer to the sledges and put the dinghy on the runners, and so convey our baggage out to the yacht. I took some good photographs of our caravan on the ice and the dinghy being pulled by the reindeer. We put the dinghy in the water and stepped from her into the yacht. Turning the handle of the motor, the captain backed out of the ice, and three hours later we reached Vadso. It was pleasant to see the cliffs running down to the salt water and to hear the cries of the seagulls. At Vadso I felt at home, for I had visited it twice

before in winter; in fact, it was here that I first tried my hand at reindeer driving. The slopes all round are well suited for the sport. There are some good hotels at Vadso, and it can be recommended as a splendid centre for ski-ing and *pulka* driving. In normal times this Northern Russian Lapp settlement can be reached by steamer from London via Newcastle and Bergen in six days.

I spent several days in Vadso ski-ing and reindeer driving, and had a most delightful time. I had now to see about making arrangements for our next journey, which included a visit to the famous monastery at Petchenga, on the river of that name. I said good-bye to our Swedish interpreter, Borg Mesch, as it was necessary for me to engage one who could speak Russian, for we were about to enter Russian territory. I was fortunate in finding a capable young Russian who could speak English. My faithful Lapp, Johann Thurri, remained with me to interpret the Lappish language, and to help in many other ways—valeting, driving the *pulka*, and looking after the baggage and provisions. He was one of those rare all-round useful men. He knew the best part of the reindeer meat to buy for the stew-pot, and was a splendid *chef*. He also knew a good fox or wolf skin, and bought me several very fine blue-fox skins caught in traps by the Lapps.

From Vadso we took steamer across to Kirkeness, arriving there about midnight. The fjord was frozen over, but the steamer managed to break the ice and come alongside the quay. Kirkeness is a comparatively new town, containing

about five thousand inhabitants. It owes its existence entirely to the iron-mines, and at the time of my visit huge smelting furnaces and electric power-stations were being put up. In the near future it will undoubtedly become a very important centre. We got rooms at a new hotel. It had only just been built, and had not even been given a name. It was very restful to find a comfortable Norwegian bed again, after so many weeks of sleeping in travelling clothes on small branches and twigs and reindeer skins.

Situated among many trees, Kirkeness must be a lovely spot in summer, when myriads of birds arrive from the South. The railway to the mines is the most northerly in the world, and is well laid. Our first objective was Svanvik, on the Pasvikelf River, and thence over the high Petchenga mountain fjeld to the monastery in Russian Lapland. For the first part of the way we were able to take horse-sledges as far as Strand, where we stopped at an excellent farmhouse kept by a Norwegian. Here, close to the Russian frontier, was a very good Norwegian school, and there were many houses and farms on the Lang Fjord. The following day we crossed the great Pasvikelf River, and at the little village of Skolteby managed to secure reindeer and the services of a good Lapp driver.

Everything was now changed, for we were in the great Russian Empire. The language, faces, dress, manners, customs, and religion were all Russian. Icons were hanging on the walls and samovars steaming on the tables. As there was

no hay for the horses, the driver brought with him from Strand two or three large loaves of bread, which he broke into chunks—food which was much appreciated by the horses. On our way to Skolteby we met a Russian Lapp with a curious head-dress of fur behind his cap that looked like a wig, and came down on both sides of his face. He was driving a sledge to which were harnessed four reindeer, and carrying a long pole.

What I could never understand is how the Lapps find their way when the weather is bad. Through the fiercest snowstorms, when it is impossible to see a yard ahead, they will plod along and never seem to be in difficulties about their direction, yet they never use a compass. To a certain extent they are no doubt assisted in this work by the dogs, who always run in front of the caravan as if to point the way, while the deer keep to a route they have once traversed if given their head. In broad daylight it is different, for then travellers are guided by the physical characteristics of the country, such as mountains, lakes, rivers, and forests. On many of the routes, too, the Lensmen have placed sign-posts. These consist of wooden crosses upon which are painted arrows indicating the direction. Should the weather be so bad that further progress is impossible, the Lapp pitches his tent and takes cover until the storm abates. If he has no tent, he simply buries himself in the snow, and there peacefully sleeps through the blizzard. Sleeping in the snow is actually warmer and safer

than in a tent. This is because the temperature of the snow is higher than that of the air. But the Lapp never seems to feel the cold, and I have seen them with their winter *paesks* more open in front than the dress of others who live in warmer climates. What they are most careful about is not to remove their gloves, and to have plenty of dry grass in their shoes.

At Skolteby the pine woods were very pretty with heavy snow on the trees, and hundreds of ryper, or ptarmigan, quite tame, in winter plumage, were flying about and making a calling sound like that of grouse. The road or winter way was excellent, and *en route* we met the Russian Lensman, who lives at Kola Hewas, in a sleigh drawn by two reindeer. The vehicle looked like a cradle or bath-chair with wheels put on a sledge. He was making cigarettes, and gave us some, but as we could not speak Russian we could only exchange cards.

We were ascending all the way, and found the cold very intense over the Petchenga fjeld. The *vappus* put on an extra reindeer to my *pulka*, and gave me a long pole to touch any member of the team that got slack and was not pulling. At the top we rested and fed the reindeer with very rich yellow moss. The views of the mountains round were very fine. The evening was bright and clear, and, reharnessing the deer, we started for the descent on the other side. We were above the snow-line, and there was nothing to see but smooth, firm snow. The velocity downhill was very great, and the deer galloped all the way. At eleven

o'clock at night we reached the Petchenga River and the village of Shalapin. We were not very far from the monastery, and moved on there. We soon saw the group of splendid buildings, with the church standing out conspicuously among them. Our *vappus* knew the way well, and made straight for the guest-house.

It was past midnight, and all was quiet, but, ringing a bell, we soon awoke one of the monks, and he immediately got up and showed us our room. It had been very cold travelling, and on entering the corridor we found a warm welcome; like all Russian houses, it was heated, and every room has the same comfortable temperature. Our guide brought us a splendid samovar—a sort of tea-urn, with a red-hot iron in the centre to keep the water heated—and also bread and butter and some tea and milk. We had a few of our own provisions ready, and after a light meal turned in, well ready for repose.

The next day was the Sabbath, and at five o'clock the bells of the monastery rang for church. Like many other edifices of its kind, the Petchenga monastery has had a most eventful career. It has played an important part in the history of Lapland. A monastery was founded on this spot so far back as the sixteenth century by a pious monk, named Tryphon. He was the son of a priest who lived near the town of Torjk, in the district of Novgorod. He believed that his mission in life was to preach Christianity to the Laplanders. They at first resented his pious efforts, and over and over again drove him away, but he always

returned, and in the end won their confidence and erected a monastery.

The Laplanders regard Tryphon as their saint, and many remarkable stories are told concerning his piety and the charmed life he led. One day a bear entered his cell, overturning the kneading-trough, and began eating the dough, when Tryphon entered the cell. "My Lord Jesus Christ commands you to leave this cell and to stand still," declared the monk. The bear went outside and stood at the feet of the holy man. Thereupon the saint chastised the culprit, warned him never again to disturb the monastery, and dismissed him. And henceforth, so the narrative runs, no bear ever harmed the reindeer or any other living being of the monastery.

Tryphon, despite his arduous life and labours, for he was always travelling up and down the bleak country preaching to the natives, lived to the ripe old age of ninety-eight, and was buried within the monastery church. Seven years later, in 1590, the monastery was attacked by the Swedes, all the buildings were destroyed, and fifty-one monks and sixty-five laymen and workmen perished by the sword. Some days later these martyrs were all buried in one grave, and the spot was abandoned. Not till nearly three hundred years later was the monastery restored. On July 16, 1886, a small band of eleven monks arrived at Petchenga with building material and tools, and began the task of erecting a new and greater monastery in honour of their saint.

Within ten years a flourishing little town had

sprung up in the wilderness. A new, large, and spacious church had been built of timber, with three altars, decorated inside with much care, and richly provided with all church utensils and with a sacristy. A school had been founded and many workshops established in connection with the monastery. Nineteen dwelling-houses and sixteen other buildings had also been erected. In addition to all this work and their ecclesiastical duties, the monks had cleared the land for miles around, from the meadows of which they reaped a crop of five thousand poods of hay a year, while a good road, twenty-five versts long, was built to the sea. The number of monks residing here at the time of my visit was one hundred and twenty. There is no doubt that the monastery acts as a bulwark, as it were, of the Orthodox Faith against any possible invasion of the teachings of another faith into Russian territory from the direction of the Norwegian frontier.

As soon as we had dressed we looked out of our windows and saw the monks going to prayers in their black gowns and black craped hats. As we entered the church, which is, of course, Greek, a fine choir of men and boys was singing. It was most effective. The church was lit up with hundreds of lamps and candles. The priests came and threw incense on the different icons, and the congregation, the servants and others belonging to the monastery, were bowing and almost touching the floor with their heads as the service continued. There is no organ in the Russian church, or seats to sit down upon. The singing without the organ,

with the deep bass voices of the choir, was very beautiful. The paintings in silver frames were very fine. There were many silver icons and paintings of the Apostles and the Virgin Mary.

After the service we returned to our guest-house, where we had comfortable, large rooms and beds, and here we had breakfast. The monastery looks like a military drill-ground, as the buildings are far from each other, and are isolated in case of fire. Church services went on all day, and we attended again at eleven o'clock, and also at vespers at four o'clock. We could not, however, understand a word.

After breakfast one of the priests took us round. The cells of the monks, their dining-hall, carpentering and boot-making shops, a large store where nearly everything could be purchased, horses, stables, and cowsheds, were all under the charge of different brethren.

The houses are built of whole trees and logs placed one above the other. A great many *samoyedes*, leggings, caps, fur-coats, and skins of animals were displayed at the *handelsman*, or monastery store, and we made various purchases, among them several skins, and ladies' boots made of beautiful green cloth going high up the leg. No one spoke a word of English, French, or German.

Our midday meal consisted of fish soup, macaroni and milk, sour milk, salmon, and eggs, and was beautifully served. Outside stood the church with its gold cross, blue domes, green steeple, and light-blue windows. It was most picturesque with the

snow on the roofs, and round it a cemetery with bodies buried without names.

The head of the monastery, the Archimandrite Jonathan, sent a messenger and said he would like to see us. We were very pleased to make his acquaintance, and he asked me to write something in his book. He also presented me with an interesting brochure in Russian, giving an account of the remarkable history of this Russian institution. There is no doubt that the monastery exercises a beneficial influence upon the primitive Laplander. On the anniversary of its founder's death there are great ceremonies at the monastery, when the Lapps for miles round come and spend three days there at the sole expense of the monks.

The neighbouring Norwegians take a great and increasing interest in the monastery, which for them is typically representative of everything Russian. In summer they arrive by steamer, in winter by reindeer. Guests of other religions when staying at the monastery attend the church services, and between the hours of service visit and inspect the house and library and make excursions in the neighbourhood. The crowd of departing pilgrims of various nationalities forms a lively sight: among them may be seen a Russian, a settler, a Laplander clad in reindeer skins, a Finn and a Norwegian in their native costume with a square blue cap, made of velvet or cloth, resembling a Russian driver's cap, a short blue or red embroidered skirt, and a fur collar round the neck.

We were now on the extreme western edge of the great Kola Peninsula. It extends east and

west about four hundred and fifty miles and north and south about two hundred and seventy-five miles, and belonged entirely to Russia. The climate of the coast region—the Murman coast, as it is called—presents no extraordinary severity. It is, in fact, colder inland than on the coast. Winter begins at the end of September and continues till May. The Polar night is from the end of November to the middle of January, but the darkness is not so great as many imagine. The whiteness of the snow gives a reflection and glimmer of light, and the aurora borealis sets the heavens in a blaze as with clouds of fire, turning night into twilight. The Polar night means not the total absence of light, but rather the season when the sun no longer appears above the horizon. The sun begins to show itself again about the middle of January, rising higher and higher every day; from the middle of May to the end of July it never sets, with the result that a new arrival loses all conception of day and night.

Although the summer lasts but fifty days, grass develops normally in the deep valleys, as well as numerous berry-bearing bushes. In summer, too, bird life flourishes, and nearly two hundred different varieties of birds may be found on the peninsula. The country is hilly and interspersed with tundras and marshes. The southern and western parts are covered with a fairly good forest, mostly pine. These forests form an important support for the existence of human beings and animals inhabiting this northern wilderness, as they afford an opportunity of sheltering against cold and storms.

The interior is inhabited only by Lapps, and altogether there are now about two thousand in the district. They live in small villages, consisting of six to twenty huts. They belong to the Finnish race with regard to their language and origin; and of all nomadic and half-settled tribes on the globe, they rank the highest with regard to intellectual and moral development. Being of a quiet, meek, reflective, and honest disposition, the Laplanders represent a very useful tribe in the northern deserts. They form, thanks to their knowledge of the locality and powers of endurance, very trustworthy guides.

Some people consider the Laplander timid, even cowardly, but a race that lives in the midst of rough Nature like this, swims daringly in stormy waters, fights with frosts and snowstorms, and kills bears, cannot by any means be called timid or cowards. The continual hard struggle with elementary Nature has made this wanderer in the wilds very cautious and inoffensively cunning for self-protection, yet without loss of the more delicate feelings.

His timidity really raises his human dignity. Violence makes his soul tremble, but he does not resent his wrongs with bitterness; he is grieved rather than angry, is not eager for revenge, and simply ignores the wrong.

The Laplanders lead a semi-nomadic life, spending the winter with their reindeer in their parishes; in the summer they send the reindeer into the tundra and go themselves nearer the sea and lakes.

The winter dwelling of the Lapp—a small,

smoky, earth-covered hut—is called a *toopa*. It consists of one room, and is heated by a small stove with a straight pipe. The stove is made of freestones and is very practical; it does not smoke, heats the room quickly, ventilates splendidly, is good for drying wet clothes, heating water, and cooking. At the time of my visit they were beginning to build huts consisting of two rooms, in one of which they have a Russian stove for baking black and white bread. In the summer they live in tents or in wigwams made of the branches of trees and covered with bark. Their food consists of fish, chiefly salmon and trout, in the summer, and venison in the winter.

The usual opinion that the Lapps are of small size, with crooked legs, long hands, black hair and eyes, swarthy complexion, scanty moustache and whiskers, is incorrect, for there are to be seen among them faces of European type, not a few of them being really good-looking. In winter they wear a fur cap, a fur coat of a special kind, trousers, and shoes with sharp, bent-up toes, made of reindeer-skins with the fur outside. In summer they wear a knitted cap with a tassel, a blue woollen shirt, leather breeches, and boots. In winter and summer alike they gird themselves with a leather belt, from which hangs a long knife.

We had now to think about our return journey, and I decided to travel back by way of Enare through Swedish Lapland. We arrived at Karesuando, a real, unspoilt Lapp town, on the great Muonio Elf River, just before Easter. The side of the river on which the town stands belongs to

Sweden, Russian territory commencing on the other bank. The Lapps spent their Easter holiday-making and in attending the religious services. Living, as a rule, far in the interior, they can only go to church twice a year, the first Sunday in Advent and at Easter.

After breakfast on Good Friday morning we put on our skis and went out to watch the Lapps arriving. Some came in *pulkas*, others on skis behind reindeer, while still others walked. They were all dressed in their best clothes, and when seated in the church the colours and different blends of blue, red, and yellow on their brown and white *paesks* and coloured shawls adorned with silver ornaments was a sight not to be forgotten. The church was crowded, several hundred Lapps attending, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other. Many had to sit on the floor. Babies were there in their reindeer canoe cradles, and the dogs, of a large Pomeranian breed, were lying at their masters' feet or running about the church and in and out of the door whenever it was opened. At funerals and weddings dogs come in with the same freedom, as they are the faithful friends of the Lapp and the protectors of the reindeer.

Although the Lapps religiously attend church whenever they can, many of them, I fear, go to sleep during the services, a circumstance that leads to a curious way of collecting money for the offering. A bag with a bell attached is fastened to the end of a pole, and the bell is shaken in the ears of the slumberers to wake them up to

give their contributions. During the service the babies in the cradles are fed and rocked and the small children play about.

On Easter Sunday there was a confirmation and many marriages and baptisms. Weddings are very gay affairs. We saw four couples married at the same time, about a hundred guests being present. The brides were generally dressed in red, with white shoes and red gloves, with beautiful silk scarves and tassels. The bridegrooms wore a very fine blue suit, which stood out at the sides, with white reindeer shoes and a square cap. No dress at a fancy ball can be more picturesque than a Lapp bridal dress in red, if it were not too hot for the occasion. It is curious to see the dogs go up to the altar, recognizing their owners.

We took photographs of the interior of the church with the dogs lying about, and in the evening flashlight ones of the bride and bridegroom and party. The banquet was at 9 p.m., and reindeer cream, marrowbones of the reindeer, and venison were the principal dishes, with hot coffee and cakes. Afterwards the married couples came to our inn and regaled themselves, and then at midnight started away to the mountains in reindeer *pulkas* for a real honeymoon, as the moon was full.

After a stay of a week we had regretfully to say farewell to our Lapp friends who had been so kind and hospitable, and proceeded south to Jukkasjarvi, and thence on to Kiruna, the end of our Lapland tour.

CHAPTER VIII

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN EAST AFRICA

THE wilds and dangerous places of one generation may be the playgrounds of the next. When I visited British East Africa, now called Kenya Colony, and Uganda in 1912 I found life as safe there as in an English village, and enjoyed splendid sport in a country of such breadth and pleasantness as might lead the traveller to believe he had left the Old World with all its worries and been transported to Paradise.

On the voyage out to Mombasa we saw in the Mediterranean many troopships filled with Italian soldiers going to the war in Tripoli against the Turks. In the Suez Canal the weather was bitterly cold, but there was a marked change when we reached the Red Sea. Mr. Selous,[1] the African hunter, was a passenger on the boat, and we were fortunate enough to persuade him to tell us something of his wonderful adventures. At Aden we were boarded as usual by the Jews, who did a good trade in ostrich feathers, bric-à-brac, and amber stones. In bargaining with these "merchants," it

[1] Captain Selous, D.S.O., was killed in the war in German East Africa.

is a sound plan to offer them a quarter of what they ask for their wares.

When the steamer reached Mombasa I left my Mannlicher rifle and other guns at the Custom House, where the officials were extremely courteous and helpful, and in the evening continued the voyage to Tanga, as I wished to visit Dar-es-Salaam and Zanzibar. At Tanga, as the tide was low and the sands very soft, two native sailors carried me ashore. Dr. Schumacher, a well-known German explorer, who was investigating sleeping-sickness in the Lake Tanganyika country, showed me around the hospital, where I saw a man who had a few hours previously been mauled by a lion.

Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of what was then German East Africa, now called Tanganyika Territory, is laid out on modern lines, and has fine wide roads with avenues of trees. Like most places near the coast, it also has a wealth of insect life—insects that fly and crawl and often bite. It was easy to notice in the town the harshness of the Germans in dealing with the native population. Many prisoners were to be seen marching along the roads in chain gangs, and I noticed that eight young girls carrying water on their heads in the street were chained round the necks to each other. This custom was a survival of the old Arab slavery, and was never used in our British Colonies and Protectorates. Visiting the native Askari barracks, I saw soldiers drilling with machine guns, but little thought at the time that in less than three years Germany in a gamble



A WATER-HOLE AT DAR-ES-SALAAM.



NATIVES CLIMBING FOR COCO-NUTS.



[*Photo by Author.*

KAVIRONDO FUNERAL. EVIL SPIRITS ARE SUPPOSED TO DWELL IN THE TREES.



[*Photo by Author.*

KAVIRONDO FUNERAL. PROCESSION OF GIRLS ARRIVING FOR THE FUNERAL.

for world power would be using those soldiers to defend the colonies she possessed. In the evenings I went to see the curious slow dancing of the natives in the villages; the dancers followed each other round and round in a circle.

From Dar-es-Salaam I proceeded by the German Government steamer *Ingani* to Zanzibar, a most interesting island, and then returned to Mombasa, where I collected my baggage and guns, took out a shooting licence, and was pushed by natives in a queer-looking gharrie to the Hôtel Métropole. Strict game laws are observed in British East Africa and Uganda. When first these regions were taken over it was determined that gunners actuated only by the killing lust would not be allowed to wander around exterminating the wild animals. At the same time the regulations as they are framed give the true sportsman permission to enjoy his pursuits, and at the end of the season to have an excellent store of heads, horns, and hides. The licences issued for shooting are as follows:

Sportsman's licence	750 rupees.
Resident's licence	150 ,,
Traveller's licence	15 ,,
Landholder's licence	45 ,,

These are subject to the following conditions as to the game which may be killed:

Animals not to be hunted, killed or captured by any person except under special licence:

1. Elephant.
2. Giraffe.

3. Greater Kudu bull (in the district of Baringo).
4. Greater Kudu (female).
5. Buffalo (cow).
6. Neumann's Hartebeest.
7. Eland.
8. Roan (female).
9. Roan (male).
10. Sable (female).
11. Vulture (any species).
12. Owl (any species).
13. Hippopotamus (in Lakes Naivasha, Elmenteita and Nakuru).
14. Fish Eagle.
15. Ostriches.

Animals the females of which are not to be hunted, killed or captured when accompanying their young, and the young of which are not to be hunted, killed or captured except under special licence :

1. Rhinoceros.
2. Hippopotamus.
3. Antelopes and Gazelles.

Animals a limited number of which may be killed or captured under a sportsman's or resident's licence :

Kind and number allowed :

Buffalo (bull), 2 ; Rhinoceros, 1 ; Hippopotamus, except as specially provided, 2 ; Eland, 1 ; Zebra (Grevy's), 2 ; Zebra (common), 20 ; Oryx (Callotis), 2 ; Oryx (Beisa), 4 ; Waterbuck (of each species), 2 ; Sable Antelope (male), 1 ; Roan Antelope (male), 1 ; Greater Kudu (male), 1 ; Lesser Kudu, 4 ; Topi, 2 ; Topi (in Jubaland, Tanaland and Loita Plains), 8 ; Coke's Hartebeest, 20 ; Neumann's Hartebeest, 2 ; Jackson's Hartebeest, 4 ; Hunter's Antelope, 6 ; Thomas's Kob, 4 ; Bongo, 2 ; Palla, 4 ; Situtunga, 2 ; Wildebeest, 3 ; Grant's Gazelle (four varieties—Typicus, Notata, Bright's,



KAVIRONDO FUNERAL. AUTHOR WATCHING MEN SITTING OUTSIDE THE BOMA.



[*Photo by Author.*

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN RUNNING IN AND OUT OF THE ENCLOSURE TO WARD OFF THE EVIL SPIRITS.

and Robertsi), of each, 3; Waller's Gazelle (Gerenuk), 4; Harvey's Duiker, 10; Isaac's Duiker, 10; Blue Duiker, 10; Kirk's Dik-dik, 10; Guenther's Dik-dik, 10; Hinde's Dik-dik, 10; Cavendish's Dik-dik, 10; Abyssinian Oribi, 10; Haggard's Oribi, 10; Kenya Oribi, 10; "Suni" (*Nesotragus moschatus*), 10; Klipspringer, 10; Ward's Reedbuck, 10; Chanler's, 10; Thomson's Gazelle, 10; Peter's Gazelle, 10; Soemmerring's Gazelle, 10; Bushbuck, 10; Bushbuck (Haywood's), 10; Colobi Monkeys, of each species, 6; Marabout, 4; Egret, of each species, 4.

Animals a limited number of which may be killed or captured under a traveller's licence:

Zebra, 4.

The following antelopes and gazelles only:

<table>
<tr>
<td>Grant's Gazelle
Thomson's Gazelle
Jackson's and Coke's Hartebeest
Palla
Reedbuck
Klipspringer
Steinbuck
Wildebeest
Paa (Medoqua and Nesotragus)
Oryx beisa
Bushbuck
Waller's Gazelle
Topi (in Jubaland, Tanaland and Loita Plains)</td>
<td>Five animals in all, made up of a single species or of several, provided, however, that not more than one of each of the following may be shot on one licence:
1. Grant's Gazelle.
2. Palla.
3. Wildebeest.
4. Oryx beisa.
5. Bushbuck.
6. Waller's Gazelle.
7. Topi.
8. Jackson's Hartebeest.</td>
</tr>
</table>

Mombasa itself does not impress one, except the old Portuguese fort and Arab dhows. It is a raw, flat coast town, with a variegated population and more than its share of insect pests. Life there

is lively, but a day's march into the interior brings one to the highlands, where the vast bulk of the insects cease to trouble.

Leaving Mombasa, with its drawbacks, I took train for the Victoria Nyanza, passing through the wonderful game reserves on each side of the line, and travelling with Sir Arthur Lawley on a seat in front of the engine. Hard things have been occasionally said about our colonial government, but this preservation of the fauna of East Africa should atone for most, if not all, of the shortcomings of our governors.

Following civilization—or marching with it—came the railway and the steamboat, and at Port Florence I embarked for Entebbe, Uganda's capital.

Those whose minds have been fed on nothing but old books of travel written half or a quarter of a century ago might fancy that the man who made the trek I have briefly outlined passed through a hard time, "in perils oft," and, like Grant and Speke, spent about six months on the journey! But they would be wrong. The trip right into the heart of the country was done in three days, the railway travelling being marvellously comfortable, and at Port Florence the vessel, with the tonnage of the average Channel steamer at home, was fitted quite luxuriously and offered fare that one usually associates with a good-class hotel in London.

At Jinja, now a station on the Cape to Cairo air route, we struck the Ripon Falls, which are formed by the upper reaches of Father Nile, and a



[Photo by Author.

KAVIRONDO FUNERAL. CHIEF ARRIVING ON AN OX.



[Photo by Author.

KAVIRONDO FUNERAL. FRIENDS WATCHING OVER THE GRAVE.

fine sight they provide. Here we were two thousand miles from Cairo, and were not long about getting our rifles out and having sport with the hippopotami and crocodiles. Hippo is a hard one to kill, although, when he opens his cavernous mouth to laugh at you, you have no excuse if you do not land a bullet in the scarlet tunnel that is called his throat. There is no use in peppering his hide. It is as impervious as an inch-thick iron target. The crocodile is a different proposition, and you may have him as a fixed mark or a moving target, much like the "running deer." He lies on the mud banks basking in the hot sun, covered with mud and clay that have baked hard upon him. When after partridge or grouse, most men feel more or less compunction at one time or other, but never when after "croc.," for one has heard stories of the depredations of these savage saurians and of the death toll levied by them about the river banks. Hence, when you search under his shoulder with your foresight and land your bullet home, you feel some satisfaction, and if he makes for the river and you forestall him with a ball in the eye, that seldom fails to knock him out, you feel that you have done a duty to humanity.

It is usual to pity our fellows who hold our farthest outposts of empire. But do not waste pity on those established at Entebbe. It is one of the most beautiful and picturesque places I have ever seen. There is but one place in the world that might claim superiority to it—and that is the Valley of Kashmir. It is a small Eden, with a perfectly contented and happy little population of whites;

it is studded with gardens, has fine golf links, and an excellent club-house. The whites who spend their time in this sunny Eden are not to be pitied, but envied. Truly enough, the Entebbians once in a while wish for a few days of life in the old homeland, but, on the whole, they lavish much commiseration on those who live between the upper and nether stones of the great mill at home.

From Entebbe it is but twenty miles to Kampala, and the run, which is full of interest, is done in style and comfort in an easy ricksha, the motive power being laughing, "cavorting" native boys, who act in relays. Some of them pull, others shove, and from first to last the drive is made merry by the laughter and the songs—mostly improvised—of the old slave days in Bagomoyo.

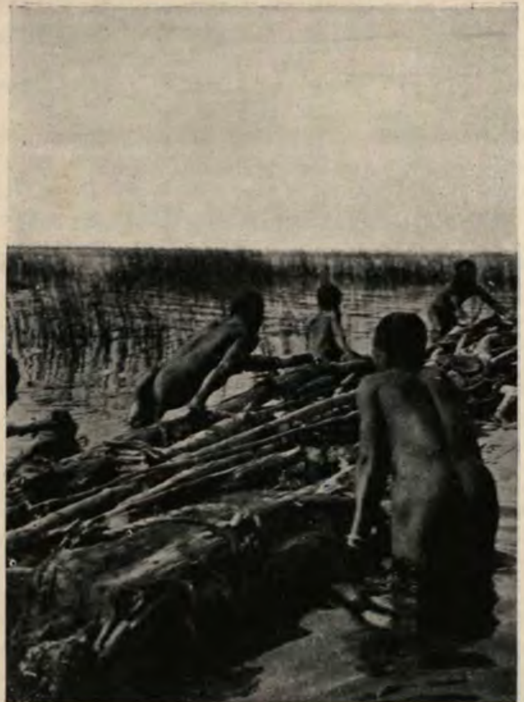
At Kampala I met the young King of Uganda, who differed from most African potentates whom one meets. His age was but sixteen, and he was as bright and intelligent as an Eton boy who has not lost his opportunities. His education had been well looked after by his English tutor, Mr. J. Sturrock, who found an apt pupil who did not shirk his work and wished to be taught everything his tutor knew. He took a keen interest in his subjects, and particularly in the work of the Pères Blancs, or White Fathers, who teach the natives useful trades, including the building of houses—for which they make their own bricks—gardening, orange growing, and the propagation of cotton and rubber.

At Port Florence I chartered a six-ton cutter yacht for the purpose of having some work among



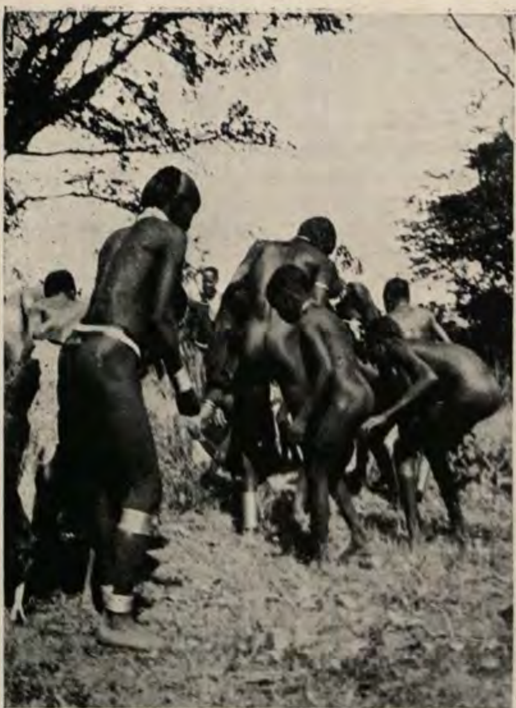
[*Photo by Author.*

VICTORIA NYANZA. GROUP OF NATIVES WITH FISHING BASKETS, AND A NATIVE WATER-CARRIER.



[*Photo by Author.*

VICTORIA NYANZA. NATIVE RAFT FOR FISHING AND CARRYING PRODUCE.



[Photo by Author.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN SCRAMBLING FOR TOKENS THROWN BY AUTHOR.



[Photo by Author.

PREPARING WITH ALUM THE SKIN OF THE LION SHOT BY THE AUTHOR.

the crocodiles and hippopotami. It was exciting sport, and led to many kills; but it is not an undertaking to be indulged in lightly by the nervous gunner. Nothing seen for the first time is so much calculated to make a man "jumpy" as the sight of a bubbling rise in the water, followed by a mammoth head split in two by an enormous mouth, and the lot succeeded by a body like that of a ten-year-old elephant. "Hippo" may dive below when he sees your boat, or he may be made of the stuff that induces him to get in where angels would fear to tread; and then he simply gives a roar and a snort and makes for your craft with wide-open mouth, and it is necessary to "get him" before he eats half the side out of your boat. Older hands, who have been hunted and know their way about, take a safer course—for themselves—and simply dive under your boat or canoe, come up under her like a submarine earthquake, and make her turn turtle. The case of the crew in such circumstances is not an enviable one. Hippo may go off with himself laughing at his cleverness, or he may develop spite and go for as many legs and arms as he can reach. We had exciting times with the hippopotamus and his friend the crocodile—and the sport is in itself sufficient to draw the gunner to the East African rivers—but we escaped the fate of many a canoe or boat carelessly handled and manned by gunners nervous at the sight and trigger.

It was while anchored off the River Muru at six o'clock one morning that I got my first interesting insight into native life. The sun had just risen

and the night mists were being licked away, when I heard a tremendous commotion. My Swahili boy put me ashore in the dinghy, armed with my camera, and I made my way up to the boma where the commotion seemed to be manufactured. On the way I met over a score of young girls, who scorned all forms of dress, on their way to the lake to fetch water. My camera they feared, as they regard such an apparatus as a white man's magic-box ; and they took various means to prevent me from taking pictures. However, my shutter clicked more than once, and although the grouping was not what I would have desired, I was satisfied with my snapshots. And here let me say that although this tribe, the Kavirondos, have never worn any clothing, and although their mental standard would be put to shame by that of three-year-old British children, their morality is extraordinarily strict, and much higher than that of neighbouring tribes who have dressmakers and tailors of sorts.

At the little boma of twelve huts I found that a funeral was in progress, and I saw many mourners coming from various directions, the men looking true savage warriors with their huge shields and spears, and with nodding plumes of ostrich feathers in their head-dresses. Inside the compound about fifty nude girls were making lamentation, standing all the time like statues on the grass outside the enclosure. There was much weeping and wailing on the part of the females while the body was committed to the earth beside the hut in which the dead man had lived. A chief arrived riding



VICTORIA NYANZA. NATIVE WOMEN WEARING ONLY A FEW BEADS FOR ORNAMENT.



VICTORIA NYANZA. AUTHOR WITH THE FAMILY.



BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN EAST AFRICA.



BULLOCK WAGGONS AND RIDING HORSE AND MULE READY TO START.

an ox—an animal that plays an important part in funerals and weddings—and, dismounting, allowed the ox to roam about at will. Then, when the earth had been closed in, all the warriors threw their shields and spears on the roof of the dead man's hut and raced around the boma in a circle of about half a mile diameter, shouting to frighten away the evil spirits that these children of nature believe live in the trees that surround the villages. This tribe give their dead burial that one might describe as decent and impressive; but their neighbours, the Kikuyus, who live next door, so to speak, have a different method. Not caring whether the bodies are quite dead or not, they throw them into the bush, and leave them there for the hyenas and jackals to tackle.

Returning to Nairobi to fit out for a short *safari* expedition, I took train to Kyjabe for a lion hunt, and met Mr. H. B. Dooner (now Major Dooner, M.C., D.S.O.), who will be remembered by most men who have visited the coast. He was the Selous of the region, and had a tally of numerous lions to his credit. Our caravan consisted of a waggon with a span of eighteen oxen, two cows and calves for fresh milk, twelve porters enlisted for gun-carrying and beating up game, an Arab cook, a Swahili servant, and two horses. Luck came to us at once, since only a mile from the railway line five lions had been seen on the previous day. Starting early, we divided, some of our men going along one side and the remainder along the other of a stream that was about four feet wide. We encountered herds of zebra and

many impala, kongonis, giraffes, hartebeests, hares, partridges, gazelles, and dik-diks. I had heard the term " sportsmen's paradise " applied to various parts of the earth, but that morning I realized that I had at last found the region to which the appellation properly belongs. The " boys " were busy with paraffin tin and voice waking up the fauna of the district, and in the early morning they put an end to the sleep of sufficient beasts and birds to stock several zoological gardens, not forgetting whole tribes of large monkeys that sprang from tree to tree jabbering, and no doubt endeavouring to let us know that they regarded us as noisy roisterers.

The lion is regarded as the king of beasts and the noblest specimen of the four-footed tribes. But those who have been after him have a different opinion. In fact, the " king " has habits that would make a militant suffragette grit her teeth and provide her with some telling facts for lecture purposes. He sallies out at night accompanied by his wife, and he sends her off to growl and roar and frighten game into his jaws. He gets the lion's share, she gets the lioness's, and when he has satisfied his appetite he does an immense amount of roaring and bragging about his prowess. If the pair have the misfortune to fall across gunners and the lioness is first shot, the king of beasts, her husband, bolts and tries to get away. If the lion is first hit, the lioness makes herself very nasty and rushes to her death to avenge him.

Having beaten the Kedong River banks for two hours, a fine lioness jumped out of the reeds and bush about six feet from me, having first emitted



[Photo by Author.

ON SAFARI. ENCAMPMENT NEAR A LAKE, KEDONG VALLEY, EAST AFRICA.



MY WHITE HUNTER, MAJOR DOONER, M.C., D.S.O., WITH AUTHOR AND BEATERS, AT THE CLOSE OF A LION HUNT IN LITTLE KEDONG RIVER.

a loud growl that served as a useful warning. I fired and wounded her, when she prepared to charge, lashing her sides with her tail. Luckily, Mr. Guy, Mr. Dooner's partner, was at the ready, and his rifle laid her low for a short time, after which she recovered and sprang from bush to bush growling. Spooring her, I followed, and with a third shot from my Mannlicher finished her.

When the beast was skinned the natives took the kidneys and tongue, and I salved the floating-bone, like a wish-bone in a fowl, as a mascot. Monkeys in the trees seemed to have been much pleased with the noise of our sport. After lunch we went after the other four lions, but they had gone farther up the river.

We formed camp, and for three weeks lions came close to us, hoping to pick up our oxen. The hunting of Leo being rather a serious business, and one requiring strict precautions, we had our fires lighted and hurricane lamps hung up an hour before dark, and kept them going until daylight. It is not difficult as a rule to know when lions are about, as they make their presence audible. Away in the soft, velvety darkness under the stars you hear a "woof-woof," answered from various points of the compass by other "woofs." It is then time to see to it that the boys have the fires going; otherwise the utterers of the "woofs" will likely enough smell you out and make things uncomfortable, although, as a rule, it is only the toothless old lion who will attack a man, not having the old-time agility to knock over more sprightly game.

We were not idle during this *safari*, the best and most restful of holidays that could be imagined. We bagged many excellent trophies, and were kept busy as taxidermists. We could have gone on all the time slaying the denizens of bush and veldt, but, having satisfied ourselves with the spoils we had, we killed only for the pot. The country abounds with game of all kinds, including the elephant and the buffalo and the other specimens I have already mentioned.

Nothing in the world could be more enjoyable than this life *au grand air*. The freedom and solitude of camping by lake or stream and the fine air one breathes make one feel that life is really worth living. All through the day there is some sound of nature in the air, and at night the sinister growls and roars and laughs of savage beasts. Meals are a delight, with game which has fallen to your own gun furnishing the chief dishes. The servant problem does not trouble; they can be had by the hundred if required. When you have written letters at a table improvised out of a chop-box or case of wine, your own postman runs with the letters at the end of a cleft stick to the nearest village.

On our return journey to Kijabe we came across another *safari* encampment, where we found two ladies, Mrs. Turner-Farley and her daughter, in the party. We learned that several of their ponies had been carried off by lions, and, pitching our camp, with permission, close by, we arranged a hunt. Miss Turner-Farley, who was just out of her teens, was an excellent shot, and looked very sportsman-



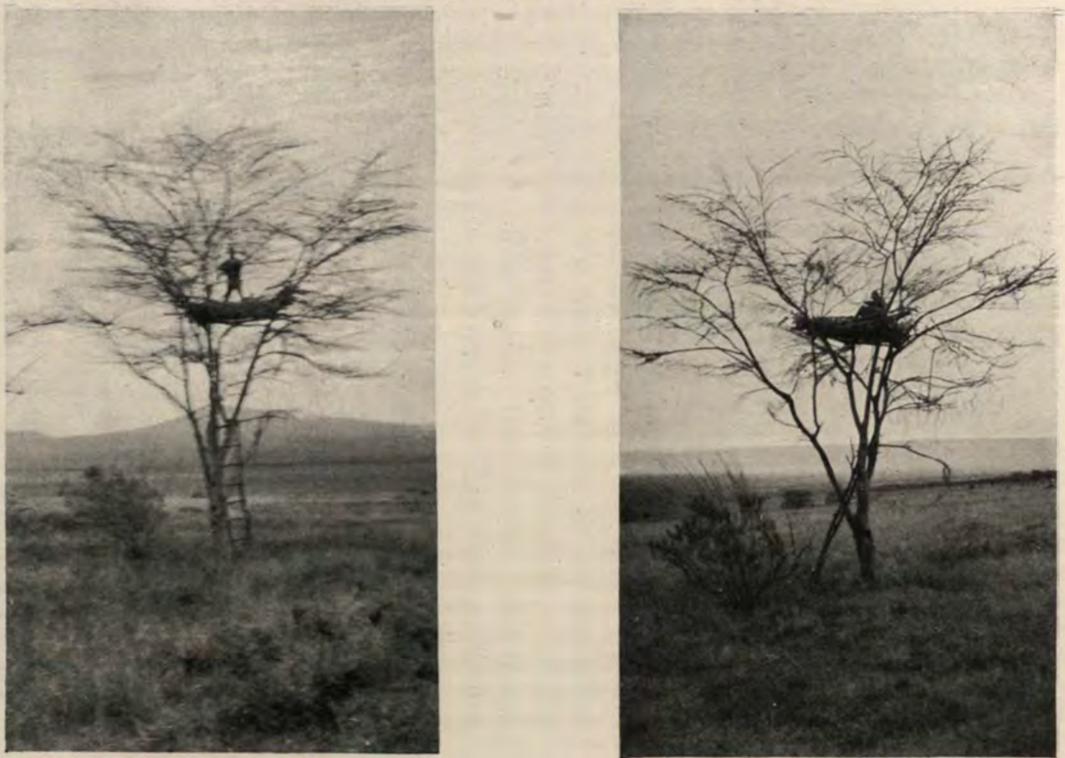
[Photo by Author.

A RICH KAVIRONDO GIRL SMOKING HER PIPE,
WATCHING OVER THE CATTLE.



[Photo by Author.

HER BROTHER.



[Photo by Miss Turner-Farley.

MISS TURNER-FARLEY, THE AUTHOR AND GUN-BEARER SITTING UP IN A TREE ALL NIGHT FOR A LION KILL. A ZEBRA WAS SHOT BY THE AUTHOR.

like in her khaki hunting costume. They had a black hunter, Agika, a Swahili, who showed himself very skilful (as may be seen from the illustration) in fixing up a platform of poles and leaves in the tree where we were to station ourselves for the night. In the afternoon we shot a zebra, and harnessed two oxen to drag it along the ground, with the hope that lions would later follow the scent. At seven o'clock we went up to our post, taking with us a nice supper, some Melnotte 1900 champagne, and plenty of blankets, as it becomes very cold in the early morning. At 11 p.m. we heard the first growl of a lion, but nothing came of it, as he would not approach the bait. At two in the morning we were disturbed by an enormous eagle, which swooped down on our platform, thinking it was a nest. During the remainder of the hours of darkness we heard hyenas barking and sometimes a distant roar, but no lion was seen. I finished my trip with the skin of only one lioness among my trophies, but many residents and sportsmen never get a shot at a lion at all, so I was not disappointed with my luck.

I sailed for home from Kilindini by the steamer *General*, an anti-rolling ship of 8,500 tons, but made the journey from Suez to Cairo overland, and camped under the Pyramids by moonlight.

East Africa came prominently into the World War, and the Germans have lost their footing in a great country. German East Africa now belongs to the British Empire, much, I am sure, to its benefit and the happiness of its native races.

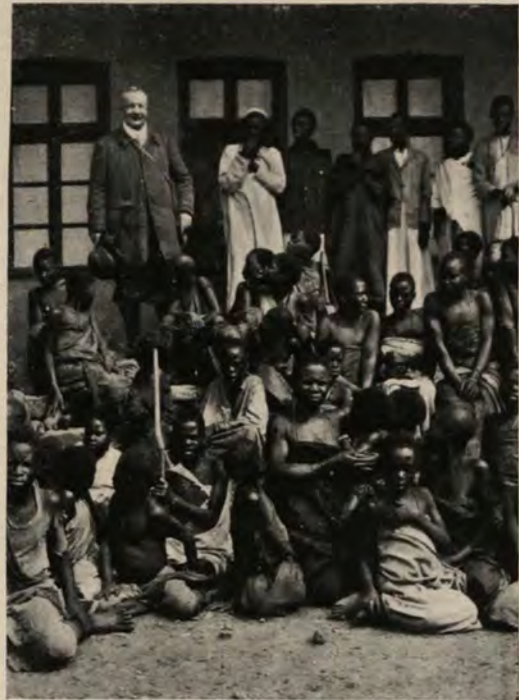
Uganda and British East Africa are not yet

hackneyed as hunting-grounds, but, with a restoration in coming years of facilities for travel and the stories told by returning sportsmen, are bound to attract many guns in the future. And not alone guns, but cameras. Interesting in the extreme are the albums that contain one's snapshots, which entertain the non-travelled friend and carry one back in imagination over the thousands of miles by land and sea travelled to reach the Mecca of the sportsman.

A white man's country is this possession of ours to the east of the Dark Continent, peopled—as yet sparsely, it is true—by splendid sets of young fellows, most of them from our public schools, and by many retired officers of the Services, none of whom would exchange the country of their adoption for the allurements of London or Paris. There are climates to suit all, too, from the crisp air of the snow-clad mountains 20,000 feet high to the lower-lying regions where the fireflies dance by night and the coco-nut trees flourish. Money spent on the development of the region will repay itself with compound interest.



SIR ARTHUR LAWLEY AND AUTHOR RIDING ON AN ENGINE ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY, MOMBASSA TO NAIROBI AND KISUMU, 1912.



THE WHITE FATHERS. UGANDA, 1912.

CHAPTER IX

THE WORLD AT WAR

THE World War came upon most of us like a " bolt from the blue." The majority of Englishmen had distrusted Germany, and had vaguely felt that Teutonic ambitions menaced the peace of Europe; but in the spring and even the early summer of 1914 the peril did not seem to be appreciably nearer. Before the British ultimatum was sent to the German Government, I motored to the Royal Thames Yacht Club off Stokes Bay Pier to see the Fleet, and I was invited by an officer of the new cruiser *Princess Royal* to go on board and spend the night. On an evening of wind and rain I went out in the ship's pinnace from Portsmouth, and after an introduction to other officers in the ward-room, I turned into my berth. Suddenly there came a knock at the cabin door, and I was told that on the Captain's orders I must go ashore. I wondered for the moment what could be wrong, and had ideas of trouble in Ireland; but I put my things together hurriedly, jumped into the pinnace again, and after being landed at Southsea was lucky enough to get a room at the Queen's Hotel. The next morning I learned how matters stood,

and saw the Fleet sail for some unknown destination.

The outbreak of war disorganized business very much. All the younger members of the staff of my firm volunteered for service, and we promised them half their salaries for the duration of hostilities. The firm had quantities of wine lying, paid for, in Reims, Epernay, Boulogne, and Calais, and on September 18th I crossed via Folkestone for Paris. There were only two first-class passengers on board, Mr. Gregg-Carr and myself. Crossing the Channel, we saw two British cruisers and many torpedo-boats and submarines. At Calais we noticed about two hundred locomotives, many of them from Belgium, collected together for safety. In the town there were only old men, women, and children. The able-bodied male population had been mobilized. I noticed soldiers reading the war news and the proclamation of the war, and was reminded how, in 1870, when I was a boy of fifteen, I had seen the same thing during the Franco-Prussian War.

The journey from Calais to Paris occupied seven hours. The tunnel at Amiens had been blocked by the French with old engines and other rolling stock to check the German rush, and we had to make a detour by a branch line. Outside Paris many trees had been cut down and trenches dug. I stayed at the Grand Hotel, and found the city like London on a Sunday. The Government had already left for Bordeaux. Cafés closed at 8 p.m., and restaurants at 9.30. Searchlights flashed at night from the roof of the Automobile



[Photo by Author.

THE RAILWAY STATION AT SENLIS, BURNT DOWN BY FIRE DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION. SEPTEMBER 1914.



RUINS AT SENLIS. SEPTEMBER 1914. Photo by Author.

Club in the Place de la Concorde. My hotel was almost empty, except for a few English officers. Impressions recorded at the moment in such a time may be of value, and I propose to quote freely from my diaries concerning this and other visits I paid to France in the great but terrible years which preceded victory:

Monday, September 21, 1914.—Left Paris for Senlis. Here the mayor and six inhabitants were shot by the Germans, who said the civilians had shot German soldiers. Took photographs of the railway station and town in ruins, and also of the proprietor of the *charcuterie*, whose house and shop were destroyed. Went on to Crépy-en-Valois and heard heavy artillery firing at Soissons and Noyon. Returned to Paris and sent wire to London. Had to get a *visa* from the police to send telegrams.

September 22nd.—Drove round Paris. All shops closed in Rue de la Paix. At Port Maillot, by the Bois de Boulogne, saw soldiers cutting down trees, erecting barricades of rails and sandbags, and making trenches. Lunched at Maxim's. There was a notice on the wall that all must leave at 9.30 p.m. In the Bois observed about thirty thousand oxen and sheep, and at Longchamps much hay was stacked. The animals had trampled down all grass, and the ground was like a quagmire after the rain. Madame Bouchet dined with me at the Café de la Paix; her husband is one of the well-known surgeons in Paris, and is at the front.

September 26th.—Left Paris 7 a.m. for Epernay. Lagny bridge was destroyed, so had to go by Sezanne and Châlons-sur-Marne. Waited two hours at Fère-Champenoise, where the big battle was fought, and went over the battlefields. There were many graves, and the fields were strewn with helmets, pouches, coats, cartridges, and baskets for shells. Outside the station hundreds of empty wine-bottles, which the Germans had taken from the houses in the villages, were lying about. It was near here that Attila, the Hun, fought against the Romans and was defeated.

Arrived Châlons and slept on a bench in the hotel, as I could not get a room anywhere. All houses were closed at 8 p.m., and the people were scared if you knocked.

September 25th.—Took train Epernay 8 a.m., and hired a motor-car—a Renault, 15 h.p.—for Reims. Crossed wooden bridge, as stone bridge was destroyed. People were returning to Reims in wagons, pushing perambulators and driving goats. Many children walked. The Germans had been driven back behind the River Marne and Reims. Had no *laissez-passer*, but the driver had one for four persons. Beautiful day and drive. Roads were good, but crowded. Cavalry and artillery took the near side, and motor-cars travelled and infantry marched in the middle. Guns were booming in the distance. Lunched at Hôtel du Lion d'Or, opposite cathedral. The cathedral was burnt on September 19th, 2 p.m., by the enemy as a revenge for their defeat. Chatted at bridge by the canal with the soldiers—107th Regiment from Angoulême and the Cognac district. I gave them tobacco, and they gave me some *pain d'épice* (gingerbread), which they carry with them. Posted letters for them in Paris when I returned. Passed regiments of 8th and 21st Dragoons. People were frightened the Germans would return, as this was the ninth day of battle and there was no change in the position. The Germans were at Cernay and the French at La Jouissance. Women listened anxiously outside their houses to the guns.

Returning to Epernay I called on the mayor, M. Pol Roger, whom the Germans were going to shoot, as they said he had cut off the gas and electricity. When the enemy left the town, however, they gave M. Roger back the fine they had levied, as a French doctor had attended a German general. The champagne in Epernay was all safe, and untouched by the Germans. Vines very healthy, and promised a good vintage. Many vintners were arriving from the north of France and Belgium to help in cutting the grapes. A reason why the vineyards had escaped destruction could be found in the belief of the enemy that the country was theirs for ever. Stayed with M. Edouard Boizel. Provisions scarce, and no butter, tobacco, cigars, or cigarettes. The Boches



[*Photo by Author, 1914*

REIMS. VIEW FROM A DISTANCE, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL WITH ITS BURNT ROOF.

took everything when they went. The inhabitants were dependent on the soldiers for a distribution of bread (*pain de la guerre*); the ration was determined according to size of family.

Visited the wounded in Epernay railway station. Saw many Senegal and North African black troops. Slightly wounded managed to walk from Reims, and the people in Epernay crowded round them to hear the latest news. Got *laissez-passer* to go to Reims with Ernest Goubault from the mayor of Epernay, but could not get the use of the car I had hired, as the driver was frightened he would have it commandeered.

Saturday, September 26th.—Left M. Edouard Boizel's, and outside his house in the Square I asked a French officer if I could go with his transport of food to Montchenot, not far from Reims. He very kindly said I might ride in the omnibus, which proved to be a comfortable vehicle. The drive through the vineyards, where the vintage had just begun, was very pleasant. It was necessary to get the commandant to sign my *laissez-passer*, as the military had stopped all civilians going to Reims. Went right through to the base, and thanked the officers for their hospitality. Arriving at the colline, or hill, close by, had a magnificent view of the country all round and the cathedral of Reims in the distance with my Zeiss glasses. Got into the middle of the battle without knowing it. Aeroplanes swam in the sky, and regiments of dragoons and cuirasseurs passed me, with shields and breast-plates glittering in the sun, though helmets had been covered with khaki. The scene was reminiscent of the old pictures one saw of the Battle of Waterloo. Chatted with officers and men and lent them my glasses. A French officer asked me for my *laissez-passer*, and I showed him my papers—passport, railway return ticket, and pilot certificate of the Aero Club of France—and he felt satisfied I was not a spy. Sat on the hill a long time, and the officer had lunch with me. Saw artillery and munition carts arrive, and the horses put under cover in the woods. At 2 p.m. met Mr. Lamb, of the *Daily Mail* or *Daily Mirror*, walking with two Frenchmen, one a

vineyard proprietor, to Reims. I joined the party and walked the 10 kilometres with them. As we approached the city, shells came nearer, and we could see them bursting and hear the shrieking noise, like that of a rocket.

Sat on a hill near a haystack with the people who had come out of Reims and watched the battle. Here we remained till sunset, and then went on with the other people to the city.

Our vineyard proprietor knew of a house out of shell range, and I got nice rooms with Madame Lion, 39 Rue Buirette, who prepared a welcome dinner of *pot-au-feu* and *bœuf à la mode*, with carrots and potatoes. We also had some good wine. Went to bed dead tired, and woke up Sunday, September 27th, with the booming of cannon in my ears. Walked to the cathedral, which can be restored; stained glass, blue and crimson and scarlet, lay about the floor, and straw had been spread all over the place for the use of wounded German troops. Some of these men left behind were burned as a result of enemy shelling, which set fire to the roof and scaffolding of the tower. I returned to breakfast at Madame Lion's. The battle was still raging, but Mademoiselle Lion played the violin and Mr. Lamb the piano after our meal. Went to the Abbé, Monsignor Landrieux, Vicaire-Générale, Curé de la Cathédrale, for a pass to see the cathedral, which was now guarded by soldiers.

Monday, September 28th.—Before breakfast went to the cathedral, and one of the foreman workmen took me up to the top of the tower. A Red Cross flag was flying on the mast. Three hundred and twenty-four steps to the top. I found there beds and mattresses, telephones, electric lights, and bottles of Moët et Chandon, White Star label, left by the Germans. We both kept our heads down, so that no one could see us, as they might think we were observing. Had a splendid view below of the French artillery firing. I could see the flashes of fire from the shells, and also the Germans deep in the trenches in the woods. Lunched at the Lion d'Or, and met the Hon. E. Stonor, of the Flying Corps, and his stepson, Lieutenant Ralli, of the Irish Guards. Went



[Photo by Author.

REIMS, 1914. TRENCHES IN CHAMPAGNE CELLARS.



IN THE CELLARS OF G. H. MUMM, REIMS.

Bedstead and wardrobe and furniture of the *chef des caves*. M. Robinet, M. Mazzuchi. M. Ernest Gorbault and brother, the governess and children, and the author singing a hymn of hate to Guillaume II.

to some of the champagne cellars, and gave them six bottles to take back to General French's headquarters as a souvenir of their visit. At night-time the caves, far in the chalk, are inhabited by the people, men, women, and children. There is no butter or milk for the babies. Reims is like a pivot, and has to bear the brunt of the war. A police notice, displayed at the Hôtel de Ville on September 21, 1914, read: "Circulation 8 p.m. to 5 a.m. prohibited. All lights out at 9 p.m., cafés close 7 p.m. Any one pillaging houses will be shot.—Mairie de Reims." Visited M. Robinet and M. and Madame Mazzuchi at G. H. Mumm's, Rue de Mars. Mumm is a prisoner at Angers, and the other brother is fighting in the German Army. Came across Stanford, of Pommery's, and visited M. Baudet at Pommery's; the Polignac family are all mobilized. Met General Allenby (now Lord Allenby), of the cavalry division, Captain Barrow, Captain Baddely, K. Waldenstrom (Swedish interpreter, Intelligence Department), Captain H. Stewart, A.D.C., Dr. Pellew, and Captain Carr (21st Lancers), and also Mr. Frederick Coleman, a member of the Royal Automobile Club, driving General de Lisle and two officers. Enormous "Black Marias" came into Pommery's cellars—about 100 feet from us, so we had to descend into the caves. The cellar staff sleep on straw and are much frightened by the terrific noise on the masonry. Had tea with M. and Madame Paccini and their little white terrier dog—with the aid of petrol lamps. Sat on a seat in the sun with Madame to get some fresh air, but more shells came, and we had to descend again. At 7 p.m. the Germans sent a shell into the artillery park which fired the *caserne*, and millions of blank cartridges went off like a display of fireworks; the noise was like that of a mitrailleuse.

Wednesday, September 30th.—Lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Mazzuchi, and met M. Robinet and his sisters. M. Mazzuchi is the Italian Consul, and M. Robinet Swedish Consul. They had their respective flags flying in Reims. Many wounded German soldiers were accommodated in the cellars at G. H. Mumm's—commandeered by the French Government—and also in the cellars of Giesler & Co., at Avize—the only two

German houses. Mrs. Mazzuchi and her two daughters, aged twelve and fourteen, looked very pretty in their white nursing uniform. They were attending to the dying Germans. One Prussian I saw had a wife and four children; he died next day.

Thursday, October 1st.—Went to Lanson's, whose house was destroyed, and tasted the 1911 champagne, which I found excellent. Met Frederick Coleman, who had a touch of fever, and stayed the night at the Lion d'Or. Gave Coleman two cases of champagne for General Allenby and General de Lisle's headquarters. Lovely moonlight night. My bedroom faces the cathedral, and when the great edifice throws heavy shadows it has almost a wistful grandeur.

Friday, October 2nd.—Visited M. Lewthwaite—partner in Heidsieck's Dry Monopole. There were barricades across the roads to prevent Uhlans coming in. Lunched with Madame Tassigny. Both Mr. Lewthwaite (an Englishman) and M. Tassigny were taken as hostages by the Germans.

Saturday, October 3rd.—Called at Pommery's—Prince Arthur of Connaught was visiting the ruins of the house. A large hole in the middle of the street made motor-driving dangerous. The French call the big shells "Grand Marmite" and the small shells "Petite Marmite." Called at the Maison Clicquot, Wehrle, where the offices were in cellars, and tasted 1911 vintage. Also saw Messrs. Ruinart's cellars, close to Pommery's. The enemy attacked in the night. I was all alone in the hotel, but a nice wood-fire burned in the salon. Wondered what the inhabitants in their cellars thought of it. These people, going out of the city early in the morning and returning in the evening to their shelters, remind one of rooks.

Sunday, October 4th.—The night attack lasted from 2 a.m. till 4 a.m., but the Germans are four miles away and cannot get into Reims. It is a curious experience being in a bombarded town. No lights can be shown after 8 p.m., and no one can go out without the risk of being shot. Went to the English-French Protestant Church, held in Krug's cellars. Visited cathedral again; for the second time in history it has been burnt. Tower now is strictly closed—no one



[Photo by Author.

REIMS. TWO STATUES OF FRENCH KINGS IN THE CATHEDRAL. (THESE WERE AFTERWARDS DESTROYED BY SHELLS.)

allowed up. The two organs, the paintings, and most of the glass has not been touched. The clock and statue of St. Peter and the crucifix and pulpit can be restored if the Germans cease bombarding. Met some R.A.C. drivers, and went for a walk to the Avenue du Laon, where I saw artillery horses and a battery in *abri* shelter, ready to move on, in woods near the cemetery. Many graves and vaults in the cemetery had been opened and cracked by shells. Went to Reims Club and met M. Farre and M. Irroy.

Asked Julius Price, of the *Illustrated London News*, to dine with me at the Lion d'Or and to sleep at the hotel, as he could not get back to his hotel after dark. Shells shrieked over the city all through the night, so slept in cellars with most of the hotel staff. Julius Price made many sketches, including some of the rats sitting or standing up at the bottom of my shakedown on a mattress and blankets. Could not sleep owing to the rats looking at me, and eventually went up to my room. Shells were still bursting, however, and I had to descend again to the cellars. I have never met anyone who likes shells and bombs in a town. The explosions make one feel so helpless, and it is difficult to know which way to go for safety. In the open, soldiers can judge by the sound of an approaching projectile where it will fall. In the soft wet ground, shells when they burst throw up black smoke. Every day enemy Taubes and our aeroplanes have been flying about ; the shots which pursue them look like cigarette smoke forming round rings up in the air.

Wednesday, October 7th.—Went to see the vintage and the pressing of the grapes. After a stay in Epernay and Paris, returned home by Paris, Calais, and Folkestone ; travelled with Mr. Beach Thomas (now Sir Beach Thomas), war correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, in the train.

CHAPTER X

THE WORLD AT WAR—*Continued*

My second visit to France during the years of war was in the autumn of 1915, and its chief purpose was the business one of seeing the champagne vintage. Travelling had become a matter of some difficulty by then, and was governed by many regulations. Before my passport could be put in order I had to state very fully my reasons for wishing to go to France, and incidentally there were fees to be paid. The actual journey, however, was more pleasant than one might have expected under the prevailing conditions. The usual Pullman breakfast car was attached to the Folkestone train, and passing through our own peaceful Kent, the only indication of the European convulsion was the predominance in the train of officers and soldiers in khaki returning to the front after leave. Khaki by this time had become the uniform of the Belgian Army as well as the uniform of the great British volunteer army. There were rigid formalities relating to passports and identity cards to be observed at Folkestone, but I came through these without difficulty, and later in the day (September 23rd) reached Boulogne, where I saw about two hundred Red Cross ambulances waiting



REIMS. MR. LLOYD GEORGE, M. ALBERT THOMAS AND INTERPRETER.

Author pointing to the steps where they descended when the shells came. September 7, 1916.

to proceed to the hospitals to fetch our wounded for transport across the Channel. We Londoners were accustomed to the daily gathering of similar ambulances in the vicinity of Charing Cross Station, but over on the French coast and near to the battle zone the great tragedy of war seemed to be nearer, and one got a more acute sense of all that war meant. On the quay, wounded men were being carried on stretchers to the hospital ship in the harbour, and all the hotels in Boulogne had been turned into hospitals and flew the Red Cross flag above their roofs.

Boulogne at this period was a great base for the British Army. The country between Boulogne and Le Touquet had become one huge hospital and rest-camp. One found there even Indian cavalry watering their horses.

Dining-cars were attached to the Paris train, and the journey was quite comfortable. On September 29th, after having my passport *viséd* by the police at the Gare de l'Est, I left Paris for Epernay, which I reached after a two hours' journey. I found accommodation at the Hôtel de l'Europe, where thirty years previously I had stayed with Berkley O'Meara. Epernay was very animated and doing much business, as the principal banks and firms from Reims had temporarily established quarters there. The inhabitants seemed much more cheerful than when I had seen them a year before. The French soldiers had begun to wear the steel helmet to protect the head against bullets and shrapnel in the trenches; it seemed like a return to the Middle Ages.

The vintners of Epernay went to their work daily. A bell summoned them to their labours at 5.45 every morning. People who in due time come to drink the vintage of 1915 may with all reverence drink to those who in the zone of war made the vintage possible. In the Moët Hospital of the town, during my visit, I saw two pretty little girls, one aged fifteen and the other twelve, who had been wounded by shells while cutting the grapes in the vineyards. Not far away were the valiant troops of the Republic. I saw in Epernay a characteristic proclamation of General Joffre to his soldiers. It was in the following words: "Soldats de la République Française! L'heure a sonné d'accord avec tous les Alliés de chasser l'ennemi de France. Une attaque générale concerté en Orient et en Occident doit nous donner la victoire. Soldats de France! Souvenez-vous de la Marne. Je vous promet la victoire prochaine. Vaincre ou mourir."

I lunched and dined with M. and Madame E. Boizel, M. Pol Roger (the mayor), and M. Gallice, proprietor of the Perrier-Jouet brand of champagne. The last-named showed me several chits or cheques given him by German officers. One was for 10,000 francs for his motor-car, and others were for 1906 champagne. I wondered when he would get his money, and thought he might as well have them framed as a souvenir of a nightmare. It was really a miracle that Epernay was not touched by the Germans and that they took little or no champagne. The explanation was that they had to leave so hurriedly after the Battle of the Marne.

From the Hôtel de l'Europe, where I stayed, they took away all the wine, linen, cutlery, and anything else that might prove useful. The hotel is a nice, old-fashioned place, an old posting-house, with a balconied courtyard, and I found the cooking, as usual in France, excellent.

Good vintages have often occurred in years of war, and the 1915 vintage promised to be very good. One of the best champagne years recorded was 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War.

One night, while I was in bed, a sergeant and two gendarmes knocked at the door of my room and wanted to see my papers. When I told them I had been dining with the mayor and knew many friends in Epernay, they were perfectly satisfied with the passport. The investigators looked quite formidable with their loaded revolvers. The authorities get the names of visitors through the hotel forms which one fills up on arriving.

After a few days in Epernay I returned to London, but at the end of October I was once again in the war zone. From Paris I travelled by train to Dormans, and then by light railway to Pagny-Jouy, about 9 kilometres from Reims. This was the railhead, as, if the train proceeded further towards Reims, the Germans would have shelled it. I completed the journey by *voiture*, and arrived without mishap at the Hôtel du Lion d'Or. At this time only 20,000 persons out of the original population of 123,000 remained in the city. The streets were very quiet and business was at a standstill. The only shops open were those which catered for the petty wants of the army. In the market, however,

brave women sat at their fruit and vegetable stalls in defiance of the enemy.

The cathedral, unconquered and magnificent, looked much cleaner and neater inside than when I had seen it a year before. Glass from broken windows had been removed and the straw littering the floor cleared away. Sandbags were piled all round the building, and pigeons flew through the open windows. I noticed that of the many figures in the statuary group of the Last Judgment the only ones damaged by shell-fire were those of the Devil and his assistant. In the roof of the cathedral there was one small hole ; it looked like a star. No Red Cross flag flew from the tower. Starlings, rooks, and pigeons fluttered round the building. There was no jackdaw.

At the Church of St.-Remi I saw a school of girls in charge of convent sisters praying at the altar with the sound of the guns echoing outside. Afterwards I went to Parc Pommery and looked through a curtain in the windmill there at the German trenches. Just below, twenty soldiers were buried in the vineyard cemetery. Two officers of the 42nd Artillery took me to see their battery of 75's. In their hidden shelter, iron-arched like a tube railway, they had sleeping berths and telephones, and were quite a self-contained station. The following are further extracts from my diaries :

November 1*st, All Saints' Day.*—Went to Mass in G. H. Mumm's cellars at 6.30 a.m. Lovely singing by soldiers, accompanied by harmonium. The altar and a statue of Joan of Arc were crossed with French tricolour flags. The



ONE OF THE 75 MM. GUNS FIRED BY THE AUTHOR AT THE GERMAN TRENCHES NEAR REIMS, 1916.

Padre wore blue uniform and a short white surplice over the tunic. We sat on full champagne cases of Cordon Rouge, labelled Chicago, Portland, San Francisco, and other places in America, ready to be exported at the time war broke out. The firms were Mumm and Giesler in 1827, but once a German always a German, and the business is now sequestrated by the French Government, and a manager has been appointed. The cellars are cut in the chalk many feet deep, and the music sounded beautiful in the distance. When the bell rang during the sacrament there was a dead silence. Many soldiers remained and took the sacrament, some staying for confession. Oil lamps provided the illumination, as there is no electricity. Had breakfast with M. Georges Robinet, and was introduced to General Siben, commanding the brigade, who has given me permission to visit the trenches to-morrow. I was also introduced to Commandant Vary, 49th Battalion Chasseurs-à-pied; Colonel Malaport, 320th Regiment of Infantry; Lieutenant des Lauriers, Dragoons; Lieutenant Marnejoues, of the Diplomatic Service, and Moreau-Vauthier, the great Parisian sculptor. Went over the children's schools in cellars, and where the workpeople sleep in the caves. There are many rats in cellars.

November 2nd, Jour des Morts (All Souls' Day).—This is the great day when people professing the Roman Catholic faith visit the cemeteries and pray for the repose of their relations and friends. General Siben was staying in the house of M. Robinet, and I arrived there at 6.30 on a cold and foggy morning. Walked through the ruined streets to go to Mass at Betheny, and to see the advance trenches close to the German soldiers. Robinet and myself were the only civilians. We walked with the General, a tall, fine-looking soldier, with a short beard. He was accompanied by his A.D.C., Lieutenant des Lauriers, of the Dragoons, and Sergeant (subsequently Lieutenant) Moreau-Vauthier, the sculptor, then in the Chasseurs-à-pied. They were all in the same uniform and wore *casquets* (steel helmets). As the morning was foggy and the forts could not see us, we marched along in the middle of the road instead of going in the trenches all the way. It was about two miles to Betheny, where

the Grande Semaine d'Aviation took place in 1910. Arriving at the headquarters we met Major Vary, and he showed us his shelter, made in eighteen days. The accommodation included a dining-room, dispensary, rooms for the commandant and doctor, a general sleeping-cabin and officers' berths, all covered above with layers of earth, turf, logs of wood (like a *mille-feuilles* cake), and iron-rounded arches below. The shelter had electric light, hot baths, fire-places, comfortable furniture, and the inevitable statue of Joan of Arc, which seems to be accepted as an ideal mascot. A big bell from the church rings when the Boches send gas across. The sounding of the alarm gives men time to put on their masks. Went through the cemetery, where trenches have been dug along the paths and there are loopholes in the wall to shoot through. The cemetery is beautifully kept, and many flowers rested on the graves. One grave I noticed was that of a German aviator, Captain Petersen. The name suggested Norwegian or Swedish origin, and in front of the tomb, in letters of stone and chalk, were the words: "HONNEUR AUX BRAVES." Another grave contained the bodies of eighty-four French soldiers. Went up the observation station, and walked through the ruined town of Betheny. The church looked like a child's toy which had been built of bricks in all shapes and sizes and then knocked down. It had suffered severely by bombardment. Over 100,000 shells had been rained on this small village. In one part of the church, which still retained a little covering, a simple service was held. The organ had been destroyed and buried in the ruins. Over the altar was the text: "Le cœur de Jésus sauve la France," a picture of Christ, and a statue of Joan of Arc. Soldiers sang the Mass; there were fine voices from the Opera and theatres among them. Birds chirped outside, and as a contrast incessant sniping was going on only a few yards away. The service under such conditions was very impressive. After church we went through the advance trenches, accompanied by Lieutenant Molière, 49th Regiment of Chasseurs-à-pied—son-in-law of the mayor of Reims, a smart young officer, who made a splendid guide.[1]

[1] Killed later in the war.

Passing through Betheny, we visited the improvised theatre for the soldiers, and saw some of the engineers experimenting to keep the gas away. Walked through zigzag trenches for a long distance, stopping at the different observation and machine gun posts. Had a good view through holes of the German trenches only a few yards away. Curious to see the French soldiers with their rifles, glasses, and cartridges ready to snipe if they observed anything. Rather reminded one of big-game shooting in British East Africa. At a point about eight or ten yards from the German advance trenches, the soldiers had a Persian kitten and a magpie playing on the top together. I was able to see the German forts—Brimont, Fresnes, Witry, Berru, Cernay, Nogent l'Abbesse, and Fort Pompelle.

The Chasseurs-à-pied are very fine troops. The President of the French Republic visited their trenches, which are supposed to be the best in France, and I was very lucky to have had the chance of seeing them, as the only civilian Englishman who had been there. During the President's visit he had a conversation with three ladies, who have, or had, cows, and still remained in Betheny. An officer asked one old lady if she knew who she had been talking to, and she answered: "Only a civilian." When the President returned, she apologized for not knowing him. The President was very much amused, and gave her a little brooch (requisitioned for the occasion, I am afraid) as a souvenir. The soldiers are much more healthy in trenches than in barracks, and have a splendid outdoor colour.

After walking through a Hampton Court Maze of trenches, often losing ourselves and having to refer to the map of the system, we returned to Reims. Many wild cats were about. They had been left by their owners, and were useful in killing rats. Dogs were not allowed in Reims, as they bark when the troops pass through and put the enemy on the alert.

Wednesday, November 3rd.—Major Corlass, commanding the garrison in Reims, kindly gave me permission to photograph the cathedral from my bedroom window, which was just opposite, and I got some very good results. No cameras

are allowed for civilians, and if a person were seen using one it would be confiscated by the police. To get pictures I more than once got soldiers in uniform to operate the shutter. In the interiors photography was not forbidden; only in public places and roads. Went to see the caves below the hotel. There was no one in the hotel at this time except mademoiselle the cashier, who, in spite of many narrow escapes, stuck to her post, and a woman who cooked. The cellars of the hotel are hundreds of years old, and perhaps of Roman origin, and they extend under the road. We had given our names to the *pompiers* (the fire brigade), in case we might be smothered and the whole hotel tumble down. In such a case the cellars could be relied on to remain intact, as they were quite fifty steps down and covered with an arched stone roof.[1] Stored in the caves, we had plenty of the good wine for which the Lion d'Or was noted, and a supply of sardines, bread, and cheese, together with oil lamps and candles for use in emergency.

November 4th.—Went again to Parc Pommery after lunch, accompanied by Lieutenant Fradin, to see the artillery batteries. There were about 18 guns, of 120 mm., 95 mm., and 75 mm. calibre. The park in its autumnal colouring was very beautiful. Grapes were still on the vines, and we ate some—white and black. Soldiers were digging trenches. The forts are like *pâtisseries* disguised with layers of cement, iron plates, and faggots, and at the top they have a weathercock to make them look from an aeroplane like windmills. The big guns had leather over their mouths to prevent the dust of the chalk blowing in and getting down their throats. Splendid engineering; I was introduced to the engineer who is making the forts and observation corners. Guns are in solid cement. Curious to see written up at the entrance of the park the words: "Entrée, 1 franc." Visited Ruinart's cellars, which are all in the line of fire; the guardian has a fine dog, kept on the first floor, which barks at a stranger. Ruinart's cellars and Charles Heidsieck's cellars are perhaps the most pictur-

[1] Later on, the whole hotel was destroyed by the shells, but no one was then in the place.



[*Photo by Author*.

FIRING AT THE GERMANS. FRENCH OFFICERS BEHIND A FORT TAKING COVER AND GETTING CLEAR OF THE RECOIL OF THE GUN. REIMS, 1916.

esque in Reims; the former is like an old country farmyard, with large court and yard, and the latter has caves dug out of the chalk (originally quarries to build Reims), without modern arches.

The *chef des caves* who took me over Ruinart's remembered the Franco-German War very well, and made interesting comparisons. A little child and the mother got wounded by one of the shells, but still remained in the lodge. A high chimney pierced by a shell was still standing, and made a good observation tower. The *chef des caves* at Charles Heidsieck's had ten chickens killed and thirty rabbits—the fowl-house was demolished. The children go to school through the tunnels from one cave to another. Those of Ruinart, Heidsieck, Pommery, and Goulet, made during the war, join up to one another. In the school at Pommery there were fifty pupils last year; this year there are only fifteen. There is a chapel and a gymnasium for drilling the children.

Lunched with M. and Madame Baudet, and met M. and Madame Tassigny, Abbé Dupuit, and Abbé Mailfait. We had an excellent repast of *langouste*, country pie, *pintade*, and 1904 Pommery. This was the two hundredth anniversary of the splendid old monk "Dom Perignon," the inventor and discoverer of champagne—so we drank to his health in silence. There are still about eighty millions of bottles in Reims, Epernay, Avize, Ay, and Champagne district.

Friday, November 5th.—Machine guns and big guns were noisy during the night. Former sound like waves rolling over the pebbles at Brighton. There are now only about 18,000 people in Reims with their own livings; the remainder of the population is kept by the municipality. Called on M. Carron, Goulet et Cie, and had a nice chat. M. du Bary is in Paris. Lunched at the Reims Club, a beautiful residence, comfortably arranged, with a good billiard-room and reading-room, and excellent *chef*. There are only six members left residing in Reims; the others have gone or have been mobilized. Passing the Hôtel de Ville, read a notice to householders to keep their *couloirs* (passages) open for inhabitants to run into when shells and bombs come.

Saturday, November 6th.—Went to see Maison Krug. Major Krug was taken prisoner by the Germans. Many soldiers were in the courtyard, changing their quarters. Called at Louis Roederer's and Irroy's; 1914 and 1915 were good years with them. Saw General Siben and his army leaving for Verzenay, noted for its fine grapes, and the arrival of fresh troops with veterans and young soldiers mixed in the companies. There were mules laden with machine guns, a band in the rear, and six smoking kitchens on wheels, with a good savoury smell of onions. In Clicquot's cellar heard the military band practising; all the cellars are full of soldiers. Got *visé* to leave for Paris.

November 7th, 8th, and 9th.—Met M. Thomas, of Lanson's, who is mobilized. He very kindly arranged for a carriage to take me to Epernay at a cost of 25 francs, with 5 francs *pourboire*. Went over the theatre; twenty-four shells had fallen in the building. The heavy chandelier, hopelessly wrecked, lay in the middle of the stalls. Boxes were filled with dust and the back of the stage was piled high with rubbish and dirt; ropes hung loose and the scenery was tattered and soiled.

Stayed a few days at Epernay, and then left via Paris and Boulogne for London. At Boulogne station and in the train read notices with which all travellers in France soon became familiar. "Remember not to talk about military matters, especially the movements of troops, because you may do harm to your country." "Taisez-vous, méfiez-vous, les oreilles ennemis vous écoutent." Had to remain a night at Boulogne after going on board, as German submarines were reported to be about and the hospital ship *Anglia* had been sunk.

In March 1916 I was again in Reims, and found that in the intervening four months since my previous visit little had changed. I travelled out this time by Southampton and Havre, and had as fellow-passengers to Paris the Hon. Arthur Stanley, President of the British Red Cross Society,

and Mr. Douglas Pennant. Snow lay white on the hills and fields of France, and on March 8th, when I reached the Hôtel du Lion d'Or once more at Reims, the country was frost-bound. The last stage of the journey had, as usual, to be made by carriage, and as we drew near to the city I noticed that much netting was used to camouflage the roads. On arriving at the hotel, I received a note left for me by Lord Northcliffe, who was motoring through the war zone. Lord Northcliffe included a vivid chapter on life in Reims in his book *At the War*, published for the Joint War Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. "Reims," he said in his narrative, "is bombarded with persistent regularity. Its stricken folk are subject to attacks vastly more serious than any Zeppelin raid, and so often that the French *communiqués* have ceased to report them. The world outcry has saved the remains of the cathedral." I would like to quote a passage about the Hôtel du Lion d'Or:

Perhaps my readers have known and loved Reims, and can recall the scene at the great west entrance. There is a humble little equestrian figure of Jeanne d'Arc, carrying now in her hand a French flag and decorated around the plinth with many tributes from passing soldiery, who have paused to note the marvel of the fact that her sanctity has not been disturbed by even one shell fragment. To the right of this little figure of Joan the Maid and facing the cathedral is the Hotel of the Lion d'Or, the front damaged, but the house itself, though within a child's stone-throw of the cathedral, hardly hurt. To-day the hotel, reminiscent of the happy holidays of thousands of English and American tourists,

bears itself bravely. There were even a few daffodils in the *salle à manger*, and there is a comfortable dug-out below-stairs. There was exactly one foreign visitor who shared with us the excellent meal provided—Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, a well-known friend of France and one of the pioneers of the automobile. Here at Reims, with the Huns almost within rifle-shot, and in places even more closely adjoining the firing-line, the French provide wonderful meals.

In 1916 more aeroplanes were overhead than was the case earlier in the war. It was curious to watch the anti-aircraft guns trying to bring them down. One could see the flash of the bursting shells and then the puff of smoke. Sometimes there would be as many as fifty smoke-rings at once expanding in the air. During my first day in Reims we were called up from Heidsieck's caves, where we were tasting the 1906 and 1911 champagnes, to see a thrilling fight in the air. The following morning I went through the market, and found business going on there as placidly as ever, though the stall-holders carried the gas-masks and glasses supplied free to the population. Plenty of fish, oysters, snails, mussels, fowls, pigeons, cauliflowers, and oranges were offered for sale. Walking by the cathedral, I noticed many pigeons flying with small pieces of wood in their beaks, making nests inside the roof.

On March 11th I lunched with M. Goulden, whose house was the first to be hit by a shell in 1914. He has taken some splendid photographs of the cathedral and Betheny. After lunch I went over Holden's wool-mill, which had been entirely destroyed. Machinery was covered over



[*Photo by Author.*

A PROMENADE IN THE PARC POMMERY TO VIEW THE GERMAN TRENCHES TWO MILES DISTANT FROM OUR GUNS. REIMS 1916.

with tarpaulins. On Sunday, March 12th, I again had the impressive experience of attending Mass in the cellars. Large numbers of soldiers attended the service, and there was good singing. I also made a round of the dormitories in the caves. The day being Sunday, the *chef des caves* was having a good rest in bed with a white nightcap on to keep away the cold and damp and perhaps the rats. There was no sleeping above ground in Reims. Only in the chalk cellars could men and women and children be secure at night. Children were born in the cellars during the German encirclement. In the cemetery on this Sunday the annual Red Cross memorial service for dead soldiers and sailors was held. The Cardinal Archbishop, looking very handsome with his fine round face and snowy white hair, attended, and there was special singing by Opera singers.

I have the following notes of the several days of my stay:

Sunday, March 12th.—Bad day for bombardment, and many shells in Reims. Lunched with M. Robinet. After dinner watched the cathedral lit up by the moon with wonderful lights and shades. Until 10 p.m. there was dead silence, and then came a sudden attack. Frightened birds began twittering and flew round the towers of the cathedral. The editor of the *Courier Champenoise* dined with me. Very few ladies remain in Reims. Among those who have been here during the whole of the bombardment are Madame Langlet, Madame Lambert, Madame Edouard Walbaum, Madame Labargue, Madame Tassigny, Madame Baudet, Mademoiselle Margotin, Miss Hodgson. In the Town Hall are many notices telling inhabitants to keep passages open, how to put on their masks, and instructing them to go to the top of the house, as the gas descends—not ascends.

Monday, March 13th.—Lunched with M. and Madame Baudet, 89 Boulevard Henry Vasnie, and met M. and Madame Tassigny, M. l'Abbé Dupuit (Curé de St. Benoît de Reims), M. l'Abbé Mailfait (brother of Madame Baudet), le Commandant Blin, Captain Fradin and Captain Paris, of the Artillery batteries. After lunch, went for a walk and saw the batteries in the Parc Pommery. Germans were firing a good deal, and while walking with M. Baudet a shell fell and burst in the soft ground, throwing up a black cloud of smoke and earth only 100 feet from us. I wanted to go and pick up some pieces, but M. Baudet advised me to go on, as another shell might come. We had our revenge. In a party we went to the square in the Park, and the commandant allowed us, the ladies included, to return the fire of the Boches with the famous 75 mm. guns. The batteries were beautifully arranged and disguised. Madame Tassigny, whose husband was a prisoner in Germany, fired No. 1 gun, the splendid Abbé Dupuit followed and pulled the cord of No. 2 gun, and I followed with No. 3 gun. Managed to get several good Kodak snapshots, and hoped I had caused damage to the Germans. Mounting the observatory, we could see plainly the shells bursting in the German trenches, throwing up dust and smoke about two miles distant. In Reims I had several opportunities of pulling the cord of the 75 mm. guns. The noise was very deafening in so small an enclosure, and when the artillerymen fire it is best to close one's ears. Very little recoil to these guns.

Tuesday, March 14th.—Lunched in Rue de Consul. In the middle of lunch we were disturbed by a fight in the air between a Boche and a French aeroplane. Sound seems to be magnified when machine guns fire. Went over the schools and saw the children at their lessons. They were well wrapped up, but had no fire and no light, except that of oil lamps. When the children grow up to be my age, how they will remember their life in the cellars !

Wednesday, March 15th.—Raining. Blackbirds singing beautifully in gardens at 5.30 a.m. This is the 534th *jour du siège.* Next door to hotel is an old building, which must



[*Photo by Author.*

TELEPHONE OBSERVATION POST, WITH POILU IN FRONT. ON THE WOODEN STAGE OUR PARTY ARE SEEN LOOKING OUT OVER THE GERMAN TRENCHES TO SEE THE BURSTING OF OUR SHELLS. REIMS, 1916.

have been a hospital. Fire-grate bore the date 1730. The caves where we descend have Roman and Gothic arches. Slept in No. 57 room, "Chambre des Otages," where about thirty hostages were shut up when the enemy was in the city, with two soldiers from the Imperial Guards on guard.

M. Lewthwaite, M. Goulden, M. Thomas, and many of my friends were taken and released in the evening by the Germans. The Germans were ten days in Reims in September 1914 and paid for everything, giving the hotel paper cheques, which the French Government will repay. Colonel Corlass *viséd* passport to go by carriage to Epernay. Captain Mouhot, A.D.C., M. Gérardin, and M. Robinet lunched with me at the hotel.

Thursday, March 16*th.*—Lunched with M. Duntze and three officers quartered in his house, and drank 1904 Heidsieck Dry Monopole. The servant soldier who waited on us is in a large firm in the wine trade—a curious change of life, but he performs his military duty very well. Went to Louis Roederer's cellars and heard a concert. Some of the soldiers were Opera singers and sang from "Werther" by Massenet. The military band of the 58th Regiment (from the Midi) played selections. The music echoed through the caves. Many soldiers from the trenches come here for *repos*. They have eight days in the trenches and then four days' rest. Their rifles, in fours, were stacked on the floor of the cellar so as to be ready at a moment's notice. The troops have a very good cinema, with electric light from Heidsieck's plant. The *chef de musique* is M. Luget. The Colonel, after the concert, made a speech, and told the soldiers to remember Charleroi and Waterloo. The band then played the *Marseillaise*. The charges at Hôtel du Lion d'Or are very moderate, as the terms are arranged by the military as follows: room and fire, 8 francs; dinner, 4 francs; lunch, 4 francs; *petit déjeuner*, 1.25 franc. Good red wine, 2 francs per bottle.

Friday, March 17*th.*—Went down cellars to see that everything was in order in case of emergency. The stores included a pickaxe and shovel, water, oil lamps, candles, and provisions. Lunched at Cercle du Reims and met M.

Gérardin, a well-known broker from Epernay ; also M. Georges, Président des Docks Remois, amd President of the Chamber of Commerce, Reims ; M. Lelarge, a prominent wool and flannel manufacturer ; Dr. Simon, M. Farre, M. Charles Heidsieck, and Captain d'Izarny-Gorges. In the middle of lunch the butler announced that the Germans were shelling Reims, so we had to wait in the club till they had finished. After coffee and liqueurs, took a photo in the garden. Two or three shells had fallen in the club precincts. M. Georges took us in his motor-car to the Docks Remois, an enormous concern with nine hundred branches, mostly in the North of France. They sell everything, and this is their great depot for receiving goods. Good view of Fort Brimont and Betheny from top of roof.

Saturday, March 18th.—M. Rothier took flashlight photos in cellars of school-children working and playing, marching and singing to tunes with patriotic airs, one child singing a solo and the rest coming and joining in the chorus and refrain. This kept the children warm with the exercise. One picture showed the chapel, with children and soldiers holding their gas-masks, sitting on the full champagne cases. We also got a group outside in the open air. Just when the two hundred children were ready for the photograph, a soldier sounded an alarm that a Boche aeroplane was approaching, and everyone had immediately to take shelter below. After the machine had passed we came up again, and the photo was taken with the soldier blowing his bugle. I stood by the soldier for the picture, and later sent a copy to each of the children as a souvenir when they grow up.

CHAPTER XI

THE WORLD AT WAR—*Continued*

When next I visited France, in September 1916, the Somme campaign was being closely and eagerly followed by all the nations at war. Civilian travelling across the Channel had almost ceased, but the boat to Boulogne was crowded with officers and troops. When I went on board I put on a Gieve waistcoat equipped with a brandy-flask and a whistle; the whistle would have been useful at night if by mine or submarine one had got in the water. All the officers and troops had life-belts in case of "accidents." One of the new "P" boats piloted us across and gave us a zigzag course to follow. Overhead an airship watched the water for submarines. Having a few hours on my hands at Boulogne before the departure of the Paris train, I went out to Wimereux to see the hospitals. The golf links were open, people in hundreds were bathing, and a band played on the promenade at Boulogne.

The journey to Paris occupied all the night. We left Boulogne at 9 p.m., and arrived at the Gare du Nord at 5.45 a.m. The same morning I proceeded to Nancy, via Epernay, Châlons, Toul, Bar-le-Duc, and Godroncourt. Men and boys

were fishing in the canals and the River Marne, though aircraft were scouting overhead. From the train one could see in the cornfields around Vitry-le-François many crosses marking the graves of fallen heroes. At Toul we had the Germans only six miles away—at Commercy—from the train. The French soldiers struck me as looking years younger than they used to do. This must be because they no longer wear beards and moustaches. The reason why shaving had been adopted was that the gas-masks could be more effectively fitted to the clean-shaven face.

After reaching Nancy it was necessary to have my red *carnet d'étranger viséd* at the railway station. Then I was free to proceed to the Grand Hotel, where I obtained a large room facing the Place Stanislas for the moderate price of seven francs a day. The Hôtel de Ville is in the Square, and the architect of the Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall must have seen the building, for the front elevation of the Club is almost a replica of the facia of this French town hall. I found Nancy quite normal, with tramways and other public services working without hindrance. At night the town was darkened, however, and seemed very still. Restaurants closed at 9 p.m. for soldiers and at 10 p.m. for civilians. From my diary I extract the following observations, recorded at the time of my visit:

Saturday, September 2nd.—Took a drive and saw where the houses were destroyed by the bombardment. About sixty shells came into Nancy, but many fell in the Park and open places, and several passed over and burst in the fields.



[*Photo by Author.*

THE WONDERFUL ROSE WINDOW OF REIMS CATHEDRAL.

This window had to be carefully taken out and the old stained glass removed. Pompiers at work. 1917.

In the Town Hall a huge 380 mm. projectile is exhibited at the entrance, with other shells. This large one fell in the Rue Nicholas, but did not explode. Statues around the Square are covered up with sandbags for fear of bombs. *Communiqué* twice a day posted up outside Hôtel de Ville. French officers look very smart with the numbers of their regiment on velvet with white letters and their medals. It is extraordinary to see the enormous numbers of butts and casks of wines for the Poilus. Two million bottles a day are consumed by the soldiers, who prefer the wine almost to meat. To a Frenchman wine is "food." Tea and coffee do not provide enough sustenance, and they are not the fruit of the grape. Called on a large wine-grower who had vineyards on the Moselle, close to Pagny-sur-Moselle, but his house was totally destroyed by a shell, and he had left Nancy. Beautiful starlight night; two aeroplanes shot through the skies with their red lights shining, returning from some bombing expedition.

Sunday, September 3rd.—Went to Toul. Had to wait in the train at Nancy owing to a Boche aeroplane coming over the town and drawing the French gunfire. After the enemy airman had retired we proceeded. Put up at Hôtel Comédie in Toul, and went to the cathedral, where there was a splendid organist and fine singing. Visited M. Cordier, a well-known vine grower of Toul and manufacturer of white wines. Some good Brut champagne is made in the district. M. Cordier's cellars are used by the Government as a distributing depot for the troops from St.-Mihiel to Pont-à-Mousson. He has a very good electric pump for blending the different red and white wines which come from all parts, Algeria and even the Argentine included. Tasted the Poilu wine, which is of good dark colour, has a nice bouquet, and is very bright. Bought at Madame Godin's some souvenirs in the form of aeroplanes made by the soldiers in the trenches. Toul is a great military centre; it is based on the ancient fortress built by Vauban, with wide moats all round. In these days all who come and go there are closely supervised, and the organization to guard against unauthorized persons and spies is very highly developed.

Monday, September 4th.—Left Toul for Châlons-sur-Marne, where I arrived two hours late, owing to the congestion of troop trains and horse and cattle trucks in front of us. An excellent dining and lunching car is run between Nancy and Paris, with waitresses and a female *chef.* Met MM. Edouard and Jules Boizel on Châlons platform, and had a chat with them about the vintage. Prospects are not good this year, as the weather was too cold in the spring; 1911, 1914, 1915 have been the best years since 1904 and 1906. Germans were here, as in Epernay, for ten days, but they did not touch either of the towns; their retreat, when it began, was too rapid. Arrived Dormans, and put up at the little inn, Hôtel Demoncy.

Tuesday, September 5th.—I was writing up my diary in my pyjamas at the table with the window open this morning, when the *femme de chambre* knocked at my door and said the police wanted to see me. I guessed at once they wished to look at my papers. In walked the chief *commissaire,* followed by two gendarmes with loaded revolvers. One turned the key and locked the door, and the other got the order " Fermez la fenêtre." Apparently they thought I might want to jump out of the window. After seeing that my red passport (*carnet d'étranger*) was properly *viséd,* they felt quite satisfied, and we parted good friends. I handed them a long cigar each for their trouble. There was rather a comic-opera atmosphere about the proceedings, but the danger of civilian spies is very real, and some officials get very nervous. Left Dormans for Reims by *voiture* from Bezannes. Many more troops—artillery, infantry, and cavalry—at Bouleuse since I was here last March. Stayed at Hôtel du Lion d'Or in Reims as usual.

Thursday, September 7th.—The hospital has just been destroyed by incendiary shells. The patients were removed in time, but the whole building was burnt out. Luckily the wind was not blowing on to the old church of St. Remi adjoining, or that, too, must have gone. After lunch, Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister of War, with his private secretary and his servant valet, who had been with him many years; Colonel

Sir Arthur Lee (now Lord Lee), whom I had known in the early motoring days; M. Albert Thomas (Ministre des Munitions in Paris), and four French officers as interpreters and A.D.C.'s, arrived at Reims from Epernay. It was interesting to see any British people, as I am generally the only Englishman in Reims, apart from a few in the champagne and woollen houses. Met Sir Arthur Lee and asked if I could invite the party to have coffee and liqueurs in the Lion d'Or. They had had lunch at Epernay. We all had a chat, and I pointed out to Mr. Lloyd George where we made the descent into the rat-ridden caves. An officer took a snapshot of us. We found some good Riga Kummel, and I had with me some Corona cigars brought from England. After a rest, we walked round the sad ruins and the fire-swept Archbishop's palace. While chatting with Mr. Lloyd George I asked him when he thought the war would be over. He said he thought two years.[1] No one at the time thought the conflict would last so long, and I concluded that his lack of optimism was born of prudence and precaution, and a determination to go on preparing for a real peace. We walked to the Place Royale, where they bade me adieu, and left for Bar-le-Duc to stay with General Petain and see Verdun. Lovely moonlight night; all still and no guns firing. Ruins lit up by moonlight, and cathedral and walls cast long weird shadows.

September 8th.—Firing began in the early morning. Met M. and Madame Tassigny, and lunched with them and MM. Ernest and Edmond Goubault. We had an excellent meal of cantaloup melon, salmon trout, *langouste*, soup of three-year-old Ardennes ham, boiled fowl, green walnuts from Epernay in a bowl of salt water (an Epernay dish), and cream from the cow in their garden. The wine was Heidsieck Dry Monopole, 1904. My host had a pretty house and lovely old furniture; in the garden there was a menagerie of chickens, ducks, and geese. M. Tassigny, among other activities, is a manufacturer of champagne bottles, but his factory has

[1] He was not far wrong, as the armistice was signed on November 11, 1918.

been totally destroyed by the Prussians. Motored out with Captain Viallar and saw the artillery guns hidden in different places. Had dinner at the club with MM. Robinet, Farre, Lelarge, the two Goubaults, and Dr. Simon. Received permission to be out till 10 p.m.

Saturday, September 9*th.*—A fine day. Madame Sarah Bernhardt came here from Châlons with three cinema operators. She was dressed like a nurse or a Sister of Mercy, and acted with a Poilu in blue uniform, hanging on to the rails and muttering as she posed before Jean of Arc's equestrian statue facing the cathedral. Engaged M. Rothier, the photographer, to bring his camera and took flashlight photos of the life in the cellars. One showed the children singing a kind of hymn of hate about Guillaume. At 7 p.m. a German Avion dropped a heavy bomb at Ceres, close by, while I was sitting in the hotel; one person was killed and three wounded, and the stained glass of the church windows was shattered.

Monday, September 11*th to September* 14*th.*—My time these four days has been spent mostly in champagne cellars, tasting the different *cuvées.* I have had several chats with the Cardinal, a charming representative of the Church, with open countenance and white hair. Called on Hodgson, a Yorkshireman and manager of the large firm of Holden, which carried on woollen trade in Reims, Lille, and Bradford. He is the English Vice-Consul. Several times he has had to move, but the sign of his office over his door has moved with him. There were many 75 mm. guns and machine guns around Holden's premises, standing among flowers growing from seeds brought in the wool from Australia. The 75 mm. guns now are fired by pressing an electric knob, instead of pulling a cord, as we did a few months ago.

Thursday, September 14*th.*—Left Reims in pair-horse, comfortable carriage for Epernay at 7 a.m., over Montchenot. Had lunch with M. Goubault (Moët and Chandon's), and met M. Ayala and his brother. Went by afternoon train to Paris, and stayed at Hôtel Lyon Palais, near the Gare du Lyon, a new hotel. Dined at the Café de la Paix. Many people in Paris, and the cafés and restaurants were crowded.



[Photo by Rothier.

LIFE IN THE CELLARS AT REIMS.

Service was held here, the congregation sitting on full cases of G. H. Mumm's champagne. 1917.

Friday, September 15th.—Left Paris for Beaune at 7.45 a.m., and arrived Beaune 2.14 p.m. Went to Hôtel de la Poste, which has a very good table, clean rooms, and an excellent garage. Was reminded that I stayed here with my daughter Vera in 1896, and saw the Paris–Marseilles race pass through Beaune. M. Klein dined with me. M. Passier was away, and M. Duverne is mobilized. Beaune is a charming old French moated town. The Hospice de Beaune is well known for its famous painting of the Last Judgment. It is a rich hospital, and the produce of its vineyards fetches enormous prices, as the money goes to charity. During my stay in the Burgundy district I called on M. Grivelet Cusset, *courtier* at Nuits St. Georges, and went with him to see the German prisoners. Men of the Prussian Guard were taking up weeds with spade and trowel among the vines. About twenty prisoners work together, with one French soldier, armed with rifle and long bayonet, to guard them. The Prussians keep their discipline in captivity, and when the French corporal came up to where they were at work in the vineyards, they jumped up and saluted with great alacrity. The prisoners seemed strong and well set up. They wore the German cap without peak and circled with a red band. Lunched at Hôtel de la Cloche at Dijon, and met M. Auguste Boizel staying there with his wife and child. They had come from Tunis, and M. Boizel was driving an officer's automobile. Prisoners at Dijon were cutting wood in the forests. Officers were interned in the forts round the town. Called on Madame Brenot at Savigny-les-Beaunes. Her husband is serving as an officer in heavy artillery.

Drove to Chissy, passing through Nolay, where there is a fine château belonging to the son of the assassinated President Carnot. He has spent much on the old mansion, which, situated on a rock, commands a fine view. Many statues of Carnot in the town. Lunched with M. and Madame Passier at Chissy in a nice country house, and returned by Autun—another old French town. In the hotel there they show you where Napoleon I slept, and the furniture is untouched. Passed German prisoners, who, the day being Sunday, were

singing and dancing and making coffee in their wire-enclosed compound. The men work in stone quarries and on the small *banlieu* railway. Returning via Paris, took the 8.45 p.m. night boat from Boulogne to Folkestone. Amused at Boulogne to see our Tommies playing ball with the children on the sands and fraternizing with the French women, though the soldiers' knowledge of the French language is limited to "Oui" and "Non." Crossing the Channel, put on life-belt, as did the troops and officers on board. No smoking was allowed on deck and no talking or singing, owing to submarines being about. There was much signalling and use of coloured lights, and the pilot-boat kept a zigzag course. The men cheered light-heartedly when we made Folkestone harbour safely.

At Easter, in 1917, the Germans heavily bombarded Reims. The following account of this example of savagery is taken from the diary of Cardinal Lucon, the Archbishop of Reims, with whom I had had the privilege of many conversations:

Holy Tuesday, April 2, 1917.—Intermittent bombardment during the morning; continuous in the afternoon. Between 10 o'clock and midnight a shell wrecks the apse of the Clairmarais Chapel, shatters the statue of the Sacred Heart, crushes the altar, and buries the holy ciborium and ten consecrated wafers beneath a block of stone. The house of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and the Orphanage in the Rue de Betheny are annihilated by ten big shells.

Good Friday, April 6th.—Infernal bombardment from four o'clock onwards: 7,750 shells! Madame Baudet, an admirable Christian, sister of M. le Curé of St. Benoît, killed at 8 p.m. in a motor-car, with the wife and daughter of the sacristan of St. Remi, the chauffeur, and a soldier. Five persons killed at Ste. Geneviève as they were leaving their cellar.

Holy Saturday, April 7th.—At 4 p.m. the great seminary

took fire. No water to extinguish the flames. The firemen dare not approach, for the Germans are dropping four shells a minute on the building, keeping it up throughout the evening and night. Two firemen were killed yesterday, Friday, and two others have had their legs broken.

Easter Day, April 8th.—The only divine service was a Low Mass at 8.30. No vespers. This was fortunate, for at the hour when it is customary to chant them a hellish bombardment began. The Ceres suburb is burnt down, or knocked to pieces right and left over the length of half a mile. The church of St. André is ruined, the vaults shattered, and the walls knocked in. Our little seminary receives such a number of shells that it is uninhabitable. The Church of St. Benoît had its ceiling destroyed, its walls knocked in, and its porch and belfry wrecked.

Monday, April 9th.—Violent bombardment. Six killed, seventeen wounded: ten thousand shells.

Saturday, April 14th.—Violent bombardment from nine to eleven o'clock all around us. Asphyxiating shells on the Rue de Barbatu and Rue du Cloître, where Mlle Leparqueur is killed; fifteen persons died from asphyxiation. The lay-clerk of St. Remi, together with his wife and daughter, also died, poisoned and asphyxiated.

Thursday, April 24th.—From nine till 10.15 o'clock systematic bombardment of the cathedral with big calibre shells, many of them 305 mm., fired at regular intervals. They were all manifestly aimed at the cathedral. A great number hit it, the rest falling beyond it, short of it, to right of it, and on the ruins of the Archbishop's palace to left of it. The cathedral is "assassinated"! The apse outside is "massacred"; three flying buttresses are broken; numerous pinnacles truncated or knocked down; the open galleries of the apse of the lofty walls are to a large extent thrown down. The walls have received such injuries that their solidity is imperilled. The towers have been seriously damaged. Lastly, the vaults have fallen in in five places, in the south transept, in the chancel—which is in ruins—and before the pulpit. The font is crushed; the high altar, buried beneath the debris of

the vault, is no longer visible. Needless to say, the stained-glass windows have lost the few panes which still remained.

Anno Domini 1667–1917.

This year was a memorable and historic date for my firm, as we celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth year of our foundation. The business has been continuously carried on by members of the family since the establishment to the present day.

The following have been the partners in the house of Hedges & Butler:

A.D.	
1667–1735	Edmund Harris, born September 9, 1635, at Charlbury, Oxon. Founder of the business established in Hungerford Street, Strand.
1733–1767	William Hedges, of Wooton, Oxon., married Katherine Killingworth (of the same, spinster), December 27, 1739. Great-granddaughter of Edmund Harris.
1735–1767	William Killingworth, nephew of Edmund Harris.
1767–1808	Killingworth Hedges, nephew of William Killingworth.
1798–1872	William Hedges, son of Killingworth Hedges.
1835-1844	William Killingworth Hedges, son of William Hedges.
1844–1882	James Butler, son-in-law of William Hedges.
1882 to present day	James William Butler, Frank Hedges Butler, sons of James Butler; Lieut.-Colonel H. Iltid Nicholl, D.S.O., son-in-law of Frank Hedges Butler.

Three times more before the war was won and the armistice signed I had occasion to visit France.



[*Photo by Rothier.*

REIMS, 1917. CHILDREN AT SCHOOL WITH GAS MASKS AROUND THEIR WAISTS.

On June 6, 1917, I crossed from Southampton to Havre. Andrews, the chief steward on the steamer, recognized me as one who had made the Channel passage by balloon in 1906, and he gave me a nice cabin to myself. On June 8th I proceeded to Nancy, passing many troop trains on the journey from Paris. It was a meatless day at Nancy when I arrived, but the Restaurant Stanislas produced anything but a frugal meal, in spite of the restrictions. For dinner they offered me the following:

Gudgeon from Moselle.
Trout from the Vosges, in jelly, with sauce Hollandaise.
Frogs (*grenouilles*).
Salad romaine.
Gnockes with eggs and cheese.
Asparagus (grown locally).
Small strawberries and cream.
Macaroons.

With red wine from the Toul district this made a capital meal. Nancy is one of the prettiest towns in France, and, dubbed *la coquette*, it is like a girl who has done no wrong. It escaped the worst ravages of war, and in comparison with such a place as Dunkirk on the coast came off very lightly, although the Germans were only 17 kilometres away and their aeroplanes often dropped bombs on the town. Commerce at the time of my visit was at a standstill, and not many people were about in the streets. Monuments were protected by wood and sandbags. We had an air-raid alarm on the first night of

my visit. The tocsin sounded and bells rang from the churches to warn the inhabitants of impending danger. On Sunday, June 10th, I went to the cathedral, which has a fine organ. Many war widows were present at the service. In the town I saw many Russians and Americans, most of them associated with the Flying Corps, and a number of Chinamen from Tonkin, who were working on the railway.

On June 11th I called on a number of wine-growers, but found most of them away. During my stay in the district I got the idea that the wines from Alsace and Lorraine might be useful for the English market after the war had ended. Previous to 1914 these wines were chiefly used by Germans for blending with the cheaper hocks and Moselles. June 12th found me once again in Epernay, where many people from Reims were living. I have the following notes of my stay there:

Tuesday, June 12th.—Drove to Boursault with M. Edouard Boizel and Madame Jules Boizel. At Boursault, before the war, we had many enjoyable days in the winter, shooting the wild boar (*sanglier*) and deer, and the pheasants and rabbits in the immense woods. The shooting-box is very old, with paintings of sport on the walls, and an old farmyard kept by M. and Madame Poulet. After the shoot it was nice to hear the music of the huntsmen playing on the *corps de chasse*, a long horn which encircles the body. The syndicate consisted of six friends, and they shot every Wednesday and Sunday, each bringing his own bottle of champagne with him for the *déjeuner à la fourchette* at 11 a.m., before commencing the shoot. The members were M. Edouard Boizel, M. Jules Boizel, M. Ernest Goubault, and M. Edmond Goubault, M.

Freminet, and one other. Shooting is a unique sport in France. The property originally belonged to the Duchesse d'Uzès.

In the evening, after dinner, M. Auguste Boizel came with his wife, and we made a descent into the cellars to see the workpeople and others sleeping and snoring. There were many babies, but they knew nothing about bombs and the Great War. Some of the cellars were nicely warmed with electric stoves, and had a *pupitre* with a bed and mattress on top. The Taubes like a moonlight night, and forty-three bombs fell here the day before yesterday. The house of Moët was totally destroyed, and one large bomb fell in the courtyard of M. Gallice (Perrier-Jouet), breaking windows. A notice in all cellars reads: "CAVE ABRI," and indicates the number of people it will hold. Notices posted in the town tell the people what to do when enemy aircraft are signalled.

Wednesday, June 13th.—Left with Madame Jules Boizel to see her husband, who is stationed at Châlons, and lunched with them at the Hôtel Haute Mère-Dieu. Many troops are resting in Châlons and Epernay. They will be glad when the war is over, or some great success is gained like that at Verdun. Had a swim with Jules in the River Marne. Nice bathing-place, with many rose-trees and flowers, cabins, and garden. Strong stream in middle. M. Walbaum, of Heidsieck's, came to dinner.

Thursday, June 14th.—Drove 20 kilometres to Montmort in a pair-horse vehicle, as all motor-cars are commandeered. Horses much teased by large horseflies in summer. Many soldiers *en repos* in the country. They are very tired; they have fought well during three years, and the English and Americans must now take a leading part in finishing the war. Passed in a village a heavy battery of artillery pulled by huge motor-cars. Corn and *récolte* look promising for good harvest. Arrived Montmort, where German prisoners were cutting wood. Had lunch with Madame Edouard Boizel, who as a young married girl had the German officers in her house at Epernay for many months during the 1870 war.

Called on M. Maurice Pol Roger, mayor of Epernay. He gavė me some interesting German and French war posters. Left for Paris.

The next journey was in December of 1917, and on the third day of the month I was once again at the Lion d'Or in Reims. M. and Madame Louis Barrois, whose house had been destroyed, were now in charge of the hotel, and Madame proved an excellent *chef*. There was no glass left in the hotel, and window frames were boarded up with wood and cardboard. My meals had to be taken in the kitchen, and were supplemented with the provisions I had brought from England. The hardship was more apparent than real, for the kitchen of the Lion d'Or was very large, and, in fact, famous in France. It was provided with enormous copper utensils. Stewing-pans and saucepans hung on the walls, and there were spits to cook the joints before the old range. During the aviation week at Reims in 1909 twenty *chefs* were employed in the kitchen and one hundred and fifty dinners were served at a time. I saw a great change in the city since my visit earlier in the year. When I went inside the cathedral I was saddened by the damage caused during the bombardments of April and August. Met there M. Simon, an artist in stained glass, who was making drawings to replace the destroyed glass when the cathedral could be restored. There were enormous holes in the roof, and unexploded shells were strewn about the floor. The sanctity of the cathedral had gone in one way, and yet it remained impressive in its desolation. Reims the city was



[Photo by Rothier.

REIMS, 1917. CELLARS OF HÔTEL DU LION D'OR.

a dead place. Only 5,000 inhabitants still remained, and half of this number, poverty stricken, were dependent on the municipality and the military for maintenance. To supply their wants and those of the soldiers, a few shops still remained open, and the women clung tenaciously to their stalls in the market, where they offered for sale fruit, vegetables, fish, and even flowers. The Sisters of Charity had a large shop like a Bon Marché. Prices were reasonable, and good *vin rouge militaire* could be had at 1 franc 40 centimes. No cabs were left in the city. Reims was, like Pompeii and Herculaneum, a city of ruins. On the day of my arrival there was firing on both sides, and in a village outside Reims civilians had been killed that morning. On December 5th Madame Pfeister, the proprietress of the Lion d'Or, arrived from Paris. I wrote letters in the kitchen close to the wood-fire. There was little or no coal to be had. Madame Barrois cooked a capital meal while shells were shrieking overhead with the same nonchalance as she might have done if a band had been playing in a restaurant. MM. Baudet, Stanford, and Mazzuchi lunched with me, and enjoyed the York ham and English smoked tongue I had brought with me from London. Madame Baudet had given her life as a sacrifice to France in the spring of the year. She was travelling in her motor ; she stopped to pick up a wounded soldier, and before a fresh start could be made a shell burst and killed Madame Baudet and two young ladies who were with her. Madame Baudet had remained in Reims throughout the

siege. She was a brave and heroic woman. On December 6th I had lunch with M. Baudet in the basement of his house. The upper stories had been destroyed in the bombardment. In the evening I dined with M. Duntze, manager for Heidsieck's Dry Monopole, at the Lion d'Or. We drank Heidsieck 1900, and I was greatly interested in his account of life in Reims. Late at night there was a renewal of the bombardment. Lunched the following day with M. Mazzuchi, and met Madame Lambert, President of the Prisoners of War Fund. I was elected an honorary member of the C.D.C.Q.S.R. Club, founded by Mazzuchi (Club de Ceux qui sont Restés), literally a club of those who had remained. I always met the same friends in Reims. Most of the champagne proprietors had left and opened offices in Paris. At this time there was much water in the cellars, as no pumping operations were attempted; but the flooding made no difference to the wine, as only the first corks were in the bottles. I returned to London on December 11th.

It was on May 30, 1918, Corpus Christi Day, that I set foot in Havre on my last war tour of the country of our great and gallant ally. The news from the front that morning was not good. The Germans were in Soissons and nearer Reims. I reached Paris in the evening and drove to the Grand Hotel. Just as I arrived the alarm was given of an air raid, and people staying in the hotel, some half-dressed, came rushing down the staircase to find places of safety in the basement. I preferred my bed, but had to walk upstairs, as



[Photo by Rothier.

REIMS, 1917. A SHELL-HOLE IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL. AUTHOR AND POILUS IN CRATER OF HOLE.

the lift had ceased working. Once in bed I slept well, in spite of the racket of the anti-aircraft guns. On May 31st I visited the Madeleine Church, and saw how the head of a statue of a saint outside the church had been decapitated by a shell from "Big Bertha." Only the head had been touched. The remainder of the statue remained undamaged. We gave a promise not to raid Cologne from the air on Corpus Christi Day, but the Hun had no compunction over bombarding Paris during this prominent festival of the Catholic Church. There was another air raid over Paris during the night of May 31st. On June 2nd the Germans were at Château-Thierry, only 42 miles from Paris, and many Paris residents were departing to places which were not threatened. I left in the morning for Bordeaux, which I found crowded with American soldiers, arriving in thousands for the contemplated "big push." The Americans were splendid young men with fine physique, and all were under thirty-one years of age. On June 4th I went on to Biarritz. Passed through the Landes country, where the peasants use stilts, owing to the thick soft sand. It was a beautiful cool evening, and the scent of the pines reached us in the train. I remembered how I came over here in a balloon race in 1907, and trailed over this part of the country with Charlie Rolls and Captain Grubb in a race from Brussels. Forty-two balloons started on the adventure, and we came in fourth, after discarding bottles, a folding chair, sandbags, and practically everything we carried to make the balloon lighter. At Biarritz it quickly became

apparent that the people were far from realizing that the greatest war in history was being fought. I did not stay there long, but set out *en route* for Algeciras. On arrival at the borders of Spain, however, I found the frontier closed, and had to leave the train and stay at the Hôtel Eskualduna, facing the sea, with other stranded Englishmen. Captain Paul, the English officer in charge of the Bureau Anglais, was most diligent and courteous in helping passengers. No one was staying at Hendaye. The Casino was being used as a Portuguese hospital and the villas were empty. One might have been stranded, however, in a worse place. There were fine sands, which allowed good sea-bathing, palms and tropical plants in the gardens, and pleasant woods, rich with sweetly scented honeysuckle and other flowers, behind the town. The Basque people are a hardy race and wear picturesque costumes.

I stayed for a week, hoping that the frontier would open, and then reluctantly had to turn back. Incidentally, I sacrificed the unused coupons of a return first-class ticket to Algeciras, for which I could get no refund. The purchase of through tickets from tourist agencies in war-time is not a practice to be recommended. On June 15th I drove in a two-horsed carriage to the old town of Bayonne. The use of motor-cars was prohibited. My coachman wore the old Basque dress of red cloth, with silver buttons and a top-shaped hat. Bayonne has quaintly charming streets, with houses painted in different colours. It is more Spanish than French in appearance. To an Englishman

the town has peculiar interest, for men of the Coldstream Guards were buried in the cemetery during the Peninsular War in 1814. On June 16th I reached Bordeaux, and the next day went on to Paris. Bankers with their books had left the capital, and jewellers' shops in the Rue de la Paix were closed. The people seemed very confident, however, and were expecting that Foch would before long turn the tables on the Germans.

A few days later I travelled to Dijon, and at the Hôtel de la Cloche there saw many American officers. Trains crowded with American troops, with their regimental bands, passed through the station continuously. The work of unloading trucks for the American Army was being carried on by negroes from Carolina and Virginia. After transacting business at Beaune, I paid another visit to Nancy. Few residents remained in the town, but the place was full of American soldiers and the officers and men of the English Royal Air Force. From Nancy I proceeded to Epernay. The Germans were then at Dormans, only 10 kilometres away, and Epernay was threatened. Much damage had been done to the town, and the fine church had suffered severely. Most of the champagne staffs had removed to Avize. All through the day people were loading their furniture into carts or taking their possessions to the railway to be sent away. I had lunch with Jules Boizel at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Châlons, and visited the cemetery there, where six thousand French soldiers are buried. Returning home by Paris, I was caught in an air raid. One bomb

fell in the Place Vendôme, but did not injure the famous column. At the end of the month I was back in England, with the war situation very serious. Happily, another month saw the great change, and by September we knew that France was saved.

CHAPTER XII

LAND AND AIR JOURNEYS IN 1919

WHEN next I left England, five months had passed since the signing of the armistice terms, and the enormous armies built up during the war were being rapidly demobilized. Much remained to remind one, however, of the world conflict and its horrors. I set out from Tilbury on April 17th, by the P. and O. steamer *Khiva*, of 9,600 tons, for Gibraltar. The blue ensign was flying, and off Margate I saw a lightship displaying in big letters the word " Wreck " where some luckless ship had met disaster by mine or submarine. In the cabins and saloons of the *Khiva* notices were still displayed giving instructions as to the procedure to be followed by passengers in case of emergency and the abandoning of the ship. The terms of the notice must be familiar to thousands of people who ventured on the seas when the sea was a dangerous highway, but as a record I reproduce them here :

In case of emergency and having to abandon ship, the alarm signal being sounded (seven short blasts on steam whistle), passengers are immediately to put on their life-belts and to repair to their stations. All male passengers will proceed to

their respective boats, the number of which is given by notices placed in cabins. All first saloon women and children are to muster in the first-class music-room ; second saloon women and children in first saloon smoking-room, where they are to wait until placed in boats and lowered down from hurricane deck rail. Only women and children and sick and infirm persons will be lowered from the rail in boats ; others will have to go down over the ship's side by the ladder and ropes provided for that purpose. All passengers are requested to attend boat stations at 10.30 a.m., when the whistle signal will be given.

My boat was No. 2 on the port side. The submarine peril, happily, was passed ; the "U" boats, tamely surrendered by a beaten enemy, had been collected at Harwich and sent for exhibition as trophies to the ports of England and France. The menace of the stray mine still lingered, but the passengers gave little thought to it. Life on board was homely and comfortable, as in the blithe days before the war cloud burst over Europe, and the voyage was thoroughly enjoyable. Most of the passengers were proceeding to Bombay or Kurrachee. Previously the *Khiva* had been carrying troops to New York.

We made Gibraltar, looking in the distance like a crouching lion with its head and paws pointing towards Africa, at 5.30 a.m. on April 22nd. Later in the morning I crossed to Tangiers and went to the Continental Hotel. Geraniums were growing wild, and the cliffs glowed with a mass of red bloom. In the town there was a delicious scent of orange blossoms. It was impossible to rest among so much that was beautiful, and I promptly hired a mule and set off for a ride through the

narrow streets to well-remembered suburbs, where nightingales sing in the gardens, and fields are carpeted with wild flowers of every colour. Before I turned I reached Mount Washington, and had a glimpse of the lovely gardens round the Sultan's palace. Moorish cavalry with fine Barbary and Arab horses were passed on the road. The troops had both French and Spanish officers, wearing picturesque uniforms. I also met a convoy returning from the region where Spanish soldiers were fighting Raisuli and the Riff tribes.

Thursday, April 24th, was the Feast of Ramadan, and all through the night a man in the tower of the mosque, with a loud but remarkably musical voice, chanted the Koran and called the Faithful to prayer to Allah. It was weird to hear the call in the first still hours of the morning. Tangiers seemed to be little altered since the period of my first visit in 1876, except that more roads had been constructed and that a few modern buildings had been added. The Moorish population never changes. The town has a fine mole and promenade along the sea front. For a spring resort Tangiers can hardly be equalled. The temperature is equivalent to that of our summer. Motorists will find a good road to Rabat, and the train runs to Fez. Good hotels have been built at Casablanca since the French occupied the country. After a pleasant stay I took the Bland Line boat back to Gibraltar, and crossed to Algeciras, where I stayed at the beautiful English-looking hotel, the Reina Christina, which has palm-trees and gardens, and commands a good view of the Rock of Gibraltar.

On Saturday, April 26th, I took the train to Granada via Ronda, and obtained a good room at the Alhambra Palace Hotel, one of the finest and best situated in the country. There was no lack of food in Spain, and it came as a luxury to get excellent butter. The Spanish seem to have done well during the war, and have prospered by selling fruit, vegetables, and wine to the Allies. After two or three comparatively idle but delightful days, I continued my journey to Seville, where the fair was in progress. I could recall the fair in the old days, when carriages carrying ladies in white and black mantillas proceeded at a walking pace up and down the promenade. Motor-cars now mixed with the carriages, and the romance seemed to have been spoiled. At night, however, there was noise and colour and light in plenty. Electric lamps were swung across the streets, and in booths and pavilions the people danced light-heartedly. Gaiety and music, it may be, were romance enough for the men and women who enjoyed the fair.

I could not linger in Seville, and on May 2nd I left for Jerez de la Frontera, the great shipping centre for sherry, where many years before I had been taught what I know of Amontillados, Manzanillas, Olorosos, and Amorosos, and had learned Spanish. I renewed acquaintance with many old friends, and went with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer to the Horse Show. This part of Spain is noted for horses as well as for sherries, and I saw some fine animals. Throughout a whole Saturday I was occupied in going round the bodegas, where the

wine is stored, and then I returned to Seville on my way to Madrid. At Seville I attended a bull-fight on the last day of the fair. If one does not look at the horses, a bull-fight is an interesting spectacle, as the picadors and toreadors are not lacking in daring and bravery. It is a sickening sight, however, to see a poor animal gored by a bull. The people at a fight are not so picturesque to see as once was the case. The majority of the spectators are about as characteristic as a massed crowd watching a London football match. The men wear straw hats, and it is rare to see a woman with the mantilla, except on special occasions when the King and Queen and Grandees of Spain attend.

My stay in Madrid was short, as I went there only to get my passport *viséd* for Portugal, but I had time to see Murillo's famous paintings in the Prado Museum. The first impression I got in Portugal was that the railway carriages were very dirty—almost as dirty as the children who came up to the carriage windows to beg. I reached Oporto on May 7th, and found in the harbour many Danish and Norwegian boats taking in cargoes of port wine to replace the dried cod-fish which they had landed. Roman Catholic countries import large quantities of dried fish for consumption on Fridays and fasting days. Met, among many leading residents of Oporto, my old friend Augustus Morgan, who put my name down once again for the Factory Club, one of the oldest English clubs in Europe. At the hotel in the evening, Royalists and Republicans were dining together in the same

room. A month previously there had been a revolutionary outbreak, but it had been settled, and outwardly at least there was no ill-will between the opposing factions. Nevertheless, the uncertain political situation made it necessary to get a special police permit for a car before I could leave for a journey of a hundred and twenty miles by road for Pinhao.

On May 13th I was at Bordeaux, where I renewed acquaintance with many friends. Three days later I saw Paris under peace conditions for the first time in five years. The chestnuts were in full bloom in the Bois, but the streets were greatly changed from their appearance on the occasion of my last visit, when the Germans were only 42 miles away. Prices had risen since the armistice, and some of them were decidedly *exagéré.* On Sunday, May 18th, I ventured on a conducted day excursion to the regions devastated by the Boches. The tour was arranged by the railway company, and I can imagine that for years to come it will be an educative pilgrimage for thousands of Frenchmen and the people of the Allied nations. I saw Albert, Arras Cathedral, and the Lens mining district, where everything had been destroyed. Little had been cleared up, and in the battle zone barbed wire, tanks, munition dumps, and shells remained as they were left when hostilities ceased. Warnings not to go off the beaten track were very necessary, as many live shells were lying about.

Albert and Arras were new ground for me. On May 19th I was once again in Epernay,

and among the people with whom, during the war, I had occasionally listened to the brutal noise of battle. The following day I motored to Reims through Ay and Pompelle forts. Reims I found totally destroyed. Nothing but skeleton walls remained, and of the Hôtel du Lion d'Or not even a wall was standing. The martyrdom of a famous city was complete. German prisoners were taking out debris from the cathedral, but the collection of debris is far from restoration. A new Reims will be built, and one may trust that German money will pay for the wanton and wicked destruction of the German Army. Around the ruins of the city are hundreds of crosses marking the graves of French and also English soldiers.

It was with a peculiar sense of satisfaction that I continued my journey through Châlons and Nancy to the restored city of Strasbourg. The French have received back a magnificent and much improved city, compared with the place they gave up to Germany after the Franco-Prussian War. There is now a fine railway station, stone-built houses, and good roads and tramways. The town is kept very clean. I stayed at the Hôtel Maison Rouge, where I had been in 1873, but the premises had been rebuilt. After a day there I passed on to Mayence and Wiesbaden, where the French race week was on. I went to the meeting, and saw Marshal Foch there. In the evening I continued my journey down the Rhine, passing Assmanshausen, Rudesheim, Bingen, and Niederwald (where there is a statue of Germania) to Coblenz. Car-

riages were reserved in the train for Allied officers, so that they would not have to fraternize with the Germans. Very few Englishmen were travelling, as passports for trading purposes in Germany had not been issued. The French hatred of the Germans was much more pronounced than that of our troops. Frenchmen, of course, have cause for their bitterness, but beyond this, the British temperament is different to that of our Gallic friends. I met one of our Tommies with two little German children clinging to his hands.

Coblenz was in the American area, and the Provost-Marshal gave me a card for a room at the Hôtel Hansa. My meals I obtained at the American officers' quarters at the Excelsior and Métropole Hotels. We got very good porridge, pancakes, and other American dishes for breakfast. Called on Alexander Hasslacher, an Englishman, who was interned in Germany at the beginning of the war. Outside Berlin, the Rhine provinces displayed the Prussian spirit more than any part of Germany, and now they have had to suffer for their foolishness. The Kaiser before his fall was idolized by the people of Coblenz. Huge portraits of the refugee Emperor still hung on the walls in many houses, and most of the streets seemed to be named after the Kaiser or some princeling. Calling on Mr. Carl Wegeler and his son Julius at their offices, I learned that 1915 was a record year for hocks and Moselles. Germany, to me, seemed to be still a rich country. Every little corner and patch of ground was cultivated and factories were in full activity. There ought to be

no difficulty over the ultimate payment of the war indemnity.

I telephoned from Coblenz to General Sir William Robertson (now Field-Marshal), the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army of the Rhine, and he kindly invited me to stay with him for a few days in Cologne. I arrived in the British area on May 24th, and found that Headquarters at Cologne were at the Excelsior Hotel. The Commander-in-Chief's private residence was at Marienberg, close to the golf links. The house belonged to a German steel magnate, but the Union Jack flew over the roof. I had a splendid room overlooking the Rhine and gardens. The hall and staircase of the house were of fine marble, and there was a luxurious sunk marble bath. I had lunch, and was introduced to Sir William Robertson's private secretary, Colonel Dillon, and his A.D.C.'s, Captain Peek, 9th Lancers, and Captain Graham de Burgh. In the afternoon I visited the cathedral and went for a motor drive round Cologne. About 100,000 British troops were in the area to ensure that the armistice terms were observed. The shops were full of every kind of merchandise, and as the mark even then was worth little more than twopence, Zeiss and Voigtlander field-glasses, cameras, and razors and knives from Sollingen could be bought very cheaply. Life for the Army of Occupation was quite pleasant. In the cool of the evening tennis was played. Birds were singing in the trees and there was a rich scent of hawthorn and roses. No officers' wives or English ladies were at this time allowed in the Allied zone, but it was expected

that permission for visits would shortly be given. Newspapers and letters arrived from England about 4 p.m. by aeroplane, the delivery from London being as expeditious as if the mail had been sent to a North of England town. On the Sunday I went to service at the cathedral, and afterwards visited the headquarters of the Royal Naval motor-boats at the club house on the Rhine. These motor-launches did excellent work in the war in hunting the submarines, and they were used on the Euphrates in the Mesopotamia campaign, and on the inland lakes of Africa. In Germany they patrolled the Rhine and excited much attention from the resident population. Germans at this period of the occupation were not allowed to travel in the pleasure boats on the river, and the steamers were used only by the American and British troops. On May 26th I drove with Captain de Burgh in a Rolls-Royce car to Coblenz and Boppard. At Coblenz I called on Messrs. Deinhard and Co., and started a new "peace page" in their visitors' book, which contained autographs of the Kaiser, Hindenburg, and Tirpitz.

The Rhine for many centuries has been noted for its wines—the Schloss-Johannesberg, once the property of the Church, and the Prince of Orange; the Steinberger-Cabinet rivalling the former, and some wines fetching a higher price than the Johannesberg. The Rhine wines are diuretic in quality, and the Germans say of the Moselle, "Keep off the doctor." They are remarkable for promoting cheerfulness in the natives who have a saying:

"Rhein-wein, fein wein; Neckar-wein, lecker wein; Franken-wein, tranken wein; Mosel-wein, unnosel wein."

("Rhine wine is good; Neckar, pleasant; Franconia, bad; Moselle, innocent.")

It may be interesting to note, in referring to old ledgers, the following prices were paid by my firm in 1902 for the King's service (H.M. King Edward VII):

12 dozen Steinberger Cabinet Beeren Auslese at 480/-; duty paid; 1893 vintage.
12 ,, Schloss Johannesberger Fineste Beeren Auslese at 365/-; 1893 vintage.
1 ,, Rudesheim Schlossberg Selected Grapes at 156/-; 1893 vintage.
100 ,, Berncastler Doctor.

The next day I went with General Robertson to inspect an aeroplane squadron, and was introduced to Major Salmon.

I had the privilege of flying from Cologne to England on my return journey. After bidding adieu to Sir William Robertson on May 28th, I motored to the Merkheim Aerodrome, and after watching aeroplanes starting with mails for home, took my place in a Haviland D.H.9. The pilot was Lieutenant R. L. Barbour. We carried lunch with us and a few pints of Melnotte 1906 champagne to drink the toast of "The Royal Air Force" when we arrived at Kenley Aerodrome. The journey could not have been easier, and was to me a great justification of the invincible belief which, fifteen years before, I had entertained concerning the future of the aeroplane. We passed

over Liége and Charleroi, following the Meuse at a steady altitude of about 5,000 feet. In the vicinity of Mons one could see the old trench lines and country pitted with shell-holes. Near the coast we rose higher, and came over the sea between Boulogne and Wimereux. Pilots like to cross the Channel at a considerable altitude, as, in the event of engine trouble, they can plane down one mile for each 1,000 feet dropped, and this margin would generally be sufficient for land to be made. We rode through the air above a bank of cloud, but there were breaks through which we caught glimpses of the sea and tiny objects which were ships. The journey from Cologne to Kenley was completed in two and a half hours, and I alighted on good Surrey soil without a trace of weariness. An interesting experience was pleasantly rounded off by lunch with Colonel Primrose at the R.A.F. mess at Kenley.

Later in the year, on October 18th, I tested the value of the civilian aerial service to Paris, and came to the conclusion that although a Channel tunnel may be constructed, or ferry steamers may make a continuous train journey possible from Charing Cross to the Gare du Nord, the air route will eventually be the really popular one, and will be chosen not only for speed but for comfort. I left Hounslow in a two-seater "Airco," piloted by Lieutenant Lawrence Tibbit, at 12.30 midday, and two and a quarter hours later landed safely at Le Bourget Aerodrome, near to Paris. I sat during the flight in a cosy, leather-upholstered arm-chair in a cabin furnished with a writing-table,

and with windows which could be opened or closed at the pleasure of the passenger. With a map it was easy to follow the route. Towns like Ashford have their names painted in enormous white letters on the roofs of the stations. We crossed the Channel at about 3,000 feet—life-belts were worn in case of accident—and flying above the clouds I noticed a curious phenomenon. The shadow of our machine was thrown on the cloud bed below us, and was surrounded by a rainbow-tinted corona. The Channel seemed little more than a broad river, as half-way over both the English and French coasts were plainly visible. We passed over Wimereux, Le Touquet, Abbeville, and the cathedral town of Beauvais, and as we sped along I dropped stamped postcards to friends at home, enclosed in envelopes of the type we used in the old Gordon-Bennett balloon races. The envelopes bore the words, "Prière d'ouvrir," and the messages from the skies bore appeals in French, English, and Latin that the cards should be posted. When we alighted at Le Bourget, motor-cars were waiting to rush the travellers into the city. The organization of the British and French civil aviation authorities is excellent. I returned as I went, by air, after a week-end in Paris, and brought back with me samples of the 1914 and 1915 champagnes, war vintages, and the best since 1911.

CHAPTER XIII

MY HUNDRED BALLOON ASCENTS

I HAVE left for two closing chapters a summarized account of some among the hundred balloon ascents I made in the years 1901 to 1908, of a trip in the airship *Ville de Paris*, and of the early days of flight in heavier-than-air machines. Bound up with this narrative is the formation of the Aero Club, now the influential and widely known Royal Aero Club. A detailed log of my balloon, airship and aeroplane voyages will be found in an Appendix.

On September 24th I was staying with my daughter at Shere, in Surrey, previous to setting out on a motor tour through Scotland. An accident to my daughter's car, caused by an escape of petrol, made it necessary to abandon the trip, and Miss Butler suggested by way of compensation for our disappointment that we should make a balloon ascent. We undertook the adventure in the balloon *City of York*, which had a gas capacity of 42,000 cubic feet, and ascended from the Crystal Palace. The Hon. C. S. Rolls came with us as a third passenger, and the balloon was under the control of Mr. Stanley Spencer. We remained in the air over London for two hours, and before



BALLOON ASCENT FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE. HON. C. S. ROLLS, THE AUTHOR AND HIS DAUGHTER VERA.

Period 1901.

we came down at Sidcup Park, in Kent, we had decided to form the Aero Club. The foundation members of the Club were Miss Vera Butler, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, and myself. A resolution subscribed to in the air was soon put into terrestrial practice, and the name "Aero Club" was registered at Somerset House. This was done through the then able Secretary of the Automobile Club, Mr. Claude Johnson, after the proposal had been passed by the Chairman, Mr. Roger Wallace, Q.C., and the Standing Committee of that Club, on October 21, 1901. The scheme was soon grasped by the Committee, who looked to an Aero Club to control the science and sport of balloons, dirigible and otherwise, aeroplanes, and so forth, which, with the aid of the light petrol engine, seemed destined to become a means of locomotion.

The records of the early days are to be found—

In the *Autocar*, page 432, November 23, 1901.
In the *Motor Car Journal*, page 552, September 28, 1901.
In the *Automotor Journal*, page 46, November, 1901.
In the *Automobile Club Notes and Notices*, November 1, 1901, page 425.

The necessary funds were provided by myself for the initial law expenses, registration, inaugural ascents, etc., and the "Aero Club of the United Kingdom" thus became an accomplished fact.[1]

[1] The Royal Aero Club for heavier-than-air machines became the godparent of the Flying Corps, now called the Royal Air Force. All the early pioneers in the Army and Navy learned to fly on machines belonging to members of the Club, as the Army and Navy at this period did not own a single

Miss Vera Butler, writing in the *Automobile Club Journal* (now the *Royal Automobile Club Journal*), described the foundation in 1901 of the Aero Club as follows (page 411 of the 1903 volume):

This Club owes its origin to the private balloon ascent from the Crystal Palace by three well-known pioneer motorists, who thought that to try a voyage through the air instead of on *terra firma* would be a novel, and probably a delightful sensation; and so, on one beautiful September morning, they sailed away into the upper regions. Their expectations were fully realized, and they thought what a pity it was that such a delightful mode of progression was not more universal, and thereupon decided to form a club to enable the delightful and unconventional pastime to become more general. . . .

One of the main objects of the Aero Club is to further the progress of "airships" and "aeroplanes." As yet both of these may be considered as still being in their infancy, but with the marvellous strides aeronautical inventions have made during the last century, we are justified in anticipating that the difficulties will be overcome before long, and we may all yet have to build sheds on the roofs of our houses for the storage of these aerial monsters, these huge mechanical birds of passage! . . .

It will be a red-letter day for aeronauts when it becomes possible to steer the balloon back to its original starting-place, instead of being obliged to descend where they can, rather than where they would, and then have to resort to the prosaic railway train for the return home.

The *Royal Automobile Club Journal* also printed the following historical summary of the formation of the Club:

aeroplane. Pilot certificates also were obtained through the Club, and airmen had the use of their grounds in the Isle of Sheppey, in Kent, in 1910.



THE AUTHOR FINDS A CONVERT TO BALLOONING, AFTER SENDING A TELEGRAM TO HER HUSBAND BY HIS BROTHER.

Period 1906.



CITY OF LONDON: BALLOON BUILT FOR THE AUTHOR IN THE GORDON-BENNETT BALLOON RACE FROM PARIS.

Period 1906.

SEPTEMBER 1901.

24th.—Ascent from the Crystal Palace in the *City of York*, 42,000 cubic feet, by Miss Vera Butler, Mr. F. Hedges Butler, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls, with the late Mr. Stanley Spencer in his official capacity as aeronaut. Conversation during the voyage on the subject of the success of M. Santos Dumont in encircling the Eiffel Tower and winning the £4,000 prize presented by M. Deutsch de la Meurthe, through the Aero Club of France; the formation of a similar Club for British balloons, dirigibles, and aeroplanes, suggested by Mr. F. Hedges Butler. The idea cordially endorsed by the other voyagers, and the decision taken to register the name of the "Aero Club" on descent.

25th.—Mr. Claude Johnson, Secretary of the Automobile Club, interviewed at Whitehall Court by Mr. F. Hedges Butler, Hon. Treasurer of that Club, on the subject of an Aero Club, Mr. Butler's original idea being to make the new Club a part of the Automobile Club, in view of the important part played in dirigibles and aeroplanes by the internal combustion engine.

OCTOBER.

21st.—Meeting of the Standing Committee of the Automobile Club; decision to form an Aero Club in connection with the Automobile Club; the Secretary directed to register the title of the "Aero Club of the United Kingdom."

29th.—Meeting of the Standing Committee of the Automobile Club; report by Mr. Staplee Firth of the completion of the registration of the Aero Club as a company, namely, as "The Aero Club of the United Kingdom, Limited"; half-page advertisements of the Aero Club ordered to be inserted in the *Autocar* and the *Motor Car Journal*, together with small advertisements in *The Times* and the *Daily Mail*; letter read from the Hon. C. S. Rolls in connection with the formation of the Aero Club; recommendation passed that congratulations should be sent to Senhor Santos Dumont; directions given for the Secretary to send out additional Circulars

concerning the Aero Club and to take steps to bring the Aero Club to the notice of suitable members of the Automobile Club.

NOTE.—Funds were provided by Mr. F. Hedges Butler and cheque sent to Messrs. Andrew Barr & Co., Chartered Accountants of the Automobile Club, for preliminary expenses and the registration of the name, etc. The Aero Club of the United Kingdom, Limited, was registered without Articles of Association. This had to be done, as other people were desirous of registering the name, and papers were presented within a few hours after these papers had been lodged at Somerset House. The capital of the company was registered as £100, divided into 2,000 shares of 1s. each. The signatories registered at Somerset House are as follows:

Name.	Address and Description.	Number of Shares taken.
Frank Hedges Butler ..	Wine Shipper and Merchant, 155 Regent Street, W. ..	One.
T. W. Staplee Firth ..	Solicitor, 140 Upper Tulse Hill ..	One.
Mark J. Mayhew ..	Lieut. Imperial Yeomanry, Scio, Roehampton, Surrey ..	One.
Charles Stewart Rolls	Gentleman, South Lodge, Knightsbridge	One.
Ernest Instone ..	.. ..	One.
Jas. Burrows ..	.. Steward, .. Lavender Hill	One.
C. Johnson ..	.. Secretary, Automobile Club	One.

Dated the 29th October, 1901.

Witness to above signatures,

JOSEPH G. POTTLE,
25, Ralph Street, Newington,
Solicitor's Clerk.

The statutory notice gives the Registered Office as 4 Whitehall Court, and the fee paid on registration amounted to £3 12s. 6d.

NOVEMBER.

15th.—Inaugural ascent of the Aero Club, Stamford Bridge Grounds, by Miss Vera Butler, Mr. F. Hedges Butler, and the late Mr. Stanley Spencer (in his official capacity as aeronaut); the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who was to have been one of the party, gave up his place, as, owing to the heavy gas supplied, the balloon would only lift three persons.

The following was the first draft of the preliminary circular of the Aero Club:

Liability of Member of the Club.—The Aero Club of the United Kingdom is registered under the Companies Act, by which the liability of a member is restricted to his subscription and to a share of one shilling.

Purposes of the Club.—The Club is for the encouragement of ballooning as a sport and of aerial locomotion in all its forms and applications.

It is intended—

(*a*) To encourage the study of aeronautics and develop the sciences connected therewith.

(*b*) To organize aerial excursions in which all members may take part.

(*c*) To organize Congresses, Exhibitions, races, and contests.

(*d*) To acquire balloons for the use of members.

(*e*) To acquire premises, to form a library, and to promote intercourse between those interested in the subject.

(*f*) To encourage a competent aeronaut for the conducting of aerial excursions and for education of members.

(*g*) To acquire the use of grounds for the inflation of balloons and for ascents.

(*h*) To grant certificates of competency to members who, having made a sufficiency of ascents, are recognized as competent to take control of a balloon.

The Programme for 1902.—The Club will be open to ladies and gentlemen, subject to election.

It is suggested that—

(*a*) At the outset a balloon should be acquired for the use of members.

(*b*) Ascents should be confined to members of the Club.

(*c*) Ascents should be made weekly or periodically, according to demand.

(*d*) The charge for ascents should be in accordance with the cost and the time of the year.

(*e*) Dates for ascents should be by ballot.

Premises.—It is suggested that the Automobile Club should be asked to allot a room in its new premises for the use of members of the Aero Club, in which the library of the Aero Club would be located and the reading of papers and discussions should be held, and in which members should meet for intercourse.

Subscription for Members.—It is proposed that the subscription of membership should be for the first three hundred members (Founder Members) £2 2s. per annum, including the right to use the Aero Club Room (only) at the New Automobile Club premises in Piccadilly.

Further, that the Automobile Club should be asked to admit (on election) as members of the Automobile Club gentlemen who are members of the Aero Club, who are not members of the Automobile Club, at the ordinary subscription of the Automobile Club, less £1 1s. per annum.

Committee.—Early in 1902 a General Meeting of members of the Aero Club will be held to elect a Committee and Officers and to frame rules.

Organizing Committee.—On *Tuesday, December* 3, 1901, at 5 p.m., a meeting of those who have intimated a desire to join the Club will be held at the Automobile Club, 4 Whitehall Court, London, S.W., to appoint an organizing committee.

Club Colours.—The Club colours, light blue and chocolate, can be obtained from Messrs. Lane and Neave, 4 Minories, London, E. Members are requested to fly the Club colours in all competitions.

The early meetings of the Committee of the Club were held in my chambers at 56 Pall Mall, S.W.,


L'AÉRO-CLUB
DE FRANCE
84, Faubs St-Honoré, à Paris

Certifie
que M. Butler Frank H.

a été nommé
PILOTE-AÉRONAUTE
le 8 Janvier 1903.
Le Président,
Mis de Dion

Signature du Titulaire.
Frank Hedges Butler

THE AUTHOR'S AERONAUT CERTIFICATE FOR A VOYAGE OF 115 MILES TAKEN ALONE, WITHOUT SEEING LAND, FROM LONDON TO LINCOLNSHIRE.

Period 1903.

and the inaugural ascent of the Club was made on November 15, 1901. Miss Vera Butler, who could fairly be regarded as the fairy godmother of the institution, myself, and Mr. Stanley Spencer were the voyagers, and the *City of York* was again the balloon to be used. The ascent took place from Stamford Bridge, Chelsea, and as soon as we were a few hundred feet in the air Miss Butler unfurled a white banner 36 feet long, bearing the words, in large blue letters, "Aero Club." Many of the Automobile Club members came in their cars to see the start, and it is interesting to recall that a biograph camera took a moving record of an historic event.

On December 8, 1902, I made my fifteenth—and first solo—balloon ascent. The Aero Club of France granted a certificate to act as pilot to aeronauts who made a minimum of twelve ascents, two of them made alone, and one a night ascent. In the English Aero Club we stipulated for ten ascents, two of them made under an observer, and one a solo ascent. My adventures began at the Crystal Palace, and the balloon in which I made the journey was the *Vivienne I*, of 35,000 feet. Rain was falling at the start, and the balloon quickly entered a dense fog. The trip was lonely and uncanny, for I never got a glimpse of land or sky until the descent. I had no occasion to worry about ballast, for the balloon was in equilibrium for the whole journey. The sounds of railway trains, of dogs barking, and of sportsmen shooting enlivened my solitude. Eventually I came down near Corby, in Lincolnshire, the

distance covered from the Crystal Palace being 115 miles. After this ascent the Aero Club of France granted me the first English pilot aeronaut's certificate, and I received a much-appreciated telegram from the Hon. C. S. Rolls, congratulating me on what he was enthusiastic enough to call "a wonderful feat." I think that the only nervous moments I had during the journey arose through the net of the balloon stretching. The rain at the start had caused the cordage to shrink, and when it dried again in the clear air aloft, the netting again approximated its normal length. The effect of this was a sudden drop of a few inches in the basket. The drop, perhaps, was a slight matter compared with the bumps experienced in the aeroplane of to-day when the atmosphere is queer; but alone in the car and high up in the air, I found it a sufficiently alarming experience, and one which gave me an unpleasant internal "sinking" feeling.

About this time the possible value of a Balloon Volunteer Corps suggested itself to me. The balloon sections in the South African War had been far too small, and it seemed to me that in the event of a European war a much larger number would be necessary. My project was to establish the corps in conjunction with the recently formed Automobile Volunteer Corps. I entered into correspondence with the War Office on the subject. The military authorities were favourably impressed with the scheme, but it needed the Great War to put aviation on a sound footing, and the years previous to 1914 were disappointing to those of

us who had our views on the importance of an air service. Letters printed in the second Appendix to this volume reveal the attitude of highly placed people towards flying in the years before the war.

In a previous book, *Five Thousand Miles in a Balloon*, I have given my own impressions of balloon travelling. On this occasion I will include the following impressions written by my daughter after a trip in the *Aero Club No.* 2 from the Ranelagh Club to Alresford, Hampshire, on May 23, 1903 (see Appendix, No. 19 ascent).

There would seem to be something distinctly appalling in the idea of going up in a balloon to nearly everybody who has not tried it; indeed, the general conception of ballooning is, apparently, almost as unsophisticated as it was in the old Vauxhall Gardens days of our grandfathers, when "Ingoldsby" Barham reflected popular opinion in his lines on the "Monstre" balloon:

Oh! the balloon, the great balloon!
It left Vauxhall one Monday at noon,
And everyone said we should hear of it soon
With news from Aleppo or Scanderoon.
But very soon after folks changed their tune:
"The netting had burst—the silk—the balloon;—
It had met with a trade-wind—a deuced monsoon—
It was blown out to sea—it was blown to the moon."

In view of the "fancies" which still exist, a few "facts" may help to dispel some illusions on the subject, which is one of ever-increasing interest. Folks still seem to imagine that as a first step one enters a small washing-basket with a huge unmanageable mass above; then, at a given signal, this dangerous monster is let loose, and up it shoots like a rocket into the unknown and, therefore, terror-inspiring "space," there to be swayed backwards and forwards, or round and

round, at the mercy of the wind, or hurled along at 60 miles an hour should it encounter a stray storm, with the result of either being struck by lightning or landing helplessly in the sea. One is glad to be able to assure the timid that all this is very far from the case.

A balloon is quite a manageable thing, but requires as much knowledge of manipulation as a motor-car, and the difference between a bad and good aeronaut is astonishing. Before starting off on the expedition two chief things are required—a balloon that does not leak, and which has a valve that works properly, and plenty of ballast. On ballast one's safety is entirely dependent, as it is by throwing out the right amount of ballast at the right moment that one evades trees, housetops, and church spires; while by pulling the valve at the right moment and thus letting out the gas, one escapes soaring too high into regions where the air is rarefied. It is only in those high altitudes that ballooning becomes really unpleasant. Anyone who has had a tooth out "with gas" can realize the sensation felt in rarefied air without going up in a balloon, for it resembles nothing so much as the curious feeling popularly described as "coming to."

Having mentioned the unpleasant things to be avoided, and which, in truth, only occur with an unskilled aeronaut, let us turn to the really enjoyable side of aerostation. To begin with, incredible as it may seem, one feels no motion of any description, even though it may be blowing a gale, for a balloon travels at the same pace as the wind. One appears to be stationary all the time and the earth receding. Firstly, men and women appear to be the size of ants, shortly to be lost sight of altogether; next, the houses look like tiny dots and the streets are pencil lines; the hills appear gradually to subside, until the whole surface of the earth seems flat; the rivers thin down to silvery streaks, and the whole landscape has the appearance of a map. The effect is curious in the extreme.

A most noticeable and impressive thing on a first ascent is the absolute solitude and silence of those upper regions. On the earth, without being definitely aware of it, we are con-



BALLOON RACE FROM RANELAGH CLUB. WON BY AUTHOR'S BALLOON *DOLCE FAR NIENTE*.

Period 1906.

scious that there is always some kind of sound—a dog barking, or merely the rustling of leaves in the breeze, or the vague murmur of life of a great city, like an under-current of dull sound to the rapid stream of our personal thoughts and actions. But in the upper air nothing stirs ; all is sad silence ; around us is unending space, and one is able to realize in some infinitesimal degree the sublime, unspeakable wonder of "eternity." The last noises to be heard are the whistles of railway trains, which, it will surprise no nerve-ridden person to learn, carry further than any other sounds of this noisy world.

It is well to be equipped with a very warm coat, for, though on leaving the earth the thermometer may register ninety in the shade, on arrival at a height of some 10,000 feet one may be greeted with a snowstorm, and find the thermometer at zero ! On the other hand, one may leave the earth in a snowstorm and go straight through the snow clouds into brilliant sunshine, blue sky, and unbearable heat. Perhaps the most curious of all sensations is that of bouncing from one cloud to another, a cloud to a balloon being very much what a table would be to an air-ball—a solid obstacle, and, until the cloud dissolves, impassable.

As most people are aware, being in a cloud is like being in a dense fog, and nothing of the earth is visible, so at this period descent is impossible, as to pull the valve, let out the gas, and come down without seeing where you might land would be highly dangerous. Once the gas is out there is no help for it. Down you must come, wherever it may be. It is in making the descent that the whole skill of the aeronaut is needed, for this is the critical moment, especially if it is blowing a gale.

Before descending, one first fixes upon some open space where it will be convenient to land without the additional fear of some irate farmer suing for damage to his crops. Next, the valve is pulled. Immediately the gas escapes, and down the balloon comes at a good pace. It is allowed to fall full speed until within 500 feet of the ground, when a small quantity of ballast, which consists of sand, is thrown

out. This takes effect at once, and checks the fall of the balloon, so that it drops to the earth slowly, and there is no shock experienced in landing. The great difficulty is to know the right amount of ballast to discard, for if too much is thrown out the balloon immediately shoots up, and may travel several miles further, while if too little is cast overboard the shock on landing is severe and dangerous, hurling the occupants of the car off their feet, if it does nothing worse.

A trail-rope, 250 feet long, is always suspended from a balloon, and serves for several purposes. One of these is called "trailing," which is quite the most enjoyable part of ballooning. The end of the rope is allowed to drag along the ground, or over trees and houses, as the case may be, which steadies the balloon and keeps it at an even distance from the ground, exactly realizing one's idea of flying. Then one understands why ballooning has become compared to the flight of a bird. Another use of the trail-rope is as a means of being pulled to earth by any stray people who may be conveniently present at the time of the descent, as when one is pulled to the ground in this way there is no shock of any kind.

One always takes up an anchor, attached to the end of a rope, and this is thrown out just before landing. It catches in the nearest object, and so assures against bumping along the ground or tearing down hedges, which is quite likely to happen if there is any wind, should nobody be there to hold the balloon steady while the passengers get out of the basket. The greatest care has to be taken in "disembarking." Only one person may land at a time, and he or she must take a tight hold upon the basket, even when safely landed, or otherwise the balloon would go up, relieved of so much weight. In like manner, each person lands and holds the balloon until sufficient gas has escaped to obviate any risk of it suddenly soaring upwards.

Immediately on descending there is a curious ringing in the ears, and occasionally on landing one is totally deaf for a minute or two ; but this only occurs after having been to a very great height. Everyone having got out of the car,

all the gas is allowed to escape, and the whole silk covering is folded up and fitted into the basket, which is put on a cart and conveyed to the nearest railway station. People have been known to tether the balloon and take a meal, and then get in again and resume the "flight," but this is not a very usual thing.

An aerial monster looming overhead is a source of great disturbance to a farmyard. Evidently the good folk think it is some overgrown hawk descending upon them, and their agitation is very funny, except to themselves. A very curious experience sometimes met with, while in a snowstorm in the clouds, is to be falling faster than the snowflakes, in which case the effect is rather startling, for it appears to be snowing upwards, as in some land of topsyturvydom.

The currents in the higher altitudes are very queer and erratic, for one may be calmly going due north, when, having ascended a few feet, the balloon will suddenly turn and drift in an entirely different direction, giving it from the earth the appearance of a dirigible airship. The hope of every aeronaut is that balloons will lead to airships.

Miss Vera Butler was with me in one of my most exciting balloon experiences. Together with the Hon. C. S. Rolls, we were the guests of Count de la Vaulx and Count d'Oultremont in an ascent made from the park of the Aero Club at St.-Cloud, Paris. There was a thick fog over the park when we started, but we rose above this and found a deep blue sky overhead. We were a merry party, and Mr. Rolls during the voyage "entertained" us with tunes on a penny whistle. For three hours we swung in bright sunshine, although below us was an impenetrable cloud-bank. When we decided to descend, the balloon rebounded as it touched the fog. Slowly we dropped through the veil until at length we could hear voices, although it was

impossible to see the ground. For some time we drifted along, shouting questions from the car and getting answers from invisible people. Suddenly we crashed into trees, but no great damage was done, and men came to the rescue and hauled the balloon to earth by means of the guide-rope.

My first cross-Channel balloon voyage was made on August 30, 1905, when with Mr. Percival Spencer I made an ascent from the Wandsworth and Putney Gas Works with the idea of seeing something of an eclipse of the sun. The following account of the journey was compiled from notes made during the trip:

London skies had been overcast for several days, and it was obvious to all that the long-looked-for eclipse of the sun was likely to be invisible to the ordinary dweller upon earth. In these circumstances Mr. Percival Spencer and I put into practice the palpable means of circumventing Nature's obstructions, that of rising above the fog mists, to view in clear air aloft the unobscured sight of the Sun King eclipsed by the interposition of our Lady Moon. All aeronauts knew the scheme to be perfectly feasible, but none had the inclination or opportunity to rise literally superior to their surroundings and to make sure of seeing the astronomical spectacle.

The fine balloon *Vera*, of 45,000 cubic feet capacity, made by Messrs. Spencer and Sons, had been inflated with coal gas at the grounds of the Wandsworth and Putney Gas Works. The various barometers, thermometers, hygrometers, cameras, and compasses were adjusted and placed in the car, and last, but not least in importance, a somewhat bulky provision hamper, containing champagne, fowl and ham, and similar creature-comforts, was stowed in the car. There were fifteen canvas sacks of sand ballast, each weighing three-quarters of a hundredweight, representing an ample margin of lifting



CROSS CHANNEL AND ECLIPSE OF THE SUN. VOYAGE FROM LONDON TO CAEN IN NORMANDY. VIEW OF SHOREHAM, NEAR BRIGHTON.

Period 1905.

power, which might be slowly unloaded as circumstances required, in order to maintain the life of the balloon for a considerable period. The wind was northerly, and as the eclipse was reckoned to last for two hours or more, it was likely that our all-too-small confines of land would be passed before the object of the ascent had been achieved, and then, if water was underneath, a cross-sea trip would have to be accomplished without further choice in the matter.

Noon had passed, the eclipse, according to calculation, had begun, the sky was leaden. Clouds, clouds, all above, and not a glimpse of sun. The wind was wild and fitful, so strong that the lower masses of cloud passed with great rapidity overhead, and showed that a balloon trip in England would soon be over.

At half-past twelve the ascent began, and at 12.40, through the upper clouds, we saw the sun, a crescent. We were then 2,000 feet high, and rising.

Soon more clouds intervened, and in another five minutes we had reached 3,000 feet, and the sun was quite obscured by the upper clouds. The balloon was now reaching its equilibrium, and at ten minutes to one a hundredweight of sand was discharged, which had the effect of so lightening it that a continual and regular rise ensued. At five minutes to one we were 4,500 feet high, saw the eclipse well, and took our first photographs of it. From one o'clock to twenty minutes past we had a continual and uninterrupted view, and went on taking photographs at regular intervals, until at 1.30 we had reached 6,000 feet high. By this time such a mass of cloud had been left underneath that we found the light so strong that the view could not be obtained with our obscured glasses. The sun's rays were too powerful. We countered this by using double glasses, and thus we were not only able to watch the increasing rays, but to continue to take photographs with the fumed glass in front of the lens.

We had now been in the air for one hour, and heard the barking of a dog underneath, then the lowing of a cow. The sun was intensely hot, and at 1.45 we were 6,500 feet high,

with a clear, but not blue, sky above. A brilliant sun was shining, and all sight of the earth completely lost by the immense thickness of the clouds underneath.

We had lunch, and noticed that we had reached an altitude of 7,000 feet. All was still. The silence was supreme when, with alarming shrillness, the sound of a steamer's siren pierced the clouds, and we knew that sea was near.

The eclipse was over at 2.4 p.m., and one minute later the balloon descended through the clouds. Shoreham lay beneath as we descended lower and lower, but continued our course. As we passed through the clouds, snowflakes began to fall. At 2.10 we were across the coastline, and at a quarter-past two, after dropping to 3,000 feet, we were well out at sea. Photographs of our departing native land were our farewell. The coast view was grand, and though the air was distinctly cold after our experience in the hot sun above, we were glad to be able to locate our exact whereabouts, and note the speed and direction of our course. The sea coast and the inland water were very clear, the course of the River Adur clearly marked, and the two piers at Brighton and one at Worthing were easily distinguished. Clouds were all around, and ever and anon passed across our line of sight. At 2.25 p.m. the coast was disappearing. By means of the statoscope we endeavoured to maintain our equilibrium at about 3,000 feet.

This is a much more difficult task than might be supposed. A little ballast is thrown out to check the descent, and almost before one realizes it the ascent begins, and continues until the previous maximum altitude has again been attained.

At half-past two we were well out to sea, and our altitude was 3,500 feet. Now the roar of the sea alone reached us. We had been up two hours, and were slowly rising. A steamer and a yacht were underneath, the coast was misty in the distance, and the sun peered out through the upper clouds uneclipsed.

Here the second phase of our trip began ; we were no longer eclipse hunters, but cross-Channel trippers. Our business now was to reach the other side. The Channel has been

crossed by balloon before, but every expedition of the kind requires careful manœuvring, and entails a certain amount of anxiety. We had started the cross-sea part of the journey at a part of the coast which meant that our passage would be the longest yet undertaken, and the cloudy state of the weather and daylight added considerably to our difficulties, because it not only prevented a view as extended as we could desire, but it also meant considerable variations in the atmospheric temperature as the balloon rose above and fell below the cloud line. This entailed the more frequent discharge of our exhaustible supply of ballast.

Up till three o'clock we passed and sketched passing steamers and sailing vessels. One steamer with red funnels and black top claimed our interest, then two three-masted sailing vessels.

Exactly at three o'clock we noted the peculiar zigzag of foam left behind by a fast screw-steamer, and the complete circle of foam around her as she ploughed full steam ahead. From this hour we began to lose sight of passing craft. The balloon continued its course upward, and we were left to our own reflections. It was, I remembered, my fortieth ascent, and by this time the longest cross-Channel balloon trip on record. We had been an hour out, and were 5,500 feet high. The Channel showed as a deserted waste of waters underneath, with white foam flecking its surface, and stray clouds alone to break the grey monotony of the skies. A distant moan suggested the strength of the wind as the sound of the surface breakers underneath came up to us. There was no sign of coast on either shore. But the very strength of the wind was our best hope.

For the next hour the steady ascent continued. First we were above one cloud mass with the sun visible; then, at half-past three, at 8,200 feet in the snow area, with flakes falling thick around us; then in cloudland, out of sight of the sea; afterwards above cloudfield, with sun peering at us still through misty veil of higher clouds. Our altitude was then up to 10,500 feet, and the solitude only broken by the distant roar of the sea.

We began to make our calculations. If we had covered the distance from London to Shoreham in an hour and a half we were moving at 35 miles an hour, so that we should cover the 120 miles to Fécamp in three hours and forty minutes. This meant that we ought to see that coast at a quarter past four. At ten minutes past four we were descending—a drop of 2,000 feet in a few minutes—another 2,000 feet, and our descent was arrested by a discharge of ballast. We could hear, but could not see, the sea underneath. A perfect floor-cloth of white cloud lay under us. At about half-past four the view of the sea burst upon us. It was sea, and nothing but the sea—a howling waste of water. Were we going to reach the other side ? A thrill of anxiety ran through us at the thought. At five o'clock we were again slowly rising, losing sight of the sea as we again entered the clouds. Yet we had had no glimpse of land.

The next half-hour was practically a repetition of our previous rise. At 6,000 feet sunshine above as clear as it had been ; at 7,000 clear, cool air ; at 7,500 the roar of the sea and a glimpse of water seen through a rent in the clouds. Slowly we rose above the clouds to 8,500 feet ; heard the roar underneath.

Shortly after half-past five, five hours after the start, we seemed to hear the sea crashing on the beach underneath. Were we crossing the coast ? No land sounds reached us, no sight of anything but clouds met our eyes. In another minute we were descending through the mist. Note-book in hand, I stood watching the darkening mist. Was it never going to be land beneath us ?

At 5.45 we were at 4,500 feet, with water below.

By six o'clock we had descended to 3,000 feet, but still saw nothing but sea as far round as the eye could reach. Ah, but what was that white speck ? A seagull, with a couple of friends, to cheer us in our loneliness.

Turning to the compass, we could note the direction of the wind by watching the drift on the surface of the sea ; the current of air which swept it was evidently coming from the north. We must, therefore, be moving in the right direction.

Another weary wait of half an hour followed. At half-past six a ship ahead gave us our first greeting of human kinship. By a quarter to seven no fewer than four fishing-boats were in sight, and at the hour we counted nine. These fishing-boats must be near land. They betokened safety, which the dark waste waters behind did not. Still, no land was yet in sight, and the balloon had begun to rise. At a quarter-past seven darkness was beginning to fall as we pierced our way through a dark cloud. That was the tensest moment of our suspense. We rose above the dark, unfriendly waters of the sea beneath and passed above the ominous clouds. Then the ascent stopped; we began to descend. The camera was strapped into the hoop, so that if we got a wetting the films recording the eclipse might yet be kept dry. At 3,700 feet we noticed a dark line ahead. What was it? It appeared first as merely a darkness over the waters, but it was edged with white, and to my eye it meant land. The white line marked the breakers on the shore, the darkness the coast-line between the land and sea. It was some time before we could be quite sure. Clouds intervened, but the next descent put an end to doubt. We were approaching the shore. A speck of light flashed out. Half-past seven and a quarter to eight found the darkness thicker, but brought the coast nearer and nearer.

The eye of a lighthouse winked, ten seconds dark, fifty seconds light. Now friendly lights spangled the dark coast. Was it Trouville? No, because the country seemed too sparsely populated.

We approached. The breakers were beneath us; darkness had closed in. We were only 1,000 feet up. Lower and lower we sank. A shout reached us from the shore. We held out our arms to welcome those who were waiting to greet us. We had passed the coast-line safely at last; land was beneath us.

We allowed the balloon to come down in the first available fields. The anchor was thrown out, and the onward drag of the balloon arrested. We had a lively anchoring. No one saw the descent, and we dragged over the open land while

the opened valve allowed the gas to escape. The grapnel soon did its work, and, emptied of its gas, the balloon lay an inert, shapeless mass on the ground. We had crossed the coast at Langrune-sur-Mer, Calvados. The name of the village near our actual landing was, appropriately enough, La Delivrand, a few miles from Caen, in Normandy, the home and birthplace of William the Conqueror.

We had travelled 160 miles from our starting-point in seven and a half hours. It was eight o'clock when we landed. We received every assistance from the villagers, put up in a local hotel for the night, and returned next day by train and steamer, none the worse for establishing a record long-distance voyage over the seas.

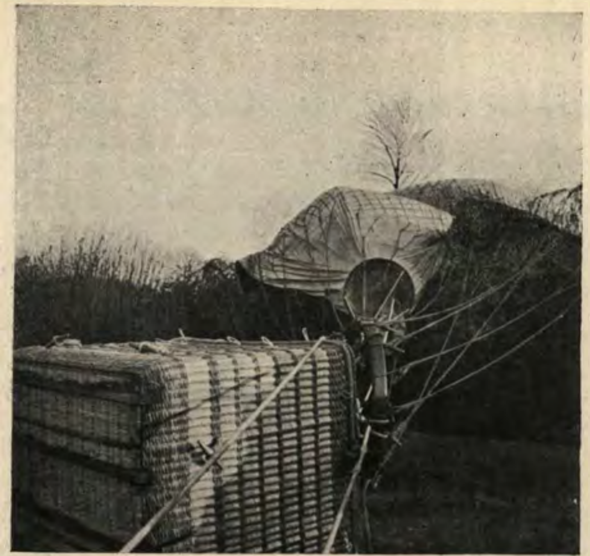
It was a very memorable expedition.

I recall an interesting moonlight voyage through the air made in 1906. This was my sixtieth ascent, and was made in the balloon *Dolce Far Niente.*

We left London on May 10th, at nine o'clock, from the Wandsworth Gas Works, an hour and a half after the full moon had risen.

The journey was made amid the ceaseless singing of nightingales 2,000 feet below. All night, too, the peewits called and the cuckoos only rested for two short hours. Through the glorious light of the moon, so clear and shining that we could see to read the evening papers, summer lightning played continually with weird splendour. It was a night of rare delight for the naturalist. Brighton was our intended destination. We wished to escape from the swelter of London and see some new phases of the earth, particularly to see the sunrise from a height of several thousand feet. We took our supper aboard and kept a log of the journey.

The first thing that struck us as we sailed away over Surrey was the marvellous effect of the lights of London. It was a most impressive sight. Imagine millions on millions of lights, like a vast starry firmament, only upon the earth itself ; with



[Photo by Author.

A ROUGH DESCENT.

Period 1907.



[Photo by Dr. Lockyer.

A NIGHT ASCENT TO SEE THE COMET.

The author took two constables up captive in the early morning.

Period 1907.

the lights of the Big Wheel at Earl's Court standing out for many miles into the heart of Surrey.

And then our own electric lights were the cause of a most interesting state of things, for at an altitude of something like 2,000 feet they attracted a host of midges or gnats. We had not thought it possible that they could fly so high.

Right through the night blue lightnings vied with the silver moonlight in lighting our way; but when we lost the last of London's lights we lost all clue to our whereabouts, for we recognized no familiar landmarks in the sleeping country underneath us. If we had been able to sail a straight course, we should have kept our bearings all right; but the electric storm caused the wind to vary so much that it was only by descending now and then, and once by making inquiries, that we quite knew where we were. We did not want to find ourselves at sea.

It was delightfully cool, the air so soft and genial that we needed no overcoats. The dead quiet and solemn silence (and no one can realize what stillness means till he has been up in a balloon at night) was only broken by the songs of birds. There must have been hundreds of nightingales singing the whole night through.

At the great height at which the balloon travelled, the voices of all the nightingales in many square miles of country below could be heard as one "constant chorus."

It was just after midnight that the cuckoos started calling, and these were heard about half a dozen together. Also the log-book contains the following entry: "Two a.m. lark began." The peewits never ceased their plaintive notes.

Once we heard a mournful moaning, like the cry of a wounded dog. We concluded that it was a fox caught in a gin.

Half a dozen times we descended to rest, for we did not want to reach Brighton before morning. The wind was never strong, however, so our journey was as placid as we could have desired. Sometimes we dropped into gentlemen's parks, the car resting lightly on the ground, and the inhabitants of the mansions close by sleeping all unconscious of

our presence—we even gently trailed our ropes over their roofs and bedrooms.

At descent we never left the car. If one of us had done so, the balloon would quickly have risen to an altitude of something like 15,000 feet. We could not smoke either, but we could always read, though we much preferred watching and listening.

At about 2 a.m., just as the first lark soared singing to us, we dropped, thoroughly mystified as to our whereabouts, in a rookery close to a house. The rooks, startled out of their sleep by the sudden advent of our great car among their nests, made an extraordinary clamour. We halloed, and very quickly, what with our noise and the increasing cawing of the rooks, a gentleman put his head out of a bedroom window. Judge of his surprise to see us sitting in the top of his tree, with the great balloon towering above. A conversation after this sort ensued:

"Goodness gracious! Who are you?"

"Balloonists resting. Where are we?"

"Twelve miles from Brighton going south. Are you stuck?"

"Oh no, we're very happy. You don't mind us sitting on top of your tree, do you?"

"Not at all. Good-night."

And then the window banged and I should think he was soon snoring. But the rooks didn't settle down so quickly.

It was during one of these rests by the way that we ate our supper, afterwards reascending into the moonlight and lightning. But when we found ourselves on the south side of Redhill we trailed all the way, otherwise we should have reached the sea too soon.

Near Brighton Downs the wind failed. The balloon stopped dead, and in a few moments actually began to sail in the opposite direction. But the change was only temporary.

We made out that the cock was the only sensible bird, for he slept until 3 a.m., and then crowed in the dawn so lustily that he could be heard as though he were within six feet of us.



EASTER HOUSE PARTY AT "THE HENDRE," LORD LLANGATTOCK'S HOME

The author's new balloon, *Dolce far Niente*, leaving Monmouth with the Hon. C. S. Rolls and Mr. John Holder.

Period 1906.

After making a successful descent at Portslade, just outside Brighton, at 4.30 a.m., we were back in London at 10 a.m.

The first Aero Club race, for a fifty-guinea cup presented by the Associated News and *Daily Mail* and *Evening News*, took place from Ranelagh Club on July 7, 1906—the first time that seven balloons had ever ascended in England from one spot. The Club lawn resembled the enclosure at Ascot on Cup Day, and the weather was ideal. The interest shown by a large and fashionable company in the race, despite the counter-attractions of polo matches and a gymkhana, was very marked, and the Club gained several new recruits before the start.

By kind permission of the War Office and Colonel Capper, C.B., R.E. (now General Sir John Capper, K.C.B.), head of the Balloon Factory at Aldershot, a balloon section of the Royal Engineers assisted in the inflation and sending off of the balloons. Captain King, R.E., and Lieutenant Wright, R.E., sent off pilot balloons to ascertain the direction and strength of the wind. As what little wind there was came from the south-west, a perimeter race was decided on, the winner to be the balloon that descended nearest to Ingatestone, a little village near Chelmsford.

The following took part in the race, starting at 4 p.m. in the order named:

(1) *Aero Club No.* 3 (50,000 feet capacity), Mr. C. F. Pollock aeronaut in charge; passengers, Princess di Teano and Viscount Royston.

(2) *Dolce Far Niente* (45,000 feet), Mr. Hedges Butler aeronaut in charge; passengers, Colonel Capper, C.B., R.E., and Mrs. Capper.

(3) *Zenith* (42,000 feet), Professor A. K. Huntington aeronaut in charge; passengers, Mr. Martin Dale and Mr. H. Perrin.

(4) *Carnation* (35,000 feet), Mr. Griffith Brewer aeronaut in charge; passenger, Mr. Walter Stewart.

(5) *Venus* (42,000 feet), Mr. Moore-Brabazon aeronaut in charge; passengers, Miss Krabbé and Mr. Warwick Wright.

(6) *Midget* (17,000 feet), Hon. C. S. Rolls.

(7) *Enchantress* (50,000 feet), Mr. Leslie Bucknall aeronaut in charge; passengers, Mr. Ernest and Mr. Leonard Bucknall.

My balloon, the *Dolce Far Niente*, descended within a few hundred yards of the railway station and secured the first prize. The second prize was awarded to *Aero Club No.* 3.

On September 30, 1906, I was a competitor with Mr. Griffith Brewer in the Gordon-Bennett balloon race. Sixteen balloons started from the Tuileries in Paris, and seven nations were represented. We covered a distance of 120 miles in the balloon *City of London* (77,000 feet), and came down at Blonville-sur-Mer, Calvados, Normandy, half a mile from the sea. The race was won by Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, of America, who landed at Flying Dales, in Yorkshire. On May 25, 1907, the *Dolce Far Niente*, carrying Captain W. A. de C. King, R.E., Lieutenant Wright, R.E., and myself, won the cup presented for competition by Mrs. Assheton Harbord. The race was governed by the Aero Club International Federation rules. It was not a contest of speed, the winning balloon being that which should descend nearest to a point selected by the organizing committee of the Aero Club immediately before the start. Nine balloons competed. Goring in Oxfordshire was fixed as the



[Photo by Flight.

AN INTERNATIONAL BALLOON CONTEST OF THIRTY-ONE BALLOONS FROM HURLINGHAM.

The late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts is in the foreground.

Period 1908.

place of descent, and it was there that we came down, 200 yards from the appointed spot. The result of the race was recorded as follows:

Mr. Hedges Butler's *Dolce Far Niente*	1
Colonel Capper's *Pegasus*	2
Hon. C. S. Rolls's *Nebula*	3

THE GLORIOUS DEAD

Both my companions, Captain King, R.E., and Lieutenant Wright, R.E., rewarded after his death with the V.C., were killed in the Great War of 1914–18.

Whom the gods loved they gave in youth's first
flower
One infinite hour of glory. That same hour,
Before a leaf droops from the laurel, come
Winged Death and Sleep to bear Sarpedon home.

Iliad xvi. 676–83.

CHAPTER XIV

AIRSHIP AND AEROPLANE FLIGHTS

On June 14, 1907, I was introduced at the French Aero Club at St.-Cloud by Mr. Alan Hawley, President of the American Aero Club, to a Mr. Wilbur Wright, who in casual conversation told me he could fly! This, I think, came to me as the greatest surprise of my life, and I quote the following record of the meeting with Mr. Wright as written subsequently for the editor of *Answers*:

What did Mr. Wilbur Wright really mean? It was a puzzle to me. Yet even then, somehow, his words and look seemed to carry conviction to my mind. I felt certain that he could do what he said.

"I can fly," said he, "just when I like, where I like, and almost as many miles as I like! My brother and I have flown in remote places in the States many and many a time during the past four years. We've learned the secret. We've got the machine; and we can do it!"

I simply sat staring at him in wonderment and perplexity. Yet, as I say, I was absolutely convinced he spoke the truth. And that was my first introduction to Mr. Wilbur Wright.

He told me he had come to Europe to sell his patent rights in this extraordinary machine. He had first offered them to the American Government, who had refused to buy. Then he had come over the ocean and made the same offer to the English and German nations, who had also both seen nothing



MR. WILBUR WRIGHT WITH AN AMERICAN LADY. FLIGHT FROM LE MANS, FRANCE.

Period 1908.

in them! So he was now in Paris negotiating with a French syndicate for the sale of this great discovery. At first they, too, fought shy of it, and almost refused; but, finally, they agreed to purchase the Wrights' invention.

That night I speak of, after we had had a quiet dinner of stewed eels and potted hare at a small restaurant in St.-Cloud, on the Seine, Wilbur Wright came to see me off in a balloon, with Mr. Hawley. It was my eighty-seventh ascent, and in a gale; and, crossing several frontiers—Belgium, Germany, and the Rhine—we made a descent close to the Zuyder Zee, in Holland.

I bade him a warm "Good-bye!" and as the balloon ascended, I watched this wonderful man stroll back quietly to his hotel, evidently thinking deeply all the time. And up in the air my own mind was a mass of bewilderment. I could not comprehend that the great problem which had puzzled ages was solved. I looked at the speck of a man just visible below, and I whispered to myself, half in awe, "Think of it! Great Heaven, that man can fly!"

When Mr. Wilbur Wright came over to Europe again, in 1908, he kindly invited me to have a trip in his wonderful machine, which I did. Thus, as early as October 1908, at Le Mans, I went up with him for the first time on an aeroplane, to my own unbounded delight. The late Hon. C. S. Rolls and myself had been the first civilian Englishmen to go up in a dirigible airship—the *Ville de Paris*—in 1907. We made our hundredth balloon ascent together, and now we were among the pioneers to go up in an aeroplane. I shall never forget that day at Le Mans with Wilbur Wright. Yes, he could fly, indeed; and I had flown with him!

And one thing is certain. The marvellous deeds of Farman, Rolls, Blériot, Paulhan, White, and even of Santos-Dumont may rank high, may loom large in the future when is written the history of what happened soon after 1901 came in. But the great name above all will be that of the man with the frank face, the blue eyes, the firm chin, whom I met that night in 1907 for the first time. His name, and that of his brother, will be immortal in this wonderful story—the names

of Wilbur and Orville Wright. For they were the first human beings who successfully experimented; who made the first successful heavier-than-air machine; who first made flying possible; who first really flew!

At the end of June I was back in England to take part in the long-distance balloon race for the Hedges Butler Challenge Cup. Eight balloons started, and the event was remarkable because it took place in a heavy thunderstorm. With Captain King, I ascended myself in the *Dolce Far Niente*, but under the weight of water it was impossible to get very far. The rain, lightning, and thunder were terrific, and we came down in a private enclosure near the Robin Hood Gate of Richmond Park. Another balloon, the *Enchantress*, descended in a field off Burntwood Lane, Earlsfield, at 5.20 p.m. The anchor of the balloon tore off the corner of a coping-stone, smashed two windows, and tore some slates from the roof of a house in Trenchfort Street, Earlsfield. Mr. Ernest Bucknall and Mr. Martin Dale were not injured in any way, though they received an electric shock.

The *Diamond*, containing Professor Huntington, with Mr. J. T. Moore-Brabazon and Miss Moore-Brabazon, descended safely at Beddington Lane Station, near Croydon, their ballast having been exhausted.

Lord Royston, with Mr. Alan Hawley, in the *Suffolk*, descended at Bromley. *Aero Club No.* 4, with Major Baden-Powell and Mr. Vere Ker-Seymer, came down at Roehampton, and the *Britannia*, with the Hon. C. S. Rolls on board,



THE HEDGES BUTLER CHALLENGE CUP.

Period 1906.

descended at Wimbledon Common. The *Venus*, carrying Mr. J. T. Moore-Brabazon, came down at Wimbledon Park, and the *Sapellite*, Mr. C. F. Pollock, reached the ground at Long Ditton.

In November 1907 the Hon. C. S. Rolls and myself were the first Englishmen to make an ascent in a dirigible airship, not belonging to the Government, to start and return to the same point. The airship was the *Ville de Paris*. M. Henry Kapferer was the pilot and M. Paulhan the mechanic. We started from and returned to Sartrouville, Paris. I cannot do better than give the description of the voyage as written by Mr. Rolls:

A white fog pressed close to my bedroom window like a blanket of fleecy wool. Not a pleasant sight for a man who has to take his first voyage in an airship. I had visions of being fog-bound in the seas of the air, of drifting helplessly on to the grey stones of Notre Dame, or crashing against the great steel structure of the Eiffel Tower. The whole city would be a submerged reef of rocks.

It was to be my hundredth balloon ascent, and was to be made in the company of my friend Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, who had also accomplished ninety-nine ascents. Like the true sportsman that he is, he had waited for me to get level with him, so that we could make the century together.

And this was to be no ordinary balloon ascent. M. Henri Deutsch de la Meurthe had courteously placed his dirigible airship, the *Ville de Paris*, at our disposal. It was an occasion—something to be remembered in after years. The densest fog that was ever conceived in the smoke of London would not have prevented us from hoping that we should be allowed to take the trip.

We drove in a taxicab to Sartrouville, and found the fog denser than it was in Paris; and when we entered the enormous garage, or shed, where the *Ville de Paris* lay like some

sleeping leviathan, we could hardly see from one end to the other. Then the chief and second engineers arrived. They made final adjustments to the mechanism and tested the engines. Before they had finished, the chief navigator—the captain—came upon the scene, and held council with his officers. They decided to have lunch. It was possible that the fog might clear by the time we had finished our meal.

The airship was in a deserted spot, and so we motored to St.-Germain, and lunched at the famous Pavillon Henri Quatre. On our way there we were turned back by a gendarme in the Park. He informed us that no kind of mechanically propelled vehicle was allowed in the vicinity of this sacred enclosure. Little did he think that a couple of hours later we should be sailing over his head and jeering at his impotent wrath.

On our return to Sartrouville the fog had almost dispersed. The crew of the airship were ready. M. Kapferer, the chief navigator, gave a signal, and the quiet shed became a scene of bustling activity.

Bang! Bang! Bang! My heart went into my boots. Something had exploded! There had been an accident! There would be no ascent, after all.

But I was mistaken. It was only a prearranged signal to some paid helpers in the neighbourhood, who were required to hold the vessel down at the start. Before many minutes had elapsed they were on the scene, and twenty lined up on each side of the framework. The word of command was given, and the huge cylinder, nearly 200 feet in length, began to thrust its nose out of the end of the shed.

Foot by foot it emerged, like some antediluvian monster creeping from its lair, until it stood on the open manœuvring ground. I was busy with my camera, when I heard my name called. It was my turn to go on board. Mr. Butler was already seated on a camp-stool in the stern of the ship. He looked warm and comfortable in the thick suit he used for tobogganing in Switzerland. It would doubtless be cold when we rushed through the air, for this was not ordinary ballooning. It was an aerial motor-ride.



AUTHOR'S FLIGHT WITH MR. WILBUR WRIGHT AT LE MANS, FRANCE.

Period 1908.

I took my place behind the navigating-bridge and watched the trimming of the ship, which was evidently a matter of supreme importance. Ballast was being discharged in small quantities from bow and stern alternately. The captain kept his eye on the clinometer, an instrument for indicating the exact horizontal poise of the vessel.

It was a long time before there were any signs of buoyancy, for the balloon was still heavy with the moisture from the fog. Then at last the bows lifted, first a few inches, then a foot or two. She was still "down by the stern," however. It was suggested that Mr. Frank Butler should move for'ard, but the difficulty was met by the discharge of more ballast from the after-part of the vessel.

"All clear!" The words rang out above the chatter of voices. I had often heard them before, but never under such circumstances as these. The voices grew fainter and fainter. The voices dropped away from us. The voyage had begun.

"Slow ahead!" No voice this time, but a ring on the telegraph to the engine-room. The engine roared; the ship trembled from stem to stern; the wind brushed past our faces. This was something worth living for. It was the conquest of the air.

Then suddenly the engine stopped. The vessel turned round at right angles to her course, and we drifted broadside on with the wind, like any ordinary balloon. I began to think of unpleasant things. The descent of our 200 feet cylinder, shorn of its motive power, and left to the mercy of the wind, was something I did not care to contemplate.

The engineers struggled with the machinery in the fore-part of the vessel. Our navigator shouted down the telephone to ascertain the cause of the stoppage. No intelligible reply was received, but the men gesticulated wildly. I began to feel uncomfortable. I thought of all likely and unlikely accidents. I almost wished that I had made my hundredth ascent in an ordinary balloon, where there was no machinery. Those wild movements, that speechless excitement which can give no intelligible answer to a captain's questions or commands! Many a vessel had been wrecked at sea through

the crew and engineers losing their heads. And a wreck here—hundreds of feet above the earth——

My thoughts were interrupted by the welcome sound of the engines. I had made no allowance for the Gallic temperament. Nothing serious had happened, after all. A faulty adjustment of the carburettor—a mere incident in the daily life of a motorist.

We made up our leeway and headed for Paris. Then the captain spoke down the telephone, and a few minutes later the engine-room telegraph was moved to " Full speed ahead." We had already felt the cold rush of the air, but now the wind roared past us with the fury of a gale. The navigator drew his peaked cap tighter on to his head and put on his goggles and a scarf. We turned up our coat collars and clung to the side of the ship, which trembled like a torpedo-destroyer as the powerful engines forced it through the atmosphere. This was speed with a vengeance: not the silent speed of a balloon, which, even when it is travelling at 40 miles an hour, seems to be almost at rest, but the fierce speed of something that is being driven against a resisting force—the speed of power.

The course was set for Issy-les-Moulineaux, where we hoped to witness some aeroplane trials on the parade-ground. But as we approached Paris we entered a slight fog. So we decided to take a trip in the open country.

The ship was swung round, and as we again approached Sartrouville the fog began to clear and the huge garage-shed came into sight. Thence we sailed to St.-Germain, and floated over the Pavillon Henri Quatre, where we had been lunching earlier in the day. The hotel people came out and waved to us frantically. When we had told them we were going a voyage in an airship they had refused to believe us, but now they had the evidence of their own eyes.

By this time we were quite used to the novel sensation of being on an airship, and we walked about the deck like seasoned mariners of the air. We took photographs and admired the view

It might be supposed that this voyage provided hardly



A COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY THE AERO CLUB OF FRANCE, AFTER HAVING CROSSED THE CHANNEL IN A BALLOON AT THE WIDEST PART DURING A VOYAGE FROM LONDON TO CAEN, IN NORMANDY.

Period 1905.

any new experiences for anyone having already made ninety-nine ascents in a balloon. But such was not the case. *The sensation of being in an airship is entirely different to that of being in a balloon.*

If I was asked to describe the difference in a few words, I should say that my hundredth ascent in the air was less pleasant but more exciting than any of the others that preceded it. A balloon moves at the same rate as the wind, and there is no sense of motion. One glides peacefully through the air, which seems still; and even where there is a strong breeze one does not feel the cold.

But in an airship the conditions are quite different. One is driven rapidly through the air; the cold is intense, as the wind rushes past with the fury of a gale; the framework of the ship quivers with the vibration of the engines. There is, however, practically no pitching or oscillating, except for a moment when the course is altered, or when the vessel is struck by a sudden squall.

Moreover, there is no tendency to air-sickness of any kind. As in a balloon, one feels no giddiness, for there is no connection between the eye and the ground; it is like looking upon a map. If there were anything between the ship and the ground that the eye could follow, such as a precipice, a man would grow dizzy as he looked into the depths.

I must confess that it took me some time to attain the same feeling of security that one has in an ordinary balloon. A number of unpleasant things occurred to me as we rushed through the air.

I wondered what would happen if, for instance, the rearmost propeller-shaft bearing were to break. The whole propeller would probably fall to earth, and carry with it a portion of the shafting. The airship, released of the weight, would shoot up like a rocket and drift away with the wind like an ordinary balloon. As it ascended, the gas would expand and blow out the safety-valve. The ship would rise through the clouds, and, as the rays of the sun fell on the envelope, the gas would expand still more rapidly. Then there would come a point when the lifting power of the balloon

would become less than its weight, and it would begin to fall.

As it re-entered the clouds the gas would contract, the envelope would grow heavy with moisture, and the whole structure would fall with terrible swiftness. The weight of the airship, with all its machinery, would be so great that it would be almost impossible to check the descent with the quantity of ballast usually carried. It would crash on to the ground; and the framework, which is necessarily rigid and unable to withstand serious blows, would probably break in pieces. Another portion of frame or machinery would be lost, and the ship might once more soar up into the clouds.

The same process of expansion and contraction would take place, but this time the descent would be more rapid, and there would be little or no ballast left to break the fall. The aeronauts' only chance of escaping with their lives would be to descend into a thick wood.

Such an accident as this is not very likely to arise in a carefully constructed airship, but a mere breakdown such as was not unheard of in the early days of motoring—a stoppage in the petrol pipes, a short circuit, or a hot bearing—might be attended with serious consequences. The airship would be turned into an ordinary balloon, while its great weight and bulk and its unyielding rigidity would render a descent, when travelling at the same speed as the wind, both difficult and dangerous.

In the case of an ordinary balloon the passengers are protected by a flexible wicker-work car, which gives to the shock, and from which it is very difficult to fall out; but in the case of an airship the car is a stiff wooden or tubular framework, with sides that are open in places, and which would easily fracture on violent contact with the earth.

I thought of all these possibilities while we were flying through the air, and I realized how much depended on the motor and the man in charge of the engine. But the latter seemed so supremely happy, and the engine was beating with such perfect rhythm, that I gradually became as confident as the captain, and soon lost all sense of fear.

The *Ville de Paris* had been rightly called a ship, for in many ways she resembled her sisters of the sea. The captain stood, or rather sat, at his post on the bridge; close to his hand were the telephone and telegraph to the engine-room, the two steering-wheels (for an airship moves both in vertical and horizontal planes), the aneroid for indicating altitude, the self-recording barometer, the thermometer, and a number of mysterious levers and gauges.

Like the captain of a vessel, the navigator steers by chart and compass, consults them frequently, and traces his course on the map. And, like any other sailor in charge of a ship, he has to keep his undivided attention upon his work; he has to be quick to think, and quick to act, cool in moments of danger, a man of authority.

We sailed out into the clear sky again, and continued our voyage. As we passed over the forest of St.-Germain we caught sight of a hunt, in which M. Henri Deutsch de la Meurthe was taking part. Needless to say, we descended, and skimmed just over the tops of the trees, exchanging greetings with the huntsmen, much to their amusement.

At one time a fort lay beneath us. How easy it would have been to have dropped a bomb behind the ramparts and blown the defenders to pieces! Small wonder that the military experts of all the great nations are devoting their brains and energies to the development of this new and terrible engine of war.

Before our voyage came to an end, M. Kapferer put the airship through her paces, just to show us how wonderfully she answered her helm. She moved as gracefully and easily as a bird. Upwards and downwards, to right and left, however the navigator chose to guide her, she swooped and curved with incredible swiftness and accuracy. Twice she described a complete figure of eight as skilfully as any skater at Prince's.

Our starting-place was now near at hand, and the crew began to make preparations for our descent. I fancied that the final landing would be by no means the least exciting part of the journey.

We were travelling with the wind, which had freshened

somewhat since the start, and were running before it at the rate of nearly 40 miles an hour. To an ordinary balloonist it seemed we were in for a lively time. It was still misty, and it was necessary to keep a sharp look out ahead. My task had already been allotted to me. I was to discharge the huge trail-rope at the word of command, and I "stood by," as the sailors have it. At a time like this there was no place for an idle passenger.

Then, suddenly, the great garage-shed loomed up out of the mist, and in a moment we had flashed past it, only just clearing the roof.

"Overshot the mark," I said to myself, "and badly too." I expected to hear the beat of the engine die away into silence, or at any rate, throb more slowly as the speed was reduced. But we continued to rush through the air at full speed.

Then suddenly the airship lurched, like a vessel struck by a squall. I clung to the side, as the helm was put hard over and the great machine swerved round into the wind.

I understood the manœuvre at once. I had been a fool to think that we had accidentally overshot the mark. They were going to shoot her up to her moorings against the tide, in this case a swift current of air instead of water.

The speed slackened as we fought our way back against the wind. The shed came in sight again, and the aeroplanes were set so as to force us downwards. We were now almost over the manœuvring ground, and a great concourse of people had gathered to await our return.

The engine-room telegraph rang, and the speed was reduced till it just held us up against the wind. Lower and lower we sank towards the earth; the word of command was given; I discharged the great trail-rope, which unwound itself as it fell, and was gripped by a score of willing hands; the propeller still moved to keep us head-to-wind; and then we floated on to the ground almost without knowing we had touched it.

Cheers went up from the crowd as they watched this supreme triumph on the part of the navigator. We collected our cameras and instruments and alighted on solid earth once more.



HISTORIC LUNCHEON GIVEN BY THE AUTHOR TO THE BROTHERS WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT.

(See Appendix III.)

Period 1909.

We bade farewell to M. Kapferer and to M. Paulhan, the clever and genial young engineer of the ship. Then we returned to Paris, delighted to have been the first Englishmen to go a voyage in a private airship.

We spent the evening at our hotel in the company of M. Henri Deutsch de la Meurthe, the owner of the *Ville de Paris* and one of the most hospitable men in France. His name will always be remembered in connection with the early days of the conquest of the air, for he has done much to further the science of aeronautics; and among the numerous valuable prizes he has offered is the one recently captured by Mr. Farman.

The next morning the whole experience seemed like a dream, and it was hard to believe that we had not merely been reading a story by Jules Verne or H. G. Wells.

Exactly twenty hours after our ascent the *Patrie* was lost; and the *Ville de Paris*, thanks to the generosity of its owner, was handed over to the French Government.

We were glad to think we had taken the opportunity when it had been offered to us. If we had waited another day or two, the chance might have been lost to us for ever.

The first man-birds were Wilbur and Orville Wright, and the first passengers to make a flight in a Wright aeroplane returning to the same point were the following:

1908.

September 16	..	M. Ernest Zeus
September 25	..	M. Paul Zeus
September 28	..	M. Tissaudier
September 28	..	M. Lambert
October 3	..	M. Dickin
October 3	..	M. Reichel
October 5	..	M. Pellier
October 6	..	Mr. Fordyce
October 7	..	Mr. Hart O. Berg

October 7	..	Mrs. Hart O. Berg
October 7	..	M. Jamin
October 7	..	M. Michalopoulo
October 7	..	M. Seldotenkoff
October 8	..	Mr. Griffith Brewer
October 8	..	Hon. C. S. Rolls
October 8	..	Mr. Frank Hedges Butler
October 8	..	Major Baden-Powell

The *Automotor* contained the following comment on these flights:

An incident of extraordinary interest and historic importance took place at Auvours on Thursday, October 8th, when Mr. Wilbur Wright took as passengers on his aeroplane four Englishmen in succession. They are the first residents of the United Kingdom who can claim to have flown and returned to the same starting-point, and, as it was only appropriate, the veteran aeronaut, Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, had the record duration, with a flight of 4 min. 31$\frac{2}{5}$ secs. The Hon. C. S. Rolls, from whom we have received a most interesting account of his experience, which appears elsewhere, made a flight lasting 4 mins. 27$\frac{2}{5}$ secs., while Major Baden-Powell and Mr. Griffith Brewer were aloft for 4 mins. 25 secs., and 4 mins. 22$\frac{2}{5}$ secs. respectively. Subsequent to the flights Mr. Griffith Brewer entertained Mr. Wright and his compatriots at luncheon, when the famous aviator related some of the more interesting experiences of the days when he was learning the art of flight at Dakota and Kitty Hawk.

In the *Sportsman* of October 13, 1908, I published the following impressions of my flight:

Like a bird in a cage, yes! I have flown! To look back seems like a dream, but I have seen Mr. Wilbur Wright fly for over an hour by day and by night. I have also seen sixteen passengers, including two ladies, make a flight with him. One asks what it feels like to fly; the answer is, there

is no sensation whatever: it is as if man has always flown. To give an idea, it is like gliding over sparkling water where you can see the bottom. A perfect feeling of security and stability; turning the corners and tipping the wings is like skating on the outside edge. Wright feels his levers and looks at his planes, as a skipper looks at his sails to see if they are full.

The great problem of the navigation of the air, which is now solved, must proceed. Future battles will be fought in the air, and a new aerial force, different from the Army and Navy, will be formed. Lighthouses on land will be erected by the Trinity Board to mark the way at night. Lamps on aeroplanes or flyers will be used; with smaller planes speed will be terrific—200 miles an hour. Twenty-one miles across the Channel means a very few minutes; the winds at sea blow steadier than on land. Aeroplanes can be made to float on the water and raise themselves. No reason, if now they can carry equal to three passengers, an aeroplane should not carry more with larger planes and engines. The North Pole, tropical forests of Central Africa, Australia, and the Sahara Desert will be new fields for the explorer to glide over.

May the brothers Orville and Wilbur Wright live for many years to continue and improve their great invention of the age, the heavier-than-air flying machine.

I will conclude by reproducing the following expression of opinion on the question of proprietary rights in the air which I made in 1909. In view of the international regulations made in 1920 in respect of aerial traffic, it has peculiar interest:

The question of proprietary rights in the air is bound ere long to crop up to a greater or less degree all over the world. How it will be settled—if it ever is—is problematical, but it is fairly certain that nations will take steps to regulate and supervise the passage over their territories of airships and

aeroplanes. So far, the international aspect of the case; which is, I may add, by far the most important, involving as it does delicate and intricate questions of boundaries, rights of belligerents and of non-combatants in time of war, custom-house duties, and so on.

With regard to private "ownership" of air-space, old ideas as to this will have to be largely modified, for while it does not precisely appear how a householder, for example, can prevent an aerial craft from passing high above his house, he certainly ought to be able to object to one circling round and round his dwelling-place at a low elevation, in such a manner as to permit of its occupants peering into his windows. This, of course, is an extreme case. But it will serve to illustrate my meaning. The whole subject is yet in embryo. But there is little doubt that jurists will be able, when the time comes, to frame laws to regulate aviation, precisely as they have done as regards navigation at sea and "railroading" and motoring on land.

APPENDIX I

MY LOG OF BALLOON ASCENTS

Number of Voyage and Date.	Balloon.	Ascent at.	Descent at.	Names of Passengers.	Remarks.
No. 1. 1901 Sept. 24	City of York, 42,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Sidcup Park, Kent	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Vera Butler (now Mrs. Hugh Iltid Nicholl), Hon. C. S. Rolls, Mr. Stanley Spencer	During the voyage the author founded the Aero Club of the United Kingdom and Ireland, together with his daughter, Miss Vera Butler, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls. At descent registered the name Aero Club.
No. 2. Nov. 15	City of York, 42,000 ft.	Stamford Bridge	Wateringbury Park, Kent	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Vera Butler, Mr. Stanley Spencer	Inaugural ascent of the Aero Club. Very cold and clear. Many members of the Automobile Club came to see us off. The Hon. C. S. Rolls had to alight from car owing to the small lifting capacity of balloon.
No. 3. Dec. 19	Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft.	Gasworks at Landy, Paris	The property of Duchesse d'Uzès, Bullion, Seine-et-Oise	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Vera Butler, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Count de la Vaulx	Ascent in a snowstorm. Passed close to the Eiffel Tower and across Paris—went over Mont Valérien Fort, ground covered with frost and snow. Colonel and Mrs. Templer came to see us off.
No. 4. 1902 May 3	City of York, 42,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Kidbrooke, Kent	F. Hedges Butler, Sir Vincent Barrington, Mr. Stanley Spencer	Visit of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales (now their Majesties the King and Queen). Weather stormy. Introduced statoscope and registering barograph.
No. 5. May 14	Graphic, 45,000 ft.	Welsh Harp	Ightham, Kent	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Vera Butler, Mr. Percival Spencer	Balloon followed the Edgware Road and over the Automobile Club (119 Piccadilly). Good photograph taken of Buckingham Palace. Gusty starting, but calm descent. First ascent of balloon Graphic.
No. 6. May 24	Vivienne I, 35,000 ft.	Ranelagh Club	Bexhill, Sussex	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Leslie Bucknall, Mr. Stanley Spencer	First ascent of Mr. Leslie Bucknall's new balloon. Weather clear; trailed over Ashdown Forest and landed in Ashburnham Park.

No. 7. May 31	Graphic, 45,000 ft.	Ranelagh Club	Evesham, Worcester-shire	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Vera Butler, Mr. John Holder (first ascent), Mr. C. F. Pollock	Splendid voyage. Trees and fences covered with May blossom. Trailed some distance and good descent 2 miles north of Evesham. Three balloons started.
No. 8. June 4	Graphic, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Rainham, Essex	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Vera Butler, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Made descent in same field as Vivienne I.
No. 9. June 21	Vivienne I, 35,000 ft.	Ranelagh Club	Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Leslie Bucknall, Mr. C. F. Pollock	Bad direction of wind down the Thames.
No. 10. June 25	Vivienne I, 35,000 ft.	Ranelagh Club	Maidenhead, Berks	F. Hedges Butler, Sir Vincent Barrington, Mr. Leslie Bucknall	Descended in a field near Maidenhead Thicket.
No. 11. July 16	Graphic, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Ilford, Essex	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. C. F. Pollock	Light wind and great crowd at landing.
No. 12. July 17	Leila, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Near Rochester	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Beckett, Mr. Percival Spencer, Mr. Goddard	Inauguration of new balloon.
No. 13. July 30	Graphic, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Chatham	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Leslie Bucknall, Mr. Percival Spencer	Splendid view of the forts at Chatham and the men-of-war.
No. 14. Nov. 15	Graphic, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Herriad, Hampshire	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Vera Butler, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Motor Car and Balloon Chase, good guide-roping and descent.
No. 15. Dec. 8	Vivienne I, 35,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Corby, Lincolnshire	F. Hedges Butler	First solo ascent. 115 miles alone in balloon without seeing land, owing to the fog, from Crystal Palace to Corby, Lincolnshire, and no ballast used except for descent.

Number of Voyage and Date.	Balloon.	Ascent at.	Descent at.	Names of Passengers.	Remarks.
No. 16. Dec. 19	Vivienne II, 50,000 ft.	Reading	Pewsey, Wiltshire	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Leslie Bucknall, Mr. Gaudron, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Balloon and Motor Chase. Very frosty, and guide-rope covered with snow. Balloon varnish froze in air, and on touching the air burst right up. Mr. Gaudron took good view of Savernake Forest. Colonel and Mrs. Mark Mayhew first to touch balloon car.
No. 17. 1903 May 9	Aero Club No. 1, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Catford	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. C. F. Meade, Mr. R. K. Micklethwaite	Very light wind and heavy thunderstorms just after descent. Came down 3 miles from starting-point. The second balloon descended in Greenwich Park.
No. 18. May 20	Vivienne II, 50,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Westinghanger near Folkestone	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Leslie Bucknall, Mr. Gaudron, Mrs. Miles (first ascent)	Strong wind blowing 50 miles an hour and a rough descent in field close to a wood which held the balloon.
No. 19. May 23	Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft.	Ranelagh Club	Near Alresford, Hampshire	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Vera Butler, Gen. Sir Henry Colvile, K.C.M.G. Mr. J. T. Moore-Brabazon (first ascent)	Came down in Colonel Gordon-Ives' property, who entertained all the party, and returned the next day to town.
No. 20. May 28	Graphic, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Mortlake	F. Hedges Butler, Sir Vincent Barrington, Mr. Pitman (first ascent)	Rose to 10,000 ft. and descended in field close to Lower Richmond Road, Mortlake. Had gas lamps put out.
No. 21. June 6	Aero Club No. 1, 45,000 ft.	Ranelagh Club	Hamworthy, nr. Poole, Dorset	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. C. F. Pollock	First night ascent at 9.30 p.m. Trailed from Aldershot across the New Forest. Splendid concert of nightingales, owls, other night-birds and frogs. Had electric lights, statoscope, and registering barograph. Professor Huntington followed to Southampton in motor-car.

No. 22. June 10	Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft.	Ranelagh Club	Welling, Kent	F. Hedges Butler, Sir Vincent Barrington, Miss Bird (first ascent)	Aldershot Day. Light wind; came down in soft ploughed field.
No. 23. June 25	Graphic, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Erith	F. Hedges Butler Mr. Crémieu-Javal (first ascent), Mr. Reade (first ascent)	Bad direction of wind down Thames.
No. 24. June 30	Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Kidbrooke, Kent	F. Hedges Butler Mr. Van Baldiger (first ascent), Mr. R. K. Micklethwaite	Bad direction of wind, thundery weather.
No. 25. July 7	Aero Club No. 1, 45,000 ft.	Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park	Horsham	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Percival Spencer	Fête in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Visit of H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (now H.M. King George), Prince Edward and Prince Albert (now H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York). Mr. H. P. Hansell, their tutor, put the young Princes in the balloon basket. Second night ascent left 9 p.m. Fine view of London, illuminated in honour of President Loubet; landed at 3 a.m.
No. 26. July 25	Aero Club No. 1, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Near Cambridge	F. Hedges Butler, Col. Lumsden, C.B. (first ascent), Capt. Skeffington-Smyth, D.S.O. (first ascent)	Sun very hot and clear day.
No. 27. Dec. 6	War Balloon, 17,000 ft. hydrogen	Aldershot	Frensham, Surrey	F. Hedges Butler, Lieut. Broke-Smith, R.E.	Visit of Count de la Vaulx. Very frosty, and guide-rope covered with snow.

Number of Voyage and Date.	Balloon.	Ascent at.	Descent at.	Names of Passengers.	Remarks.
No. 28. Dec. 20	Aero Club No. 3, 50,000 ft.	Park of Aerostation, St. Cloud, Paris	Near Moissons	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Vera Butler, Count d'Oultremont, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Count de la Vaulx	Very frosty and foggy on land—hot sun through the clouds.
No. 29. 1904 June 4	Norfolk, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Chichester	F. Hedges Butler, Mrs. Manville (first ascent), Charles Spencer, age 6 (first ascent), Mr. Percival Spencer	First journey after severe illness. Splendid descent. Mr. Manville drove us back in motor next day.
No. 30. July 14	Aero Club, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Saffron Walden	F. Hedges Butler, Prof. Huntington, Mr. Percival Spencer	Fine and clear.
No. 31. July 23	Norfolk, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Newmarket Heath	F. Hedges Butler, Prof. Huntington, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Fine and clear. Descent on Newmarket race-course. Professor Huntington drove us back in his motor-car to London.
No. 32. Sept. 24	Norfolk, 45,000 ft.	Birmingham	Monmouth	Mr. F. Hedges Butler, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Mr. Percival Spencer	Motor and Balloon Chase by invitation of Sir John Holder, Bart. Left Pitmaston in strong wind, passed over Droitwich, Worcester, and the Malvern Hills, crossed the Valley of the Wye and landed close to the Hendre, the residence of Lord Llangattock, and returned next day—magnificent voyage and scenery.
No. 33. 1905 April 6	Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Hastings	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Percival Spencer	Second attempt to cross Channel; came down with one bag of ballast.

No. 34. May 18	Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Baynards, Sussex	F. Hedges Butler, Prof. Huntington, Mr. C. F. Meade	Fine, but rather tricky clouds.
No. 35. May 27	Aero Club No. 3, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Wyverstone, Suffolk	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. C. F. Pollock	Good trailing day. Guide-roped from Chelmsford to descent.
No. 36. June 17	Carnation, 35,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Weald, near Sevenoaks	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Réné Loste	Came down on Mr. Leslie Bucknall's property and returned next day.
No. 37. June 22	Carnation, 35,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Billingshurst, Sussex	F. Hedges Butler	Second solo ascent; rose to 9,000 ft. Went over Epsom, Boxhill, and Dorking.
No. 38. June 29	Bradford, 35,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Englefield, near Pangbourne	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Réné Loste	Very wet and rained nearly the whole journey, and hardly saw land. Came down in Mr. Benyon's Park at Englefield.
No. 39. July 8	Aero Club No. 3, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Heyford, Oxfordshire	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Leslie Bucknall, Mr. C. F. Pollock	Splendid voyage and the clearest ever made. Passed over Hurlingham and Ranelagh Clubs, Richmond Park, Sion and Osterley Parks. Trailed across Burnham Beeches. Mr. Leslie Bucknall alighted at Thame. Mr. F. Hedges Butler and Mr. C. F. Pollock continued journey, balloon rising to 10,200 ft., and came down not far from Blenheim Park at Heyford, in Oxfordshire. At this altitude could see the earth and some splendid cloud effects, looking like high waves and snow glaciers.
No. 40. July 18	War Balloon, 17,000 ft. hydrogen	Balloon Camp, Aldershot	Lightwater	F. Hedges Butler, Lieut. Broke-Smith, R.E.	Third night ascent. Aldershot Fête in aid of the military institutions. Left at 1 a.m. and landed at 4.30. Trailed all the way, making several descents *en route*. Two other war balloons started at the same time in charge of Col. Capper, C.B., R.E. (descent Rye), and Lieut. Wells, R.E. (descent in Essex).

Number of Voyage and Date.	Balloon.	Ascent at.	Descent at.	Names of Passengers.	Remarks.
No. 41. Aug. 30	Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Calvados, La Délivrande, near Caen, France	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Percival Spencer	Cross Channel, and eclipse of sun. Left London 12.35; left Brighton 2.10 p.m. (See special article.)
No. 42. Sept. 11	La Belgique, 50,000 ft.	Liége Exhibition	Wynandrade, Holland	F. Hedges Butler, Count d'Oultremont, Mr. Zens	Balloon, fitted with ballonet, went in a southerly direction, and landed in Holland. Heavy thunderstorm.
No. 43. Sept. 30	Aero Club, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Berwick, near Eastbourne	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Ernest Bucknall, Mr. C. F. Pollock	Passed over Addington Park, Buckhurst, and Ashdown Forest. Landed 1 hr. 45 min. Upper Dicker.
No. 44. Oct. 7	Aero Club, 45,000 ft.	Pitmaston, Birmingham	Near Bletchley, Northamptonshire	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Ernest Bucknall	Fine views of Kenilworth Castle, Warwick Castle, Leamington, and Stoke Park.
No. 45. Oct. 17	Vivienne III, 50,000 ft.	St. Cloud, Parc d'Aerostation, Paris	Mont Jean-Anthony, Seine-et-Oise	Mr. F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Ernest Bucknall, Mr. Leslie Bucknall	Magnificent panoramic view of Paris, Longchamps, and Bois de Boulogne; temperature 38° Fahr.
No. 46. Oct. 28	Aero Club No. 3, 45,000 ft.	Oxford	Thorney, near Peterborough	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Martin Dale, Mr. C. F. Pollock	Splendid view of Oxford colleges, quadrangles, and gardens. Looked like a large palace. Trailed and disturbed many hares in Fen district.
No. 47. Nov. 17	Club Balloon, 50,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Mitcham Common	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Leslie Bucknall, Mr. Meig (first ascent)	Very foggy and frosty; soon got through clouds to blue sky and warmth; temperature 28° Fahr. Tried new ripping-cord valve.
No. 48. Dec. 9	Club Balloon, 50,000 ft.	Sevenoaks	Folkestone	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Leslie Bucknall, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Splendid run. Too many on board to cross Channel.

No. 49. 1906 Jan. 20	Club Balloon, 50,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Gravesend	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Leslie Bucknall, Miss Elsie Owen (first ascent), Hon. C. S. Rolls	Foggy. Kept altitude of 500 ft.
No. 50. Feb. 15	Vivienne III, 52,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Eynsford, Kent	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Moore-Brabazon, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Lord Royston (first ascent)	Lord Royston's first ascent. Balloon stopped by trail-rope and carried captive across field.
No. 51. Feb. 20	Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Habersent, Pas de Calais, near Boulogne	F. Hedges Butler, Mrs. Griffith Brewer, Mr. Percival Spencer	Mr. F. Hedges Butler's second cross-Channel trip. Splendid run; left 2.15, arrived Boulogne 5.30. Descent 5.45. Mrs. Griffith Brewer is the first lady to cross the Channel in a balloon.
No. 52. 1906 Feb. 24	Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Witham, Essex	F. Hedges Butler, Hon. Mrs. Burrell (first ascent), Prof. Huntington, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Good view of London, balloon passing over St. Paul's Cathedral.
No. 53. Mar. 31	Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Henfield, Sussex	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Moore-Brabazon, Capt. Corbett (first ascent) Hon. C. S. Rolls	Passed over Sutton, Reigate, and Crawley. Saw pack of draghounds hunting, and before deflating gave several villagers captive ascents.
No. 54. April 4	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Mickleover, near Derby	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Martin Dale, Mr. C. F. Pollock	Inaugural ascent. Passed over Weedon and Rugby.
No. 55. April 6	Aero Club No. 3, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Seale, near Aldershot	F. Hedges Butler, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Mr. Vivian Simon, Mr. E. Stratton (first ascent)	Wired previous to starting to Capt. and Mrs. Nicholl we were going to descend near Aldershot.

Number of Voyage and Date.	Balloon.	Ascent at.	Descent at.	Names of Passengers.	Remarks.
No. 56. April 7	Aero Club No. 3, 45,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Wimbledon Park Golf Club	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Bennett (first ascent), Mr. Foster Pedley (first ascent), Mr. C. F. Pollock	Club ascent. Mr. Dowson, chairman of Golf Club, and Mr. E. O. Pope entertained party to tea.
No. 57. April 10	Aero Club No. 3, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Bramhill Park, near Winchfield	F. Hedges Butler, Baron Von Hewald, Capt. Hildebrandt (Balloon Corps, German Army)	Passed over Richmond Park and Windsor Castle.
No. 58. April 11	Aero Club No. 3, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth and Putney Gasworks	Kingshill, Missenden	F. Hedges Butler, Mrs. Forest (first ascent), Mr. Vivian Simon, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Left 3 p.m. Trailed. Passed over Uxbridge; splendid woods.
No. 59. April 16	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Monmouth Gasworks	Hardwick Farm, Upton St. Leonards, near Gloucester	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. John Holder, Prof. Huntington, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Easter house party at the Hendre, Lord Llangattock's seat.
No. 60. May 8	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Portslade, near Brighton	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. C. F. Pollock, Mr. Martin Dale	Fourth night ascent. Left 9 p.m., descent 4.30 a.m. (See special article.)
No. 61. May 18	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Ashford, Middlesex	F. Hedges Butler, Mrs. Howard Gould (first ascent), Lord Royston, Prof. Huntington	Wind slight.

No. 62. June 6	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Pershore, River Avon	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. C. F. Pollock, Mr. Charles Maude	Fifth night ascent. Left 9 p.m., descent 6 a.m. Trip up the River Thames, Shiplake, Goring, Lechlade, and Cheltenham.
No. 63. June 9	City of London, 77,000 ft., Gordon-Bennett Balloon	Wandsworth Gasworks	Banstead, Surrey	F. Hedges Butler, Hon. Mrs. Harbord, Prof. Huntington, Miss Heron-Maxwell (first ascent), Mr. C. F. Pollock, Viscount Royston, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Mr. P. Spencer, Mr. W. Wright	Balloon built for the 1906 Gordon-Bennett Race. Nine passengers—largest balloon for forty years.
No. 64. June 10	Venus, 42,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Farnborough, Hants	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Granville (first ascent), Viscount Royston, Hon. C. S. Rolls	First Sunday balloon trip. Descent at Capt. and Mrs. Iltid Nicholl (Farnborough Park), the latter one of the founders of the Aero Club. Returned next day.
No. 65. June 14	Vivienne III, 52,000 ft. Aero Club Balloon	Crystal Palace	Partridge Green, Sussex	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Harry Butler (first ascent), Mr. Hugh Marriott (first ascent)	Passed over St. Leonards Forest and Cowford Monastery.
No. 66. June 17	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Bedford	F. Hedges Butler, Hon. Mrs. Harbord, Princess di Teano (first ascent), Viscount Royston	Very clear sky. Left 4.40 p.m. Passed over St. Albans, sent off carrier pigeons at Luton Hoo; two arrived 6.30 and one arrived 8.30 a.m. next day.
No. 67. June 30	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Ewell, Surrey	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Moore-Brabazon, Mr. H. T. Ellis (first ascent), Mr. W. F. Pease (first ascent)	Very gentle wind; saw prisoners exercising round Wandsworth prison.

Number of Voyage and Date.	Balloon.	Ascent at.	Descent at.	Names of Passengers.	Remarks.
No. 68. 1906 July 5	Venus, 42,000 ft.	Battersea Gasworks,	Boston, Lincolnshire	F. Hedges Butler, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Mr. T. Sopwith	Sixth night ascent, 1.35 a.m. Crossed London; saw a fire, and the fire-engines galloping. Trailed over the fens at Peterborough; crossed the Wash.
No. 69. July 7	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Ranelagh	Ongar, Essex	F. Hedges Butler, Col. Capper, C.B., R.E., Mrs. Capper	First Aero Club Race, seven balloons started. Won *Evening News* 50 Guinea Prize. Splendid course kept by Col. Capper, R.E.
No. 70. July 10	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Steyning, Sussex	F. Hedges Butler, Hon. Mrs. Harbord, Viscount Royston, Princess di Teano	Sixth night ascent. Very dark and foggy. Splendid sunrise. Came down at 4.30 a.m. by side of a cornfield, had refreshments; final descent at 6.30 a.m.
No. 71. July 17	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Ranelagh	Cranleigh, Surrey	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Moore-Brabazon (first ascent), Miss Krabbé, Capt. King, R.E.	Children's fête at Ranelagh. Descent at Ewhurst Hall during the haymaking; afterwards went in search of motor, and came down finally a few fields off.
No. 72. July 21	City of London, 77,000 ft.	Ranelagh	Brentwood, Essex	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Barker (biograph) (first ascent), Mr. Martin Dale, Viscount Royston, Mr. Percival Spencer, Mr. Oakley Williams (first ascent), Mr. C. F. Pollock	Went over London with a biograph. Passed over Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's Cathedral.
No. 73. July 26	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Nottingham	Flash, near Buxton	F. Hedges Butler, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Ascent from Charles Hardy, Esq., Bulwell Hall. Meet of 200 motor-cars. Passed over Matlock and Buxton. Came down on a grouse moor 1,600 ft. high.

No. 74. July 28	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Reading Gasworks	Knebworth	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. S. Begg (first ascent), Mr. Vivian Simon	Six balloons started. Mr. Begg sketched for the *Illustrated London News Supplement*, August 18, 1906.
No. 75. Aug. 1	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Horseheath, near Cambridge	F. Hedges Butler, Sir Arthur Birch, K.C.M.G. (first ascent), Miss Birch (first ascent), Hon. C. S. Rolls	Fine view of London. Passed over the Bank of England, Burlington Gardens.
No. 76. Aug. 28	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Battersea Gasworks	Thorpe-on-Hill, near Lincoln	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Griffith Brewer, Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord	Eighth night ascent. Windsor Castle, Henley, Oxford, Blenheim, Banbury, Warwick Castle. Ascent 5.25 p.m., descent 4.30 a.m. 170 miles. Four balloons started.
No. 77. Sept. 1	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Battersea Gasworks	Driffield, near Bridlington, Yorkshire	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Griffith Brewer, Hon. Mrs. Harbord	Ninth night ascent. Let go 10 p.m. Arrived 8 a.m. Passed over Kimbolton, crossed River Humber at 6 p.m. at Brough Krabbe. Won prize for Hon. Mrs. Harbord. Longest distance reached during the months of August, September, and October, 195½ miles.
No. 78. Sept. 8	Britannia, 77,000 ft.	Battersea Gasworks	Meopham, Kent	F. Hedges Butler, Count de Campello (Aero Club, Italy), Countess de Campello, Mr. Martin Dale, Prof. Huntington, Mr. C. F. Pollock, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Mr. Eustace Short	Inaugural ascent of the Hon. C. S. Rolls's Gordon-Bennett balloon. Descent at — Foa, Esq., Holywell Park.
No. 79. Sept. 30	City of London, 77,000 ft.	Tuileries, Paris	Blonville-sur-mer, Calvados, Normandy	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Griffith Brewer	Gordon-Bennett race. Descent half mile from sea, 120 miles. Sixteen balloons started.

Number of Voyage and Date.	Balloon.	Ascent at.	Descent at.	Names of Passengers.	Remarks.
No. 80. Oct. 20	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Willington, near Bedford	F. Hedges Butler, Hon. Mrs. Harbord, Viscount Royston	Passed over Hatfield. Unveiling of Marquis of Salisbury Memorial. Knebworth and Hitchin.
No. 81. Oct. 24	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Goodmaynes, Essex	F. Hedges Butler, Sir Eldon Gorst, K.C.B. (first ascent), Hon. Mrs. Harbord, Princess di Teano	Caught in a heavy squall over St. Paul's Cathedral at 5,000 ft. high, hail and rain.
No. 82. 1907 Mar. 23	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Leigh, Surrey	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Ward (first ascent)	Calm and cold.
No. 83. April 18	Aero Club No. 4, 50,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Kingscote	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Martin Dale, Mr. C. F. Pollock, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Inaugural ascent of New Aero Club balloon. First descent at a farmhouse for tea. Final descent, Railway Station, Kingscote.
No. 84. April 20	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Wandsworth Gasworks	Earl's Colne, Essex	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. J. H. Ledeboer (first ascent), Mr. Arthur Spencer, Mr. Hugh Marriot	Very rough and gusty at start.
No. 85. May 25	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Ranelagh Club	Goring, Oxfordshire,	F. Hedges Butler, Capt. W. A. de C. King, R.E., Lieut. Wright, R.E.	Harbord Cup Day. Won race. Nine balloons started.

No. 86. May 27	Britannia, 77,000 ft.	Battersea	Newick Park, Chailey	F. Hedges Butler, Capt. de Crespigny, D.S.O., Mr. John Dunville, Capt. R. Fenwick, Capt. J. Laycock, D.S.O., Hon. C. S. Rolls	Eleventh night ascent. Descent in the grounds of Rev. Mr. Sclater, Newick Park.
No. 87. June 14	Aero Club No. 4, 54,000 ft.	Parc d'Aerostation, St. Cloud, Paris	Laag Keppel, Zuyder Zee, N. Holland	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Alan Hawley (first night ascent)	Twelfth night ascent. Calm at start, storm and strong wind at descent. Crossed frontiers seven times, and River Rhine at Lobith. Distance 460 kilometres.
No. 88. June 26	Aero Club No. 4, 50,000 ft.	Tulse Hill. Mr. H. Edmunds	Grays, Essex	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. C. F. Pollock, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Charity fête in aid of church. Very strong wind.
No. 89. June 29	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Ranelagh Club	Richmond Park, Robin Hood Gate, near Beverley Brook	F. Hedges Butler, Capt. M. A. de C. King, R.E.	Hedges-Butler Challenge Cup for longest distance. Eight balloons started. Heavy thunderstorm.
No. 90. July 10	Britannia, 77,000 ft.	Ranelagh Club	Horley, Sussex	F. Hedges Butler, Col. Capper, C.B., R.E., Mrs. Capper, Capt. M. Cumming, R.N., Dr. Lockyer, Hon. C. S. Rolls	Children's fête day. Very wet and gusty. Passengers entertained by Mr. Henry Webber, J.P.
No. 91. July 12	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Battersea Gasworks	Sevenoaks	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Thomas (Bay City, Lake Michigan, U.S.A., first ascent), Mr. Horace Cox (first ascent), Viscount Royston	Very calm.

Number of Voyage and Date.	Balloon.	Ascent at.	Descent at.	Names of Passengers.	Remarks.
No. 92. July 18	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Battersea Gasworks	Ashford, Middlesex	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. H. Harper, Dr. Lockyer	Thirteenth night ascent. Foggy all night. Descent in fog, 4 a.m. Came down in same field as sixty-first voyage.
No. 93. July 20	Aero Club No. 4, 50,000 ft.	Crystal Palace	Ilford, Essex	F. Hedges Butler, Gen. Cummins, C.B., D.S.O (first ascent), Mr. E. H. Clift	Very calm. Descent on bank of River Roding.
No. 94. July 21	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Battersea Gasworks	Ranelagh Club, Barnes	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Birch, Sir Arthur Birch, K.C.M.G.	Very calm. Descent on polo ground.
No. 95. July 25	Aero Club No. 4	Crystal Palace	Kenley	F. Hedges Butler, Miss Eva Gorst (first ascent), Mr. Frank Maclean	Foggy and rain.
No. 96. Sept. 15	Britannia, 77,000 ft.	Brussels	Sanguinet, near Arcachon	F. Hedges Butler, Capt. W. Grubb, R.E., Hon. C. S. Rolls	Long distance race, twenty-two balloons competing. Britannia came in fourth. Distance 840 kilometres.
No. 97. Sept. 21	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Battersea Gasworks	Western Wood, near Silent Pool, Shere, Albury Park	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Harry Butler, Mr. Martin Dale, Gen. Cummins, C.B., D.S.O.	Descent in the middle of wood. Interesting experience.

No. 98. Sept. 22	Dolce Far Niente, 45,000 ft.	Battersea Gasworks	Crown Prince Wood, Fox Hills, Aldershot	F. Hedges Butler, Mr. Harry Butler, Gen. Cummins, C.B., D.S.O.	Passengers entertained by Capt. and Mrs. Iltid Nicholl (the latter one of the founders of the Aero Club).
No. 99. Sept. 23	Satellite, 28,000 ft.	Battersea Gasworks	Denham, near Uxbridge	F. Hedges Butler, Hon. Claude Maitland Brabazon	Passed over Earl's Court Exhibition.
No. 100. Nov. 29	Ville-de-Paris	Sartrouville, Paris	Start and return to same point	M. Henry Kapferer (pilot), M. Paulhan (mechanic), F. Hedges Butler, Hon. C. S. Rolls	First Englishmen to make an ascent in a dirigible airship not belonging to the Government, to start and return to the same point.
No. 101. Dec. 1	Aero Club No. 3	St. Cloud, Paris	Molaises, near Rouen, Lyons-la-Forêt	F. Hedges Butler, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord, Mr. H. Rutter	Made 100th Free Balloon ascent, together with Hon. C. S. Rolls. A double century.

I made a further number of ascents in 1908, all of them from Hurlingham Club. Among my fellow-passengers on these occasions were the Hon. Mrs. Assheton-Harbord and the Hon. C. S. Rolls. Count de la Vaulx, Vice-President of the French Aero Club, M. Juliot, engineer and constructor of the *Patrie*, *Lebaudy*, and other airships, gave the baptism of the air to Gustave Hamel, who was an undergraduate at Cambridge, in a voyage from London to Peterborough. On May 30, 1908, an international balloon contest took place from Hurlingham. Thirty-one balloons competed in a point-to-point race. I had a new balloon made, called the *Icarus*, of 50,000 cubic feet capacity, and came in fourth, accompanied by Captain King, R.E., Captain Carden, R.E., and Lieutenant Waterlow, R.E.

Heavier-than-air machines in the experimental stages came in about this time, and the old-fashioned balloon had to be abandoned.

APPENDIX II

The following letters and extracts from newspapers all have a bearing on the gradual development of aeronautics and aviation in this country during the period in which I interested myself in the subject.

From the *Daily Mail*, December 8, 1902:

Balloon Volunteer Corps.

Mr. Hedges Butler, of the Aero Club, has an interesting project for the formation of a Balloon Volunteer Corps, which he hopes would act in conjunction with the recently formed Automobile Volunteer Corps. Though there are only about twenty balloons in this country, the organization of such a corps would, Mr. Hedges Butler thinks, give greatly needed encouragement to the aeronauts here.

He points out that the balloon sections in South Africa during the war were far too small. In a European war a much larger number would be necessary.

Letters to and from the War Office in connection with the proposed corps.

WAR OFFICE,
LONDON, S.W.,
December 12, 1902.

SIR,

I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 8th instant on the subject of the proposed formation of a Volunteer Balloon Corps, which shall receive attention.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
E. W. D. WARD,
Under Secretary of State.

F. HEDGES BUTLER, Esq.,
Princes Chambers,
56A, Pall Mall, S.W.

WAR OFFICE,
LONDON, S.W.,
January 14, 1903.

SIR,

With reference to your letter of the 8th ultimo relative to the proposed formation of a Balloon Volunteer Corps, I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acquaint you that it is the usual course for such corps to be affiliated to an existing Volunteer Corps. It is therefore suggested that you should place yourself in communication with the Officer Commanding a Metropolitan

Engineer Volunteer Corps with a view to his consent being obtained and a scheme formulated.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) Js. Robb, A.A.-G.
p. A.-G.

F. Hedges Butler, Esq.,
Princes Chambers,
56a, Pall Mall, S.W.

War Office,
London, S.W.
February 21, 1903.

Sir,

I am directed by the Commander-in-Chief to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th instant on the subject of a Volunteer Balloon Corps, which shall receive attention.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Js. Robb, A.A.-G.
p. A.-G.

F. Hedges Butler, Esq.,
Princes Chambers,
56a, Pall Mall, S.W.

War Office,
London, S.W.,
March 25, 1903.

Sir,

With reference to your letters of the 19th ultimo and 17th instant, relative to the proposed Volun-

teer Balloon Corps, I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acquaint you that it would be advisable for you to place yourself in communication with the General Officer Commanding, Home District, 23, Carlton House Terrace, S.W., who will afford you any information you require and to whom a scheme showing the proposed organization of the corps should be submitted.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
J. Robb, A.A.-G.
p. A.-G.

F. Hedges Butler, Esq.,
Princes Chambers,
56a, Pall Mall, S.W.

Home District Office,
23, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.,
April 16, 1903.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of the 31st ultimo, I am instructed by the General Officer Commanding the Home District to inform you that, after referring the matter to the Officer Commanding the Motor Volunteer Corps, I have ascertained that the latter looks favourably upon the proposal that a Volunteer Balloon Section should be attached to this Unit, and he considers that the two might work well in conjunction with one another.

Before, however, any action can be taken, I would point out that the scheme you have submitted is too indefinite. You should state on what terms balloons, and how many of same, can be placed at the disposal of the Military Authorities, and what amount of money would be required to start and to keep the section going. If you prefer

to call and see me before submitting your reply, I shall be glad to interview you any day after Sunday next between three and four in the afternoon, or at any other time by appointment.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
F. C. RICARDO, *Colonel*,
Chief Staff Officer, Home District.

To F. HEDGES BUTLER, Esq.,
Princes Chambers,
56A, Pall Mall, S.W.

From the *Daily Mail*, December 14, 1906:

BALLOON VOLUNTEER CORPS.

An official announcement may shortly be expected of the formation of a Balloon Volunteer Corps.

The War Office has had the matter under consideration for some time, and has practically approved of it. The suggestion of such a corps was originally made by Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, the well-known aeronaut, in the *Daily Mail* on December 8, 1902. Since then events have progressed rapidly, and with aeroplanes likely to appear in practical form within the next year or two, the question of the formation of such a corps has become urgent.

The proposal is that the corps shall be attached to the balloon section of the Royal Engineers, and not, as was first intended, to the Motor-car Volunteers. Nearly all the gentlemen of the Aero Club will join the new force.

AERONAUTICAL EXPERIMENTS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

WAR OFFICE,
November 16, 1908.

DEAR SIR,

Sir Edward Ward desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of to-day's date, which shall have his early consideration.

Yours faithfully,
G. K. KING, *Private Secretary.*

F. HEDGES BUTLER, Esq.

WAR OFFICE,
November 19, 1908.

DEAR MR. BUTLER,

I return with very many thanks the books and photographs you so kindly lent us. They are most interesting. May I congratulate you on your unique collection?

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) E. WARD.

WAR OFFICE,
LONDON, S.W.
February 1, 1909.

SIR,

With reference to your letter of the 16th November last on the subject of facilities to be given to the Aero Club to use War Department land for the purpose of trials and experiments, I am commanded by the Army Council to inform you that the Council is prepared to grant this concession if arrangement can be made without interference with requirements for military training, on

which matter the General Officer Commanding is being communicated with.

A further communication on the subject will be made to you in due course.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) E. WARD.

F. HEDGES BUTLER, Esq.,
Aero Club,
166, Piccadilly, W.

WAR OFFICE,
LONDON, S.W.,
February 17, 1909.

SIR,

With reference to this office letter of the 1st instant on the subject of facilities proposed to be given to the Aero Club to use War Department land for the purpose of trials and experiments: I am commanded by the Army Council to inform you that the General Officer i/c Administration, Southern Command, Radnor House, Salisbury, desires to obtain some further information as to the numbers of sheds proposed to be erected, their dimensions, and what extent of ground it would be desirable to exclude the public from.

2. The Council will be obliged if you will communicate direct with Major-General F. W. Benson, C.B., as to these details.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
E. W. D. WARD.

F. HEDGES BUTLER, Esq.,
Aero Club,
166, Piccadilly, W.

WHITEHALL,
LONDON, S.W.,
March 11, 1909.

DEAR SIR,

The Army Council has recently received, from gentlemen who are interested in Aerocraft, an offer to form themselves into a semi-military organization with a view to practically applying the aeroplane to the uses of war. These gentlemen are willing to bind themselves together, with the idea of placing their services, aeroplanes, and the recruits they intend to train at the disposal of the Military Department in the event of this country being invaded by any foreign Power.

The Army Council is naturally desirous of accepting this offer, but before doing so it seems to them only right that certain conditions should be laid down which the members of such a corps as is contemplated should be asked to accept before official recognition is granted. With a view to determining what the nature of these conditions should be, the Council is anxious to obtain the views of some one like yourself who has already made a study of the aeroplane and its uses. I have been requested, therefore, to inquire whether you would be willing to give them the benefit of your advice, and, if so, would you be so kind as to let us know whether it would be convenient to you to call on the Adjutant-General at this office at an early date at 3 p.m. Should you be able to do so, he proposes to ask Colonel Capper to come from Aldershot, with a view of discussing with yourself and him the formation of a corps for the encouragement of aerocraft in this country.

Believe me to be,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) G. F. ELLISON, *Brigadier-General.*

F. HEDGES BUTLER, Esq.,
Princes Chambers,
56A, Pall Mall, S.W.

WAR OFFICE, WHITEHALL,
LONDON, S.W.,
April 19, 1909.

DEAR MR. BUTLER,

Very many thanks for your kindness in sending the various aeronautical journals which accompanied your letter of the 15th instant. I have been away since Thursday last, and consequently did not receive your letter till this morning. The whole matter is extremely interesting to me, but, as a matter of fact, I now have very little to do with the formation of any committees which may deal with the subject of aeroplanes or balloons. The matter has now been placed entirely in the hands of the Master-General of Ordnance, and I am merely one of several members of a Committee which he has formed to consider any preliminary steps which may be taken by the War Office in dealing with the subject of aeronautics generally. I have informed the Secretary of the Committee of your kind offer to help in the matter of accommodation at Reims in September next, in case the War Office should be sending out representatives. I should certainly very much like to be sent out myself as a representative, but from what I have recently heard I think it probable that I shall be caught for manœuvres just about that time, and that, I fear, would prevent me going out. However, I shall certainly try to get out if I possibly can.

Again thanking you for your kindness in sending me the aeronautical journals,

Believe me to be,
Yours sincerely,
(Signed) GERALD ELLISON.

F. HEDGES BUTLER, Esq.,
155, Regent Street, W.

From *The Times*, June 25, 1909:

THE WAR OFFICE AND AERONAUTICS.

We understand that the War Office have under consideration a proposal to form a corps of aeronauts on the same lines as the Army Motor Reserve. The corps would consist of owners of balloons, airships, or aeroplanes who would be willing to place themselves and their machines, under certain conditions, at the disposal of the War Office.

The system of the Army Motor Reserve is one under which the owner of a car holds a commission in the Reserve of Officers on condition that for a specified number of days in the year he places himself and his car at the disposal of the military authorities for use on manœuvres, or on other occasions when they may be required. To judge by the success achieved by the Army Motor Reserve, the scheme should commend itself to all interested in aeronautics, and although there can at present be comparatively few experienced in the use of airships and aeroplanes, there are, at any rate, a certain number who own balloons. In any case, the interest now taken in aviation points to an immediate increase in the number of those qualified to join such a corps as the suggested Army Aeronautical Reserve.

It is unnecessary to point out the value that a corps of this nature would have in time of war, when every kind of airship will have its use for observation, the direction of artillery fire, and similar purposes, if not for offence. Moreover, the importance of possessing a reserve of skilled and experienced aeronauts must be obvious to all.

HOME OFFICE,
WHITEHALL,
February 15, 1910.

SIR,

I am directed by the Secretary of State to inform you that he has had the honour to lay before the King your application of the 10th November last, on behalf of the Aero Club of the United Kingdom, for permission to use the prefix "Royal" in the name of the Club, and that His Majesty has graciously signified his pleasure that the privilege sought for should be granted, and that the Club be henceforth known as the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
HENRY CUNYNGHAME.

FRANK HEDGES BUTLER, Esq., F.R.G.S.,
Princes Chambers,
56A, Pall Mall, S.W.

From the *Motor*, August 30, 1910:

MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER LOOKS FORWARD.

The original offer by Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, less than two years ago, to present 100 guineas to the first flying man who should descend in a London park was scoffed at by those who heard it; they thought that only madmen would venture to fly over houses and streets. In exactly the same way, the prophecies that Mr. Butler makes to-day are received with smiles that suggest that his mind is given to absurd flights of fancy. For instance, people smile when he declares that airmen will, a few years hence, descend on the roof of the Royal Automobile Club's new premises, but such incredulity has not

deterred him from beseeching the Committee to adapt the construction of the upper part of the building to the purposes of landing stage and departure platform. Another novelty to which he looks forward is the introduction of helicopters, by which an aviator will rise immediately into the air, like a lark, instead of slithering along the ground to the point of "take-off." He expects this straight up and down flight—the direct ascent and the flat drop—within a year or two. Mr. Butler's own explanation of his tendency to indulge in anticipations is that he is a wine merchant, and that it has been his business all his life to consider the value of certain commodities not as they are, but as they will be twenty years ahead. To him pioneer work is as the breath of his nostrils, and one can easily understand how he came to be a founder member of the Royal Automobile Club and the Aero Club. Even in holiday-making he tries to set a new fashion; when his friends are journeying abroad in search of sunshine, he goes to Lapland in search of the particular kind of warmth that he obtains by wrapping himself in the skin of some big animal.

From the *Evening News*, September 23, 1910:

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL AERO CLUB.

The Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom celebrates to-morrow the tenth anniversary of its founding. Appropriately enough, the Club was formed in a balloon by three aeronauts, of whom Mr. C. S. Rolls met with a tragic fate at the Bournemouth flying meeting early in the present year, the others being Miss Vera Butler (now Mrs. Iltid Nicholl) and Mr. F. Hedges Butler. In those days, when Santos Dumont had just successfully flown round the Eiffel Tower in his dirigible,

ballooning was just beginning to become a fashionable craze, but probably the promoters of the Club little anticipated the success which it has since achieved.

From the original membership of three the Royal Aero Club has grown until now it can count nearly 1,500 members. More than that, it is acknowledged the authority, not only in connection with ballooning, but with aviation, and can boast of being the Jockey Club of the Air. Its tenth anniversary sees not only the dirigible but the aeroplane in active use for scouting purposes at the Army manœuvres, and the future presents possibilities which all save a very few would have scoffed at at the time when the Club was founded. Probably there is no body in the world which in such a short time has seen so great an advance in the sport which it was founded to promote.

To commemorate the tenth anniversary of the Royal Aero Club, I wrote a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge (now Lord Stamfordham), asking if His Majesty would be Patron of the Club, and received the following reply:

BALMORAL CASTLE,
September 25, 1910.

SIR,

Your letter of the 23rd instant has been laid before the King. In reply, I am commanded to express regret that His Majesty is unable to accede to your request that he should become Patron of the Royal Aero Club.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) ARTHUR BIGGE.

FRANK HEDGES BUTLER, Esq.,
Founder of the Royal Aero Club.

I naturally received this reply with much regret, and the Committee and members still worked hard to further the progress of aviation and a great industry.

Success came later, and now His Majesty is Patron of the Club, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales Vice-Patron, and H.R.H. Prince Albert (now Duke of York) Chairman of the Flying Services Fund.

AN AERIAL POSTAL SERVICE.

March 13, 1911.

DEAR SIR,

I have just received a letter from India which has been through an Aerial Postal Service, as you will see by the postmark. This, I believe, is the first service of its kind.

If you consider this envelope would be of interest to His Majesty the King for his well-known collection of postage stamps, I should feel greatly honoured if you would ask His Majesty graciously to accept it.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) FRANK HEDGES BUTLER.

Lieut.-Colonel the Right Hon. Sir ARTHUR BIGGE,
P.C., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
March 14, 1911.

DEAR SIR,

The King desires me to thank you for your kindness in sending him the envelope of a letter received by you from India through an Aerial Postal Service,

which His Majesty accepts with much pleasure and interest.

Yours very faithfully,
(Signed) ARTHUR BIGGE.

F. HEDGES BUTLER, Esq.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V AND AVIATION.

The following letter was received from the Secretary of State for the Home Department:

HOME OFFICE,
WHITEHALL,
March 11, 1912.

SIR,

I am directed by the Secretary of State to say that he has had the honour to submit to the King your application on behalf of the Committee of the Royal Aero Club that members of the club may be permitted to fly on their aeroplanes, airships, and balloons a burgee bearing a representation of His Majesty and surmounted by a Royal Crown (as shown in a design which you enclosed); and that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant the permission desired.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) G. A. AITKEN.

FRANK HEDGES BUTLER, Esq., F.R.G.S.,
Princes Chambers,
56A, Pall Mall, S.W.

DESCRIPTION OF BURGEE.

Obverse.—A portrait medallion of H.M. the King within a wreath of laurel. The burgee is divided into four panels formed by the propellers of an aeroplane.

In the top panel is the Royal Crown and year 1910, denoting the year of Royal recognition. The three remaining panels contain the letters "R.Ae.C.," the initials of the Club.

Reverse.—In the centre the Union Jack surrounded by laurel, and within the wreath the year of the Club's foundation, 1901.

Outside the laurel the words "Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom."

From the *Motor*, January 27, 1917:

A distinguished General remarked recently: "The war has done more to advance the aims of the Royal Aero Club" than any other form of effort, and it is appropriate, therefore, that this "society for the encouragement of aviation and aeronautics" should move from their headquarters in Piccadilly into larger premises at 3 Clifford Street, New Bond Street. The nation owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Royal Aero Club, which not only trained the first naval officers to fly, but by their interest in ballooning and aviation created the resources that have proved of immense value during the past two and a half years of war. So rapidly has the movement expanded, so many hundreds of men have become aviators or interested in the building of air machines, that it was impossible for the old premises of the Club to accommodate them. Now a building has been secured worthy of the aims of the Club and of aviation.

From *The Times*, March 27, 1917:

THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

Mr. LEE asked the Under-Secretary of State for War whether any decision has yet been arrived at with regard to the official title of the new aviation corps; and if he could state what arrangement would be made for giving adequate representation at the War Office to the aviation service.

Colonel SEELY: The King has been graciously pleased to approve of the newly constituted aeronautical branch of His Majesty's Forces being styled the Royal Flying Corps, and of the wearing by all members of the corps of a distinguishing badge with the Royal Crown superimposed. Similarly, the Army Aircraft Factory, which will now be available for the whole aeronautical service, will in future be designated the Royal Aircraft Factory. His Majesty has granted this privilege in consideration of the specially difficult and arduous nature of the flying service. In reply to the second part of the question, the Army Council have approved of the formation of a standing committee to co-ordinate action in dealing with questions that arise in connection with the corps. The committee will sit under the chairmanship of Brigadier-General D. Henderson, whose services have been lent temporarily by the Inspector-General of the Home Forces.

From *The Times*, August 6, 1919:

ROYAL AERO CLUB.

Mr. F. Hedges Butler, the founder of the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom, has received the following letter from the Hon. Sir Sidney Greville, Comptroller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales:

York House,
St. James's Palace, S.W.,
July 29, 1919.

Dear Mr. Hedges Butler,

With further reference to my letter of the 6th ultimo, with reference to the request that the Prince of Wales would become the Vice-Patron of the Royal Aero Club, I have taken an opportunity of submitting this to His Royal Highness, who desires me to inform you that he will have much pleasure in complying with the request.

Believe me, yours very truly,
Sidney Greville,
Comptroller.

ROYAL AERO CLUB

An Appeal from H.R.H. Prince Albert, K.G., in November 1919.

Flying Services Fund

Prince Albert, as chairman of the Flying Services Fund, has issued the following appeal on behalf of that organization :

I am appealing for further subscriptions to the Flying Services Fund, which is administered by the Royal Aero Club. This fund was established by the Club in 1914 for the benefit of officers and men of the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. (now the R.A.F.) who were incapacitated on active service, and for the widows and dependents of those who were killed. The expenses of administration

are borne by the Royal Aero Club, and all subscriptions are devoted entirely to those requiring relief.

The subscriptions received amount to £15,000, and the sums which have been expended to date in grants, allowances, and the education of children amount to £6,000. The monthly liability for grants, allowances, etc., is about £400, and the education of over 300 children of dependents calls for an increasing expenditure commensurate with their ages. The committee are most anxious to ensure a proper education for the children of all dependents, and it is mainly for this purpose that further subscriptions are required.

It is estimated that the necessities of the fund will require it to be administered for at least ten years, and in view of the very real assistance we have been enabled to give to so many deserving and distressing cases, I appeal to all to subscribe liberally to this fund. Subscriptions should be forwarded to Lord Kinnaird, K.T., Honorary Treasurer, Flying Services Fund, Barclays Bank, Ltd., 4 Pall Mall East, London, S.W. 1, or to me at the Royal Aero Club, 3 Clifford Street, London, W. 1.

ALBERT,
Chairman.

APPENDIX III

AN HISTORIC LUNCH GIVEN TO THE BROTHERS ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT AND THEIR SISTER, MISS KATHERINE WRIGHT, BY MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER, AT THE CARLTON HOTEL, MAY 3, 1909, TO MEET MEMBERS OF THE ARMY COUNCIL AND THE FIRST ENGLISHMEN TO MAKE A FLIGHT IN AN AERO-PLANE

1. **Mrs. Iltid Nicholl** (*née* Miss Vera Butler), a founder of the Aero Club of the United Kingdom in 1901. Miss Butler was the first lady to gain a certificate in France to drive a motor car. Took part in the 1,000 miles Automobile Club trial. Made several free ascents in a balloon previous to her marriage.
2. **Hon. C. S. Rolls, M.A., F.R.G.S.,** son of Lord Llangattock, a founder of the Aero Club in 1901. Made over 100 free ascents in a balloon, crossed the Channel by balloon in Gordon-Bennett Aerial Race. Made ascent in the *Ville de Paris* dirigible balloon in 1907, and a flight in an aeroplane with Mr. Wilbur Wright in 1908.
3. **Mr. James William Butler,** one of the founders and an original member of the Council of the Aeronautical Society in 1866. In 1864 made an ascent with Monsieur Godard at Cremorne Gardens in a fire balloon; the furnace was heated with straw, which was tied in bundles hanging from the car of *L'Aigle.* Made several ascents with Mr. Coxwell. Took out patents for aeroplanes in 1867.
4. **MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT,** the inventor, with his brother Wilbur, of the aeroplane.
5. **Miss Katherine Wright,** sister of the brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright, has made ascent in a free balloon and in her brothers' aeroplane.
6. **Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, F.R.G.S.,** founder of the Aero Club of the United Kingdom. First Hon. Treasurer of the Royal Automobile Club, 1897 to 1902. Has made over 100 ascents in free balloon, a voyage in the dirigible airship *Ville de Paris,* now belonging to the French Government, and an ascent in an aeroplane with Mr. Wilbur Wright at Le Mans, October 1908. Record of longest distance alone in a balloon, London to Corby, Lincolnshire, in 1902. Crossed the Channel twice by balloon. Record of the longest distance in the widest part, London to Caen, Normandy, 1905. Record of accompanying the first lady to cross the Channel, 1906. Record point to point, landing within 200 yards, London to Goring, 1907.
7. **MR. WILBUR WRIGHT,** with his brother Orville, the inventor of the aeroplane.

8. **General Sir Charles Hadden, K.C.B., R.A.,** Master-General of the Ordnance and Member of the Army Council, War Office. Representing the Army in the Aerial Navigation Commission.
9. **Colonel Hugh Iltid Nicholl, D.S.O.** Married, 1904, Miss Vera Butler, daughter of Mr. Frank Hedges Butler.
10. **Major Baden Baden-Powell,** late Scots Guards, Vice-President Aeronautical Society; has made many free balloon ascents and a flight in an aeroplane with Mr. Wilbur Wright in 1908.
11. **Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.A.,** Trinity, Cambridge. Pilot of the Aero Club, has made several balloon ascents; the first Englishman to fly alone, going and returning to the same point in an aeroplane.
12. **General John Spencer Ewart, C.B.,** Military Secretary, War Office.
13. **Mrs. Griffith Brewer.** Has made several free balloon ascents, and the first lady to cross the Channel by balloon with Mr. F. H. Butler and Mr. Spencer in 1906.
14. **Professor A. K. Huntington, M.I.M.E.,** Professor of Metallurgy, King's College. Has made nearly a hundred balloon ascents, and crossed the Channel by balloon in Gordon-Bennett Aerial Race. Made flight with Mr. Wilbur Wright in aeroplane at Le Mans, 1909.
15. **Mr. Harold Perrin,** Secretary of the Aero Club, one of the early pioneers of the Automobile and Aero Club movement; has made several free ascents in balloon.
16. **Mr. Griffith Brewer.** Has made over one hundred ascents in a balloon, and a flight with Mr. Wilbur Wright in aeroplane at Le Mans, October 1908. Taken part in three Gordon-Bennett Aerial Races.
17. **General G. F. Ellison, C.B.,** Director of Organization, War Office, Principal Private Secretary to Secretary of State for War.
18. **Mr. Roger W. Wallace, K.C.,** First Chairman Royal Automobile Club, 1897–1904. Chairman of Aero Club since 1901. Has made several free balloon ascents, and a flight with Mr. Wilbur Wright in his aeroplane, 1909.
19. **Colonel Sir Edward W. Ward, K.C.V.O., K.C.B.,** Permanent Under-Secretary of State, War Office.
20. **Mr. Frank Maclean.** Has made several free ascents in balloon, and a flight with Mr. Wilbur Wright at Le Mans in 1909. Took part in Gordon-Bennett Aerial Race, 1908. Has made several expeditions for observations of the eclipse of the sun.

NOTE

Other pioneers of heavier-than-air machines were the brothers Henry and Maurice Farman, Mr. Fordyce, residing in Paris, and Mr. Short, who were unable to be present.

APPENDIX IV

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE ORCHESTRA

FOUNDED 1894 BY FRANK HEDGES BUTLER

Hon. Conductor—MR. ALBERT RANDEGGER.
Hon. Leader—MR. LOUIS D'EGVILLE.

FIRST VIOLINS.
Mr. d'Egville, L. (*Hon. Leader*).
Mrs. Ayton.
Mrs. Gilbey, H. W.
Miss Balcombe, A.
Miss Bruce, Mary.
Miss Cabrera.
Miss Leoni, Florence.
Miss Makins, Veronica.
Miss Sylvester, W.
Mr. Butler, F. H. (*Chairman of the Orchestral Committee*).
Mr. Decker, F.
Mr. Faulks, S. J.
Mr. Green, H. E.
Lt.-Colonel Macartney, M. J.
Mr. McClintock, F. R.
Mr. McQuown, H. W.
Mr. O'Brien, E.
Mr. Oldaker.
Mr. Richardson, M. T.
Mr. Thesiger, A. L. B.

SECOND VIOLINS.
Mr. Eayres, W. H. (*Principal*).
Mrs. Pennyman.
Miss Curtis, C. L.
Miss Cushing, Agnes.
Miss Drysdale, M. D.
Miss Eteson, E. M.
Miss Hay, Mary E. D.
Miss Hewitt, M. Graily.
Miss Leigh-Pemberton, D.
Miss Leigh-Pemberton, M.
Miss Mitchell, Violet.
Miss Smith, E. E.
Miss Stopford, Hilda.
Miss Wayland, E.
Mr. Bevan, Arthur.
Mr. Green, H.
Mr. Green, W.
Mr. Henderson-Clark, W.
Mr. Scott, E.
Mr. Smith, William.
Mr. Wardrop, J. C.
Mr. Wildman, H.

VIOLAS.
Mr. Lawrence, T. (*Principal*).
Miss Coutts-Fowlie, F.
Miss Mahony.
Mr. Bate, H. V.
Mr. Curtis, Spencer H.
Mr. Featherstone, W. H.
Mr. Head, W. H.
Mr. Lait, H.
Mr. Mahony, H. S.
Mr. Orme, G. L.
Mr. Smythies, F. B.

VIOLONCELLOS.
Mr. Hann, W. C. (*Principal*).
Mrs. Massingberd, S.
Hon. Mrs. Rowley.
Miss Bevan, Ivy.
Miss Kingsmill, Dorothy.
Miss Manley-Sims, M.A.
Miss Mitchell, L.
Mr. Armstrong, F. P.
Mr. Cabrera, G., Jun.
Mr. Collins, Alfred.
Mr. Daws, P.
Mr. Hall, W. C.
Mr. Imhof, C. D.
Mr. Mason, E.
Mr. Massingberd, S.
Mr. Scott, G.

DOUBLE BASSES.
Mr. Reynolds, J. (*Principal*).
Miss Coutts-Fowlie, M.
Miss Hanbury.
Mr. Black, R.
Mr. Curtis, S. C.
Mr. Maney, E. F.
Mr. Randall, H. W.
Capt. Toogood, R.

Flutes.	Bassoons.	Tuba.
Mr. Albert Fransella.	Mr. James, E. F.	Mr. Guilmartin.
Mr. Naylor, W. E.	Mr. Foreshew, E.	
	Mr. Spottiswoode, C.	Harp.
Piccolo.		Madame Audain, Ida.
Mr. Reeve, H. W.	Horns.	
	Mr. Busby, T. R.	Pianoforte.
Oboes.	Mr. Mann, T.	Mrs. Randle Holme.
Mr. Davies, E. W.	Mr. Keevill, R.	
Dr. Austen, H.	Mr. Wright, G.	Triangle.
Mr. Alcock, F.	Mr. Einhauser, F.	Mr. Lawford, E. C.
Cor Anglais.	Trumpets.	Timpani.
Dr. Austen, H.	Mr. Solomon, J.	Mr. Chaine, V.
	Capt. Heath, T. W.	
Clarionets.	Mr. Hogarth, W.	Grosse Caisse and Cymbals.
Mr. Smith, H. A.		
Mr. Holme, R. F.	Trombones.	Mr. Baker, J.
	Mr. Case, G.	
Bass Clarionet.	Mr. Matt, J.	Side Drum.
Mr. Einhauser, J.	Mr. Matt, A. E.	Mr. Schroeder.

"Her Majesty, with the King of the Belgians and the Royal Family, attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Royal Household and the Suite of the King of the Belgians, were present last evening at a concert in St. George's Hall, given by the Imperial Institute (Amateur) Orchestra, 118 in number, which performed the following compositions [selected by Her Majesty Queen Victoria]:—

God Save the Queen.

Overture	"Mireille"	*Gounod.*
Prelude	"Lohengrin"	*Wagner.*
Suite	"Jeux d'Enfants"	*Bizet.*
	(a) Berceuse (La Poupée). (b) Duo (Petit Mari, Petite Femme). (c) Galop (Le Bal).	
Melody	From "Chants du Voyageur"	*Paderewski.*
Entr'acte	"Lakmé"	*Délibes.*
Waltz	"Du und Du"	*Johann Strauss.*
Marche Indienne		*A. Sellenick.*

"Sir Sommers Vine, C.M.G., Assistant Secretary to the Imperial Institute; Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, Chairman of the

Orchestral Committee; Mr. Albert Randegger, hon. conductor; Mr. Louis d'Egville, hon. leader; and Mr. Claude Johnson, Secretary to the Orchestral Committee, had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty.

"Refreshments were served in the Audience and Presence Chambers for the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Orchestra.

"Lady Elizabeth Meade, Baroness von Egloffstein, Lady Parratt and Miss Bigge were included amongst those invited to be present at the Concert."—*Morning Post, Court Circular, December* 9, 1895.

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